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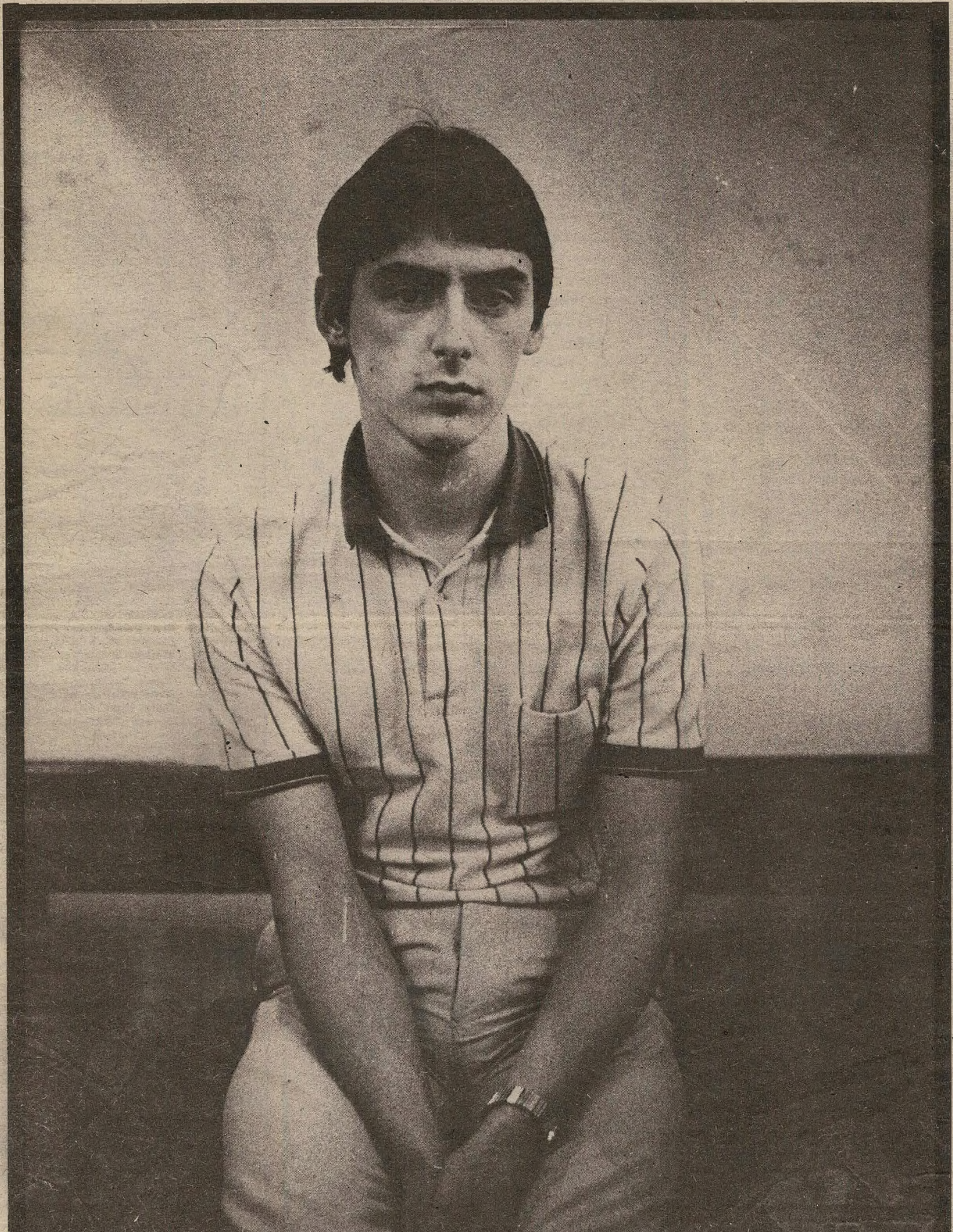
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS
NME

PAUL WELLER'S PRIVATE HELL

How to live with yourself when the world is your oyster but the future's a clam. By PAUL MORLEY.



Paul Weller

Pic: Pennie Smith

NME CHARTS

Week ending November 3, 1979

UK SINGLES

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(4)	**One Day At A Time**	Lena Martell (Pye)	4	1
2	(6)	**When You're In Love**	Dr Hook (Capitol)	3	2
3	(5)	**Every Day Hurts**	Sad Cafe (RCA)	5	3
4	(1)	**Video Killed The Radio Star**	Buggles (Island)	5	1
5	(2)	**Don't Stop Til You Get Enough**	Michael Jackson (Epic)	7	2
6	(14)	**Gimme Gimme Gimme**	Abba (Epic)	2	6
7	(13)	**Tusk**	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	3	7
8	(8)	**Chosen Few**	Dooleys (GTO)	4	8
9	(12)	**OK Fred**	Erroll Dunkley (Scope)	4	9
10	(3)	**Message In A Bottle**	Police (A & M)	7	1
10	(20)	**Gonna Get Along Without You Now**	Viola Wills (Ariola/Hansa)	3	10
12	(14)	**My Forbidden Lover**	Chic (Atlantic)	3	12
13	(24)	**Making Plans For Nigel**	XTC (Virgin)	2	13
14	(11)	**Since You've Been Gone**	Rainbow (Polydor)	6	8
15	(21)	**Crazy Little Thing Called Love**	Queen (EMI)	2	15
16	(17)	**The Devil Went Down**	Charlie Daniels Band (Epic)	5	16
17	(7)	**Dreaming**	Blondie (Chrysalis)	6	2
18	(23)	**She's In Love With You**	Suzi Quatro (RAK)	2	18
19	(9)	**What Ever You Want**	Status Quo (Vertigo)	6	4
20	(—)	**On My Radio**	Selecter (Two Tone)	1	20
21	(—)	**Message To You Rudy**	Specials (Two Tone)	1	21
22	(27)	**Luton Airport**	Cats UK (WEA)	3	22
23	(18)	**You Can Do It**	Al Hudson (MCA)	6	13
24	(10)	**Queen Of Hearts**	Dave Edmunds (Swan Song)	5	10
25	(—)	**The Sparrow**	Ramblers (Decca)	1	25
26	(29)	**Rise**	Herb Alpert (A&M)	2	26
27	(—)	**Star**	Earth, Wind & Fire (CBS)	3	16
28	(—)	**Ladies Night**	Kool & The Gang (Mercury)	1	28
29	(26)	**Back Of My Hand**	Jags (Island)	5	23
30	(22)	**Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle**	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	3	20

UP AND COMING:

He Was Beautiful (Cavatina) — Iris Williams (Columbia);
Knocked It Off — B. A. Robertson (Asylum);
Smash It Up — Damned (Chiswick);
Spooky — Atlanta Rhythm Section (Polydor);
If You Remember Me — Chris Thompson (Planet);
So Much Trouble In The World — Bob Marley and The Wailers (Island).

5 YEARS AGO

Week ending November 5, 1974

1	Gonna Make You A Star	David Essex (CBS)
2	Everything I Own	Ken Boothe (Trojan)
3	Killer Queen	Queen (EMI)
4	Far Far Away	Slade (Polydor)
5	All Of Me Loves All Of You	Bay City Rollers (Bell)
6	Hey There Lonely Girl	Eddie Holman (ABC)
7	Down On The Beach Tonight	Drifters (Bell)
8	You're Having My Baby	Paul Anka (United States)
9	I Can't Leave You Alone	George McCrae (Jayboy)
10	Let's Get Together Again	Glitter Band (Bell)

10 YEARS AGO

Week ending November 5, 1969

1	Sugar Sugar	Archies (RCA)
2	Oh Well	Fleetwood Mac (Reprise)
3	He Ain't Heavy — He's My Brother	Hollies (Parlophone)
4	I'm Gonna Make You Mine	Lou Christie (Buddah)
5	Return Of Django	Upsetters (Upsetter)
6	Space Oddity	David Bowie (Philips)
7	I'll Never Fall In Love Again	Bobbie Gentry (Capitol)
8	Delta Lady	Joe Cocker (Regal Zonophone)
9	Nobody's Child	Karen Young (Major Minor)
10	A Boy Named Sue	Johnny Cash (CBS)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending November 6, 1964

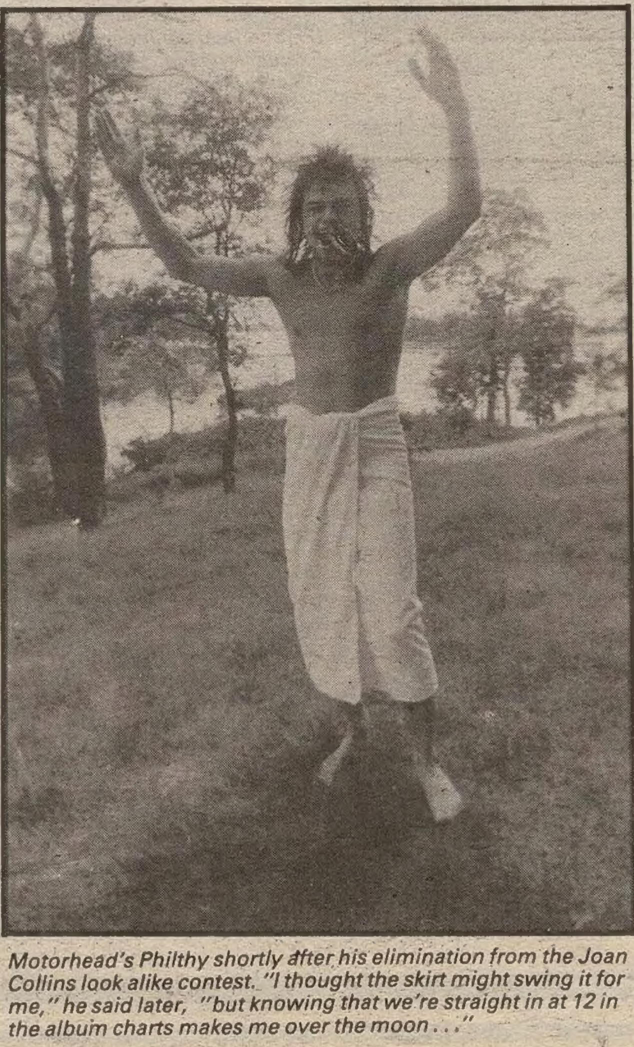
1	Always Something There To Remind Me	Sandie Shaw (Pye)
2	Oh Pretty Woman	Roy Orbison (London)
3	Baby Love	Supremes (Stateside)
4	Sha La La	Manfred Mann (HMV)
5	Walk Away	Matt Monro (Parlophone)
6	The Wedding	Julie Rogers (Mercury)
7	Um Um Um Um Um Um	Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders (Fontana)
8	He's In Town	Rockin' Berries (Piccadilly)
9	Tokyo Melody	Helmut Zacharius (Polydor)
10	When You Walk In The Room	Searchers (Pye)

UK ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	**Regatta De Blanc**	Police (A&M)	4	1
2	(4)	**The Long Run**	Eagles (Asylum)	5	2
3	(2)	**Eat To The Beat**	Blondie (Chrysalis)	5	2
4	(11)	**Tusk**	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	2	4
5	(3)	**Off The Wall**	Michael Jackson (Epic)	6	3
6	(12)	**Lena's Music Album**	Lena Martell (Pye)	3	6
7	(5)	**Whatever You Want**	Status Quo (Vertigo)	2	5
8	(7)	**Pleasure Principle**	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	8	1
9	(16)	**I Am**	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	21	2
10	(21)	**One Voice**	Barry Manilow (Arista)	2	10
11	(8)	**Discovery**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	22	1
12	(—)	**Bomber**	Motorhead (Bronze)	1	12
13	(—)	**Mr Universe**	Gillan (Acrobat)	1	13
14	(13)	**Down To Earth**	Rainbow (Polydor)	11	7
15	(6)	**String Of Hits**	Shadows (EMI)	8	4
16	(10)	**Oceans Of Fantasy**	Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)	7	2
17	(28)	**The Unrecorded Jasper Carrott**	(DJM)	2	17
18	(18)	**Outlandos D'amour**	Police (A&M)	25	7
19	(9)	**The Raven**	The Stranglers (United Artists)	4	2
20	(17)	**Greatest Hits**	10cc (Mercury)	4	15
21	(29)	**Slow Train Coming**	Bob Dylan (CBS)	10	2
22	(24)	**Survival**	Bob Marley (Island)	4	22
23	(—)	**The Specials**	Specials (Two Tone)	1	23
24	(15)	**Rock 'n' Roll Juvenile**	Cliff Richard (EMI)	8	1
25	(—)	**War Of The Worlds**	Jeff Wayne (CBS)	45	2
26	(—)	**Marathon**	Santana (CBS)	1	26
27	(14)	**In Through The Out Door**	Led Zeppelin (Atlantic)	10	2
28	(19)	**Breakfast In America**	Supertramp (A & M)	23	2
29	(22)	**Replicas**	Tubeway Army (Beggars Banquet)	20	1
30	(23)	**The Crack**	Ruts (Virgin)	2	23

UP AND COMING:

I Can See Your House From Here — Camel (Decca);
Pleasure and Pain — Dr Hook (Capitol);
Days In Europa — Skids (Virgin);
Facades — Sad Cafe (RCA Victor);
Mods May Day — Various (Arista);
Rock 'n' Roller Disco — Various (Ronco).



Motorhead's Philthy shortly after his elimination from the Joan Collins look alike contest. "I thought the skirt might swing it for me," he said later, "but knowing that we're straight in at 12 in the album charts makes me over the moon . . ."

US SINGLES

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	**Rise**	Herb Alpert
2	(2)	**Don't Stop 'Til You Get Enough**	Michael Jackson
3	(7)	**Heartache Tonight**	Eagles
4	(4)	**Pop Muzik**	M
5	(6)	**Dim All The Lights**	Donna Summer
6	(11)	**Still**	Commodores
7	(8)	**You Decorated My Life**	Kenny Rogers
8	(10)	**Tusk**	Fleetwood Mac
9	(3)	**Sail On**	Commodores
10	(14)	**Babe**	Styx
11	(12)	**Good Girls Don't**	Knack
12	(5)	**Sad Eyes**	Robert John
13	(9)	**My Sharona**	The Knack
14	(—)	**No More Tears (Enough Is Enough)**	Barbra Streisand & Donna Summer
15	(20)	**Please Don't Go**	KC & The Sunshine Band
16	(17)	**Dirty White Boy**	Foreigner
17	(13)	**I'll Never Love This Way Again**	Dionne Warwick
18	(26)	**Come To Me**	France Joli
19	(15)	**Cruel To Be Kind**	Nick Lowe
20	(29)	**Ships**	Barry Manilow
21	(21)	**I Know A Heartache When I See One**	Jennifer Warnes
22	(24)	**This Night Won't Last Forever**	Michael Jackson
23	(18)	**Lovin', Touchin', Squeezin'**	Journey
24	(16)	**Heaven Must Have Sent You**	Bonnie Pointer
25	(19)	**Where Were You When I Was Falling In Love**	Lobo
26	(—)	**Fins**	Jimmy Buffett
27	(28)	**So Good, So Right**	Brenda Russell
28	(—)	**You're Only Loney**	J. D. Souther
29	(—)	**If You Remember Me**	Chris Thompson
30	(—)	**Street Life**	Crusaders

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

US ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	**The Long Run**	Eagles
2	(2)	**In Through The Out Door**	Led Zeppelin
3	(3)	**Midnight Magic**	Commodores
4	(4)	**Cornerstone**	Styx
5	(5)	**Head Games**	Foreigner
6	(8)	**Rise**	Herb Alpert
7	(7)	**Dream Police**	Cheap Trick
8	(16)	**Tusk**	Fleetwood Mac
9	(6)	**Off The Wall**	Michael Jackson
10	(9)	**Get The Knack**	The Knack
11	(13)	**Kenny**	Kenny Rogers
12	(28)	**One Voice**	Barry Manilow
13	(10)	**Candy O**	The Cars
14	(11)	**Slow Train Coming**	Bob Dylan
15	(17)	**Stormwatch**	Jethro Tull
16	(15)	**Breakfast In America**	Supertramp
17	(21)	**Uncle Jam Wants You**	Funkadelic
18	(12)	**Volcano**	Jimmy Buffett
19	(22)	**Flirtin' With Disaster**	Molly Hachet
20	(26)	**Ladies' Night**	Kool And The Gang
21	(24)	**Comedy Is Not Pretty**	Steve Martin
22	(29)	**Eat To The Beat**	Blondie
23	(23)	**Highway To Hell**	AC/DC
24	(19)	**Identify Yourself**	O'Jays
25	(18)	**Bad Girls**	Donna Summer
26	(20)	**First Under The Wire**	Little River Band
27	(25)	**Dionne**	Dionne Warwick
28	(14)	**Eve**	Alan Parsons Project
29	(—)	**Keep The Fire**	Kenny Loggins
30	(27)	**Rust Never Sleeps**	Neil Young

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

DISCO

(1)	**Don't Stop Til You Get Enough**	Michael Jackson (Epic)
(2)	**Star**	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)
(3)	**You Can Do It**	Al Hudson (MCA)
(4)	**Deja Vu**	Paulinho da Costa (Pablo)
(5)	**Ladies Night**	Kool & The Gang (Mercury)
(6)	**Strut Your Funky Stuff**	Frantique (Philadelphia Int)
(7)	**It's Called The Rock**	Edwin Starr (20th Century)
(8)	**Feel The Real**	David Bendeth (Sidewalk)
(9)	**Gonna Get Along Without You Now**	Viola Wills (Arigla/Hansa)
(10)	**Baby Baba Boogie**	Gap Band (Mercury)

CHART SUPPLIED BY: POWERHOUSE DIO PLUS
Tel: (01) 368-9852

REGGAE

(1)	**Universal Rock**	Willie Williams/Jackie Mittoo (Shine Tac)
(2)	**Motherless Children**	Gregory Isaacs (Taxi)
(3)	**Penetentiary**	Nigger Kojak (Nigger Kojak)
(4)	**If Jah Should Come Now**	Rod Taylor (Belva)
(5)	**Natty Dread She Want**	Horace Andy/Tapper Zukie (Stars)
(6)	**Jahovia**	Twinkle Bros (Virgin)
(7)	**Feelin' Alright**	Hugh Mandell (Rockers)
(8)	**Late Night Blues**	Al Campbell (JB)
(9)	**Rome**	Sugar Minott (Black Roots)
(10)	**Rastafari Tell You**	Judah Eskander (Studio One)

CHART SUPPLIED BY: DADDY KOOL
94 Dean Street, London W1

INDIES

(1)	**Real Shock**	Swell Maps (Rough Trade)
(2)	**Earcom Two**	Various Artists (Fast 12")
(3)	**Door & Window EP**	Door & Window (NB)
(4)	**Blood And Lipstick**	Pink Military Stand Alone (Eric's 12")
(5)	**Soldier Soldier**	Spizz Energi (Rough Trade)
(6)	**Alice In Sunderland**	Stepping Talk (Eustone)
(7)	**Monochrome Set**	Monochrome Set (Rough Trade)
(8)	**California Uber Alles**	The Dead Kennedys (Fast)
(9)	**Microchips & Fish**	The Red Crayola (Rogh Trade)
(10)	Reality Asylum	Crass (Small Wonder)

Chart supplied by: Rough Trade, 202, Kensington Park Road, London W.11.

NOW, HERE IS THE

NEWS

— AND THIS IS
DEREK JOHNSON
WRITING IT

ANOTHER FRONT ROW FESTIVAL

Nashville strikes back

JOE JACKSON, XTC and Sniff 'n' The Tears are among acts already booked for a two-week pre-Christmas festival, to be staged at London Kensington Nashville from December 9 to 22 inclusive. Under the banner of 'More Front Row Festivities', it will follow the pattern of last year's event by featuring artists who played the venue in their early days, and have since developed into big names. The full bill will be announced shortly.

The festival is an indication that the Nashville is pressing ahead with its usual policy, and scotches rumours of imminent closure following recent instances of audience "misbehaviour". The management has now defused this threat, by implementing various precautionary measures, including the raising of the minimum admission age from 18 to 20.

Among the strong line-up booked for the first half of this month are Philip Rambow (November 4 and 11), The Lurkers (8), Jane Aire & The Belvederes (12) and Ian Gomm (13). However, The Merton Parkas will not be appearing there on November 6 — they will be out of the country at the time, and have been replaced by Deke Leonard's Iceberg — but they have re-arranged their date for November 27.

● Philip Rambow has also been booked as special guest on the extensive Dr Feelgood tour, reported last week and opening on November 20. As besides his Nashvile gigs, he has other headlining dates with his band (now featuring new guitarist Jamie West-Oram who replaces Hugh Burns) at Bristol University (tomorrow, Friday), Sheffield Limit Club (November 8) and London Camden Dingwalls (14). Rambow will be promoting his newly-released EMI album 'Shooting Gallery'.

The Nashville is also staging a Bonfire Night special next Monday (5), when it's understood that Penetration will be headlining — though the gig is already a virtual sell-out, and those wishing to see the band rounding off their so-called farewll tour probably stand a better chance at their Electric Ballroom show this Saturday (3), where a few tickets still remain. After these two dates, the band's future is uncertain, but it seems likely that Pauline Murrsy (vocals), Robert Blamire (bass) and Gary Smallman (drums) will continue working together — augmented by one or two newcomers — though not necessarily under the name of Penetration.

● SHAM 69 are to play a string of dates in the States early in December, including two nights each at New York Hurrah's and Los Angeles Whisky A Gogo.

PLUS R&B EVENT AT THE HOPE

ANOTHER leading venue on the London circuit, the Hope & Anchor in Islington, is also staging a two-week festival — in this case, an R&B event during the second half of this month. There will be appearances throughout by various surprise guests, and there's a possibility the gigs will be recorded. Organiser Tony Moon explains that the current resurgence of interest in R&B persuaded him to present the festival, for which the line-up is:

The Bishops (November 18), Little Roosters (19), The Pirates (20), The O.T.'s (21), House Band with Special Guests (22), Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders (23), The Blues Band with Paul Jones, Tom McGuinness and Hugh Flint (24), Chris Farlowe (25), The American Blues Legends 79 Tour (26), The Untouchables (27), Stepaside (28), Red Beans & Rice (29), The Inmates (30) and Lew Lewis Reformer (December 1).

● THE FALL have added Hemel Hempstead Dacorum College (November 15) and Preston The Warehouse (22) to their UK tour, reported last week. And their gig at London Marquee is brought forward from November 20 to 18.

JAM ADD

THE JAM have added another four dates to their extensive UK tour, starting next month and running up to Christmas. In fact, the new opening date is now Poole Arts Centre on November 18, and the other extra gigs are at Southampton Gaumont (23), Lancaster University (30) and Bath Pavilion (December 21).

Parkas: free gig & single

THE MERTON PARKAS are to play a free concert at London Chelsea College of Art on Friday, November 16. This follows their blowing out the venue on October 13, when they found that admission was being restricted to NUS card holders — a problem which has now been overcome. And besides their gig at the Nashville (see above), they have two other London gigs at the Marquee Club on December 7 and 8. Their new single 'Give It To Me Now' is issued by Beggars Banquet on November 23.

● THE CHORDS will now play two nights at London Marquee on November 10 and 11, instead of the one-off on November 19 previously announced.

Adverts split

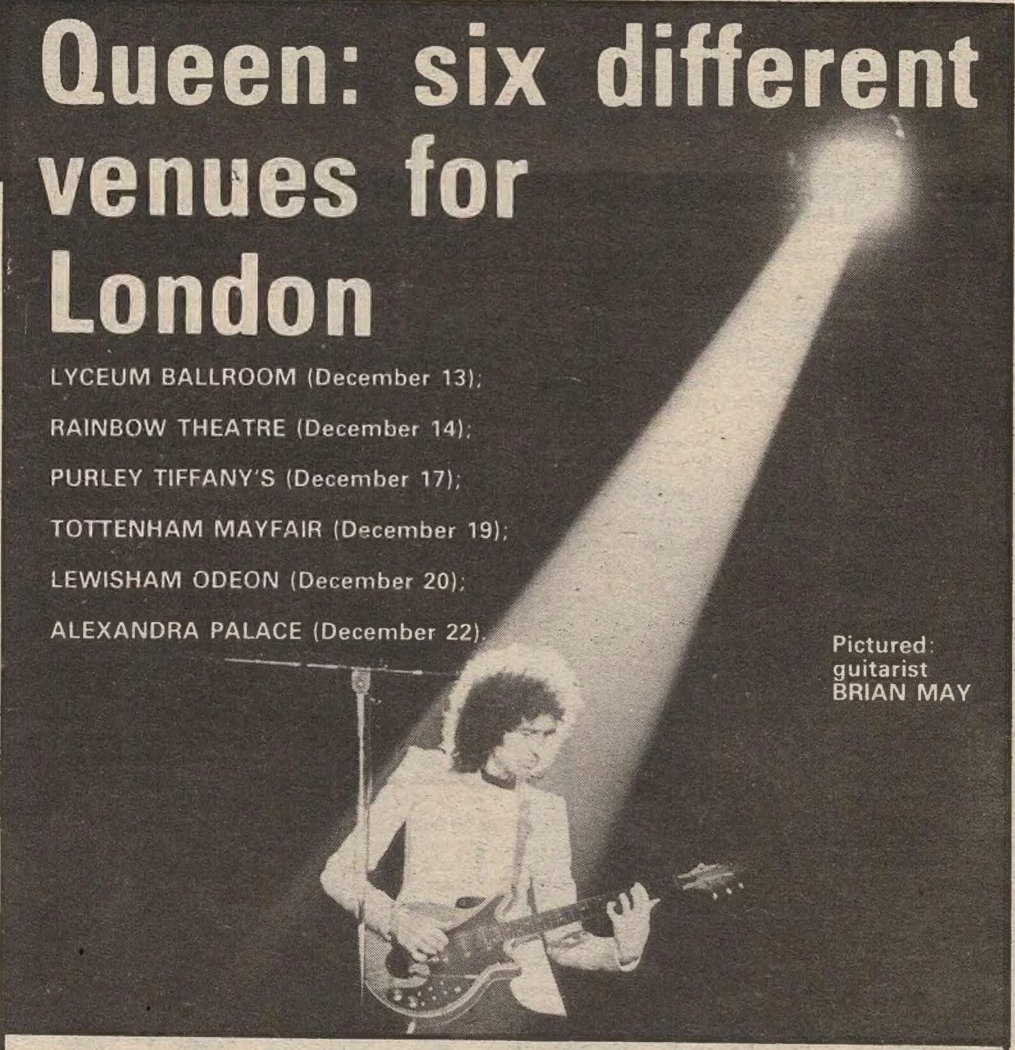
THE ADVERTS are the latest band to call it quits. They played their very last gig at Slough College last Saturday, and have now officially disbanded. It seems there was no disharmony or upheaval within the group — they simply felt that the time had come to move in new directions.

Vocalist TV Smith has already announced plans to form a new band, together with keyboards man Tim Cross, who was the latest recruit to The Adverts' line-up. And Smith has been signed in his new role by RCA, who will release his debut solo single before Christmas.

Bassist Gaye Advert also has a solo single in the pipeline, and it's understood to be an anti-vivisection song. When it's completed, she will then consider her next move, and the possibility of another new band emerging cannot be ruled out. The future plans of the other original Advert, guitarist Howard Pickup, are still unknown.

Queen: six different venues for London

LYCEUM BALLROOM (December 13);
RAINBOW THEATRE (December 14);
PURLEY TIFFANY'S (December 17);
TOTTENHAM MAYFAIR (December 19);
LEWISHAM ODEON (December 20);
ALEXANDRA PALACE (December 22).



Pictured: guitarist BRIAN MAY

QUEEN, whose 14 provincial concerts were reported two weeks ago, have now revealed plans for their London appearances just before Christmas. And instead of playing a string of shows at one specific theatre, they've decided to visit six different venues spaced all around London and the suburbs — details as listed above.

Currently climbing the charts with their new single 'Crazy Little Thing Called Love', and with their 'Live Killers' album still selling strongly, the band have chosen this course of action in order to reach as many areas as possible. Promoter is Harvey Goldsmith (as with the earlier part of the tour), and the booking arrangements and ticket prices are as follows:

● LYCEUM — all tickets £4.75, on sale November 9.
● RAINBOW — tickets £5 and £4, on sale November 9.
● PURLEY — all tickets £4.75. Available from Bonaparte, 101 George Street, Croydon. Or between 8 and 11 pm this Friday, Saturday and Sunday only at Tiffany's box-office.
● TOTTENHAM — all tickets £4.75, on sale November 9.
● LEWISHAM — tickets £5 and £4, on sale November 9.
● ALLY PALLY — Available now by mail order priced £5 plus 45p booking fee from Queen Box-office, P.O. Box 4TL, London W1A 4TL (postal orders only, and enclose SAE). Available to personal callers (at £5) from November 9 at the Ticket Machine in Virgin's Megastore, Oxford Street.

Simple Minds explode

SIMPLE MINDS — arguably the most promising of the newer breed of Scottish bands, especially following the demise of their label-mates Zones — start a major tour in two weeks' time, continuing on the road until just before Christmas. The outing ties in with the November 23 release of their new album 'Real To Real Cacophony' on Zoom Records (distributed by Arista).

Dates confirmed so far are Aberdeen University (November 16), Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (17), Fife St Andrew's University (18), Edinburgh Tiffany's (19), Hull Tiffany's (20), Port Talbot Troubadour (22), Shrewsbury Music Hall (27), Birmingham University (23), Newcastle University (24), Liverpool Eric's (30), Manchester Polytechnic (December 1), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (2), Sheffield Limit Club (6), Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic (7), Exeter University (10), Keele University (12), London Marquee Club (13 and 14), and there are a number of other gigs still being finalised for announcement in a week or two. They also guest in BBC-2's 'Whistle Test' on November 27.

Minds vocalist JIM KERR

Ramones due

THE RAMONES will be touring Britian early in the New Year, NME learned this week. Their schedule opens in mid-January, and dates are currently being lined up.

● THE DICKIES — whose new single 'Manny, Moe And Jack' is issued by A&M on November 9 — are to support The Stranglers on their European tour this month. And they're planning to slot in some British dates in their own right in early December — details hopefully next week.

Wire: three London gigs

WIRE make three appearances at London Jeanetta Cochran Theatre in Holborn on November 9, 10 and 12 — in a show called 'People In A Room', performed in conjunction with students at the Central School of Art. All tickets are priced £2.50, and they are available now only from the theatre box-office, which is in Southampton Row (01-242 7040). Meanwhile, the band's new single 'Map Reference 41 N 93 W' (from their current album '154') is released by Harvest this week.

● RACHEL SWEET has been booked as special guest on the one-off concert by Ian Hunter and Mick Ronson which, as reported last week, is at London Hammersmith Odeon on November 22.

Gary Moore
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TOURS ROUND-UP

ANDREW MATHESON goes on tour this month to promote his new single 'My Girls' and recently released album 'Monterey Shoes', on the Ariola label. Backed by his six-piece band The 20th Century Saints, and supported by The Tommy Band (fronted by well-known producer and composer Tommy Boyce), he plays **Uxbridge** Brunel Univeristy (tomorrow, Friday), **Reading** Bulmershe College (Saturday), **Leeds** Polytechnic (November 6), **Manchester** University (7), **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden (8), **Edinburgh** Heriot Watt University (9), **Reading** University (10), **Nottingham** University (14), **Coventry** Warwick University (15) and **London Victoria** The Venue (16).

GONZALEZ promote their newly-released Sidewalk single 'Move It To The Music' at **Middlesbrough** Reflections (tonight, Thursday), **London Camden** Music Machine (this Saturday), **Stoke** Tiffany's (November 6), **East Grinstead** King George's Hall (10), **Ilford** Town Hall (12), **Southend** Talk Of The South (13) and **Maidstone** Oakwood Technical College (14). More dates are being set.

Attractive Photos

THE PHOTOS, who were announced as support act on the original Squeeze tour dates, retain the support spot on the revised and curtailed Squeeze itinerary opening November 13. Prior to that, they have headlining **London** dates at Kensington Nashville (tonight, Thursday), Camden Electric Ballroom (Friday) and the School of Economics (Saturday) and they play **Reading** University on November 10. The band — described by some people (notably their publicist!) as "Britain's answer to Blondie" — have their first CBS single issued on November 16, entitled 'I'm So Attractive'.

● *Pictured right is PHOTO-genic WENDY WU, a sort of brunette Blondie.*

DANGEROUS GIRLS play **Leeds** Fan Club (tonight, Thursday), **Manchester** Funhouse (Friday), **Wolverhampton** Brinsford Lodge (Saturday), **Bath** Arts Workshop (November 7), **Worcester** Bankhouse (8), **Kidderminster** Irish Club (9) and **Coventry** Lanchester Polytechnic (10), with more dates being set. The band will have a live four-track EP called 'Taaga' on sale at all their gigs, and their current double A-side single 'Dangerous Girls'/'I,Don't Want To Eat' is now available through Rough Trade and Small Wonder,

MIKE HARDING is on his traditional autumn concert tour, visiting **Leicester** De Montfort Hall (tonight, Thursday), **Blackburn** King George's Hall (Friday), **Scarborough** Floral Hall (Saturday), **Wolverhampton** Civic Hall (November 7), **Hanley** Victoria Hall (8), **Edinburgh** Usher Hall (12), **Derby** Assembly Rooms (14), **Preston** Guildhall (15), **Liverpool** Empire (17), **Leeds** Grand (18), **Coventry** Theatre (19), **Birmingham** Hippodrome (20), **Sheffield** City Hall (21 and 22), **Newcastle** City Hall (23), **Cardiff** New (25), **Bristol** Colston Hall (26), **Hull** New (28 and 29), **Manchester** Apollo (30 and December 1), **Glasgow** Pavilion (2), **London** Dominion Theatre (4), **Middlesbrough** Town Hall (6), **Bradford** Alhambra (7 and 8), **Halifax** Civic Theatre (9) and **York** Theatre Royal (10 and 11). His new album 'Komic Kutz' has just been issued by Phonogram.

ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES IN THE DARK are playing three gigs this weekend, and these will be their final dates until next year — as they are then going into their own Liverpool studios to record their debut album, planned for release by DinDisc in February, when they'll be doing a full tour. Meanwhile they're at **Plymouth** Clones (tonight, Thursday), **London** St. Mary's College (Friday) and **London Camden** Electric Ballroom with Penetration (Saturday).

DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET make six concert appearances this month — at **Sheffield** Crucible Theatre (November 4), **Manchester** Ashton Tameside Theatre (5), **Slough** Thames Hall (8), **Bournemouth** Winter Gardens (9), **London** Royal Festival Hall (10) and **Southend** Cliffs Pavilion (11). They next day they film their own BBC-TV special.

THE FAMILY BROWN, Canada's top C&W act, have November dates at **London Palmers Green** Intimate Theatre (4), **Birmingham** Hen & Chickens (7), **Knutsford** Shaw Heath Club (8), the country weekend at **Great Yarmouth** Caister Holiday Centre headlined by Vernon Oxford (9—10), **Kenton** Seven Eleven (11), **Shrewsbury** Lazy Aacres (12), **Wilton** ICI Club (13), **Middlesbrough** Marton Club (14), **Peterlee** Leisure Club (15), **Kendal** Town Hall (17) and **Luton** Concert Hall (18).

Piranhas attack London

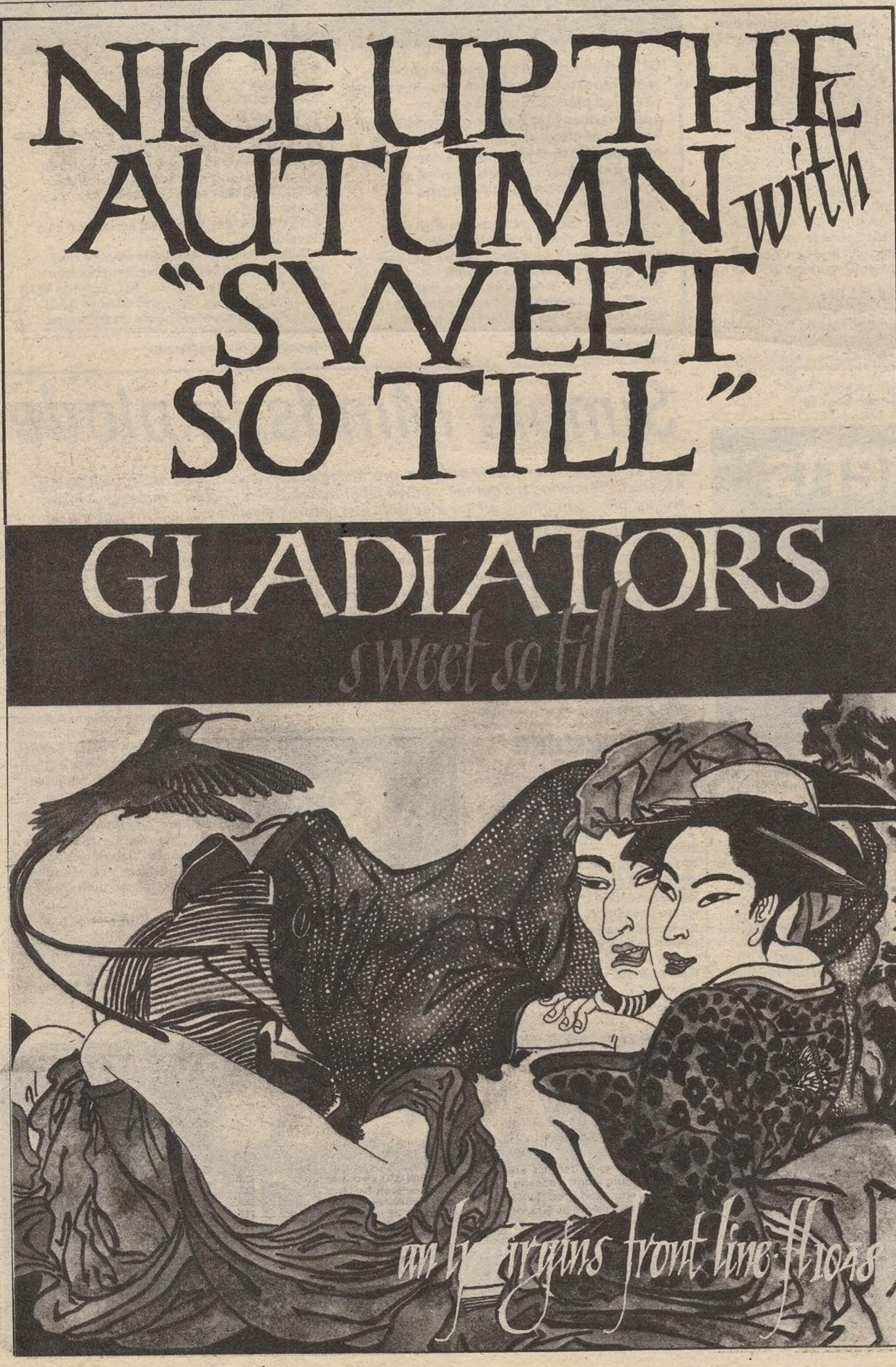
THE PIRANHAS, Brighton's gift to the gig circuit, have launched an all-out attack on London venues — and amongst their latest batch of bookings in town are Camberwell School of Art (tomorrow, Friday), Clapham 101 Club (Sunday), Camden Music Machine (November 7), Elephant and Castle Southbank Polytechnic (9) and Kensington Nashville (10), with more to follow. Between times, they visit Brighton Art College (this Saturday) and Swindon Brunel Rooms (November 6). The band, whose previous releases have been on local Brighton label Attrix, have signed a deal with Virgin for the release of their single 'Space Invader' — it's due out on November 30.

IRON MAIDEN begin their first headlining tour this week, with confirmed gigs at **Aberdeen** Ruffles (tonight, Thursday), **Blackpool** Norbreck Castle (Friday), **London Camden** Music Machine (November 5), **Aberavon** Nine Volts (9), **Stroud** Marshall Rooms (10), **Burton** 76 Club (16), **Liverpool** Metro (17), **Birkenhead** The Gallery (23), **Warrington** Lion Hotel (24), **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden (30) and **Retford** Porterhouse (December 1), and more are being finalised. Their debut EP 'The Soundhouse Tapes' is available at £1.20 (including p&p) from Iron Maiden, 40 Steele Road, Leytonstone, London E11 3JA — it's on their own Rock Hard Records label, and comes in a picture sleeve.

URCHIN, the five-piece London band currently negotiating a record deal, have a busy month ahead with gigs at **Harrow** Kings Head (tonight, Thursday), **London Camden** Brecknock (this Friday and 18), **Birkenhead** Gallery (Saturday), **Newbridge** Memorial Hall (Sunday), **Oxford** open-air bonfire concert (5), **Reading** Target Club (7), **Bicester** Kings Head (8), **Oxford** Corn Dolly (9 and 10), **Bicester** Nowhere Club doubling **Sheersby** Bath Hotel (11), **London East Ham** Ruskin Arms (15), **Port Talbot** Nine Volts Club (16), **London Kensington** Imperial College (23), **London Battersea** Candlelight Club (25) and **Blackpool** Jenkinson's (30).

SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS have now arranged most of their own dates, after pulling out from the support spot in the upcoming Damned tour. They play **London Camden** Electric Ballroom (November 9), **Scarborough** Penthouse (23), **Dudley** J.B.'s (24), **Nottingham** Sandpiper (30), **Port Talbot** Sandman (December 6), **London** Marquee Club (9 and 10), **Newport** The Village (14) and **Retford** Porterhouse (21). Their debut single 'You're Ready Now' is released by DJM on November 9.

THE MARTIAN SCHOOLGIRLS begin a new series of dates, to coincide with the release by Red Planet Records of their debut single 'Life In The 80's'. So far set are **Winchester** Tower Arts Centre (tomorrow, Friday), **Poole** Brewers Arms (Sunday), **Bournemouth** Talbot Hotel (8), **Salisbury** Rising Sun (9), **London Kensington** Imperial College (10), **London** School of Economics (12), **Weymouth** College (14), **Salisbury** City Hall (23) and **Bath** Moles (24). More gigs are being finalised.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HERE & NOW: END OF THE BEGINNING

HERE & NOW are going out on yet another tour, a three-week itinerary running from this weekend to the end of the month. Since their last outing, they've managed to purchase a PA and a bus from the proceeds of their records, so reducing their costs substantially, and they will simply be taking collections at gigs to pay for fuel and food.

At the same time, Charly Records are releasing their live album 'All Over The Show' (£2.99) and studio single 'End Of The Beginning'. Both will be available at all gigs at slightly reduced prices, as will a C90 cassette (£1.50) recorded on the past two tours. Their latest itinerary is:

Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre (November 7), **Exeter** University (8), **Cheltenham** Tythe Barn (9), **Coventry** Butts Technical College (10), **Nottingham** University (11), **Birmingham** Bournebrook Hotel (12), **Liverpool** Eric's (13), **Glasgow** Strathclyde University (14), **Edinburgh** University (15), **Newcastle** Sterling House (16), **Leeds** Fforde Green Hotel (17), **Manchester** Polytechnic (18), **Lampeter** St. David's University (19), **Bristol** Trinity Hall (20), **Winchester** Art College (21), **Canterbury** Art College (22), **Brighton** Sussex University (23), **London Kensington** Queen Elizabeth College (24), **High Wycombe** Nags Head (25), **Portsmouth** Polytechnic (26), **London** School of Economics (27) and a major **London** date still to be finalised (28).

Alvin Lee concerts

ALVIN LEE brings his Ten Years Later band to Britain at the end of this month to play five major concerts — at Birmingham Odeon (November 26), Leicester De Montfort Hall (27), London Hammersmith Odeon (28), Newcastle City Hall (29) and Bristol Colston Hall (30).

They were originally due to play here a few weeks ago, but called off their visit because they were unable to tie in a TV appearance with it — but this has now been rectified, and they guest in BBC-2's 'Whistle Test' on November 20. Ticket prices are £3, £2.50 and £2, with additional £3.50 seats at Hammersmith.

Winter Woolley's needed at round-Britain venues

BRUCE WOOLLEY — who has steadily been building up a considerable reputation on the gig circuit, and has recently gained widespread recognition through his association with the Buggles hit 'Video Killed The Radio Star' — begins an extensive tour this weekend with his band The Camera Club, and is also in line to support The Kinks in a 12-date concert series (still subject to confirmation, but planned to include three nights at London Dominion Theatre) from November 22 to December 5. Meanwhile, Woolley's own dates are:

Taunton Camelot (tonight, Thursday, **Exeter** Routes (Friday), **Torquay** Pelican (Saturday and Sunday), **Totnes** Civic Hall (November 5), **Bristol** Granary (6), **Bradford** University (7), **Blackpool** Norbreck Castle (8), **Manchester** Mayflower (10), **Sheffield** Limit Club (13), **Shrewsbury** Cascade (14), **Birmingham** Underworld (15), **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden (16), **Liverpool** Oscar's (17), **Leeds** Fforde Green Hotel (18), **Swansea** Circles (19) and **Swindon** Brunel Rooms (20).

OH, AND BY THE WAY . .

● GRANADA-TV's documentary 'Born Fighters' — featuring Dave Edmunds, Nick Lowe and Rockpile — is fully networked by ITV this Saturday at 11.30 pm (though the time varies in some areas). Same company is networking a new 13-week series of 'Get It Together', with The Boomtown Rats and Chas & Dave (November 27) and The Tourists and Suzi Quatro (December 4) featured in the first two shows.

● MARIA MULDAUR is now confirmed for two appearances at London Victoria The Venue on November 21 and 22, and she also plays a concert at Southport Theatre the following night (23).

LIZZY: TWO XMAS SHOWS

THIN LIZZY this week announced details of two big concerts they are playing next month — at Manchester Apollo (December 16) and a special Christmas production at Stafford New Bingley Hall (18). Manchester tickets are available to personal callers only — they are priced £4 and £3.50, limited to four per applicant, and the box-office opens at 10.30am this Saturday (3). Stafford tickets at £4 each are available by post from Adrian Hopkins Promotions, 77 Barton Road, Oxford (enclose SAE).

The band will be featuring the same line-up with which they recently toured Japan, with Dave Flett (guitar) and Midge Ure (keyboards) guesting. Their permanent new guitarist cannot yet be named, as he is currently working in another well-known band, but he should be contractually free to join Lizzy in time for their New Year UK tour.

WHO: ANOTHER STAFFORD GIG

THE WHO are to play a second night at Stafford New Bingley Hall — it's on Saturday, November 17, the day after their first gig at that venue, reported last week. Tickets are on sale now at the box-office, all at the one price of £4, and they are also available in London at the Ticket Machine in Virgin's Oxford Street Megastore. It's understood that some tickets are still available for the first Stafford concert on November 16. A spokesman for promoter Harvey Goldsmith said that extra buses and trains are being laid on for those going to the Bingley Hall.

As already announced, the band's other two shows are at Brighton Centre on November 10 and 11, and here tickets go on sale only to box-office callers (or should we say queuers?) this Sunday — though please note that prices are now changed to £4.50, £4 and £3.50. The Who's London spokesman said this week that he has no knowledge of any more UK dates in the pipeline, before they leave for their American tour.

Bethnal bounce back

BETHNAL — whose two London dates at the Marquee Club on November 25 and 26 were announced last week — will, in fact, be touring extensively from next week through until the New Year. Other gigs confirmed are at Newport The Village (November 9), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (11), Upminster New Windmill Hotel (14), Blackpool Norbreck Castle (15), Egremont Tow Bar Inn (16), Birmingham Underworld (17), Bristol Granary (22), Nottingham Sandpiper (23), London Kensington Imperial College (24) and Penzance Demelzas (29). More November dates, plus their full December schedule, will be announced shortly. This is the band's first tour with their new guitarist Steve Linton, top centre in our picture.

Screams loud in the U.K.

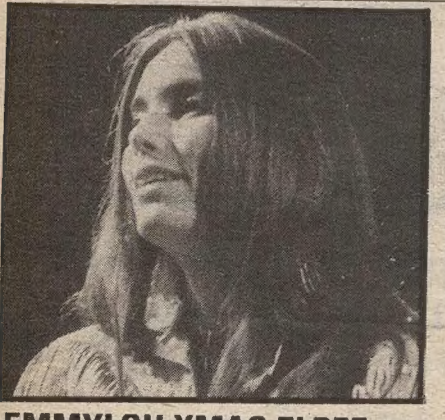
SCREAMS, the U.S. band who've built up a considerable following on the New York circuit, begin their first British tour next week — starting with an appearance in BBC-2's 'Old Grey Whistle Test' next Tuesday.

Confirmed gigs include London Camden Dingwalls (November 8), **Nottingham** Sandpiper (10), **Exeter** Routes (12), **Leeds** Fan Club (13), **London Kensington** Nashville (15), **Scarborough** Penthouse (16), **Retford** Porterhouse (17), **London** Marquee (20), **Bristol** Granary (22), **Sheffield** Limit Club (23), **Birmingham** Underworld (24), **Manchester** Polytechnic (27), **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden (28), **Cromer** West Runton Pavilion (30) and **London Camden** Music Machine (December 1).

They signed earlier this year to the Infinity label, and their new single 'Imagine Me Without You' — taken from their current album 'Screams' — is out this week. The band have just finished a two-month American tour with Van Halen, and their British outing is billed as "Screams Loud In The UK".

Martyn on tour

JOHN MARTYN begins a college and theatre tour this weekend — his first full tour since the winter of 1977. Confirmed dates are Guildford Surrey University (tomorrow, Friday), Leicester University (Saturday), Norwich East Anglia University (November 7), Nottingham University (10), Northampton Royal Theatre (11), Plymouth Polytechnic (13), Liverpool University (14), Hanley Victoria Hall (15), Sheffield University (17), Redcar Coatham Bowl (18), Edinburgh Odeon (22), Aberdeen University (23), Glasgow Strathclyde University (24) and Brighton Dome (December 3), with more gigs still being finalised. Martyn has just completed a new album, which Island plan to release early next year, although it is still untitled.



EMMYLOU XMAS ELPEE

EMMYLOU HARRIS has a Christmas album rushed out by Warners this weekend, recorded exclusively for Britain and Europe, and not available in the States. The ten-track set features her Hot Band, with backing vocals provided by guests Neil Young, Linda Ronstadt, Dolly Parton and Willie Nelson.

LIFE OF MONTY PYTHON

MONTY PYTHON's new album 'Life Of Brian', playing almost 52 minutes and costing £5, is issued by Warners on November 9 — together with a single titled 'Brian'. Besides the Python regulars, George Harrison, Spike Milligan and Neil Innes are also featured. The LP coincides with the premiere of their controversial film of the same name.

NEIL YOUNG'S LIVE RUST

NEIL YOUNG has changed the title of his upcoming double album, for December release by Reprise, to 'Live Rust'. It was originally called 'Rust Never Sleeps', the same title as his recent studio album, so confusion is now avoided. The 16-track live set was recorded on his recent U.S. tour.

- MCA have picked up one of the hottest disco records of the moment, 'Dancin' In Outer Space' by **Atmosfear**, which sold over 3,500 copies when originally released on the small independent label Elite Records. This weekend it's issued nationally in both 7" and 12" forms.

- **A double album of Tammy Wynette's greatest hits will be issued by Epic in two weeks' time, to coincide with her British tour — which still opens on November 9, despite her recent spell in hospital. Her single 'Sweet Music Man' is out this week. Tammy is pictured right.**

OFF THE RECORD

It's Rod v. Abba for Xmas No. 1

WITH THE release this week by Epic of the album 'Abba Greatest Hits Volume 2', the battle is on to determine which will be this year's top Christmas LP, the other main contender being 'Rod Stewart Greatest Hits Volume 1' — which, as reported last week, is issued by Riva tomorrow (Friday). Stewart's set went Platinum two weeks ago, on the strength of advance orders — while Abba's first volume of hits had an unbroken run of over a year in the charts, and the second collection can be expected to follow a similar pattern. So which will be the No. 1 LP at Christmas — Abba or Rod? Or is there an unexpected dark horse lurking?

- Two albums which EMI are boosting heavily for Christmas, including intensive TV advertising, are 'Semi Detached Suburban 20 Great Hits Of The Sixties' by **Manfred Mann** and '20 Golden Greats' by **Diana Ross,** a collection of the best tracks from her solo career.

- To coincide with their UK tour starting this week (see Gig Guide), a new single by **Blue Oyster Cult** is issued by CBS — it's titled 'In Thee', and taken from their current album 'Mirrors'.

- Out this week on Beggars Banquet is a four-track single by **Ivor Biggun,** rejoicing in the title of 'The Wankers Rock'n'Roll.'
- Virgin's Front Line label releases the fourth LP by **The Gladiators** this weekend, titled 'Sweet So Till', plus a single taken from it called 'Holiday Ride'.
- The previously-reported **Village People** double album 'Live And Sleazy', recorded at the Greek Theatre in Los Angeles, is officially released by Mercury this week — as is the LP 'Ladies Night' by **Kool & The Gang.**
- Sire Records have signed Australian band **The Sports,** and release their single 'Who Listens To The Radio?' on November 16, followed by their album 'Don't Throw Stones' on November 23. They're already known in this country after supporting Graham Parker & The Rumour on their spring tour here, plus a previous release on Stiff.
- **Charlie Dore,** who appears with her band Back Pocket at London Victoria The Venue on November 8, has her album 'Where To Now?' issued by Island the next day.
- **Ian Matthews** has a new single called 'Heatwave' issued by Rockburgh Records this weekend, taken from his current album 'Siamese Friends'.
- Birmingham-based outfit **Dansette Damage,** whose previous product has been confined to their own Shoestring label, have signed with Pinnacle Records. They're bringing out a single called '2001¾ Approximately' within the next few weeks.
- Bradford band **The Scene** have signed with Yorkshire mod label Manoeuvre Records, and are busy recording their first single 'Reach For The Top'. Other aspiring Northern mod outfits are invited to send tapes and details to the label at 16 Melbourne Street, York.
- Two former hits by **The Move,** 'Flowers In The Rain' and 'Blackberry Way', are reissued tomorrow (Friday) by Electric Records on one single. Out on the same day and label is 'Lady (Put The Light On Me)', the new single by **The Pirates.**

- **The Warsaw Pakt,** now sadly defunct, are releasing an 11-track album length cassette titled 'See You In Court'. It's compiled from their best available tapes, and is the only recording of the band in existence. Price is £1.95 (including p & p) from Stuff Central, 64A Notting Hill Gate, London W.11.

- **Latest signing to Stiff Records is Australian-born Michael O'Brien (pictured left), who worked all over the world before settling in Britain two years ago. Together with his four-piece backing band The Catch, he releases his debut single 'Made In Germany' this weekend.**

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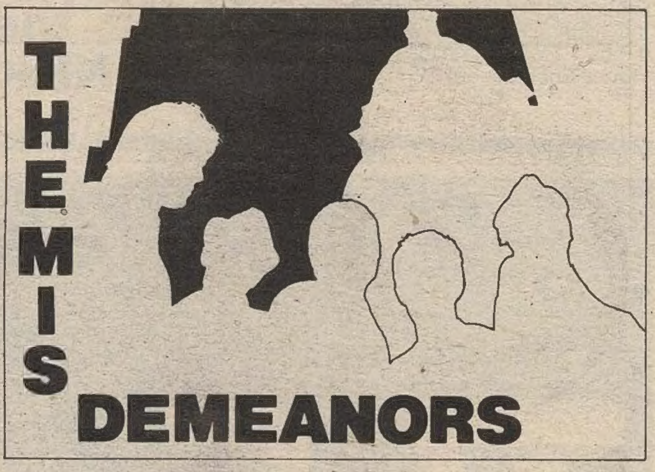

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LAST TRAIN TO TRANSYLVANIA

IT'S NOT FAR from the trashy confines of Carnaby Street to the desolation of James Street, the seedy side street in Covent Garden which houses the offices of Alan Edwards, PR to The Stranglers, Blondie, Squeeze, Motorhead, Generation X and many others.

At literally ten minutes' notice, I am to be found heading for this locale on Wednesday lunchtime to interview Mr Edwards' oldest and newest client, Hugh Cornwell, who has come up to London from Portsmouth expressly to talk to *NME*. (The reason for my sudden enlistment into the job? The scribe initially detailed has been detained for the day in hospital, where his infanticipating wife is due to let nature and the stork take their course. So . . .)

I arrive to find that Cornwell is absent. It transpires that he is out having his rough-hewn mid-30s rugby-teacher-gone-to-seed visual photographed by the incomparable Pennie Smith — an absence which gives me an opportunity to grab a quick listen to today's item of discussion, 'Nosferatu', Cornwell's new album which hitherto I have only heard by chance one night at a mutual friend's house.

It's a tricky aural extravaganza to gauge the full strength of when using a mere portable cassette player. The mix gives a disorientating slant to the album's dynamics, depth, and texture; the instruments often appear to float in some odd limbo. Certainly, it's a fair old departure from Cornwell's more orthodox heathen thrust when he harnesses his resources to The Stranglers.

One vital reason for this is that, where the latter are propelled by Jet Black's meat and potatoes drumming, here Cornwell has collaborated with Captain Beefheart's Magic Band percussionist Robert Williams, not merely usurping his idiosyncratic trap-trouncing, but also placing his talents right in the centre of 'Nosferatu's' creative processes.

Indeed, although 'Nosferatu' will probably be branded by the media as Cornwell's solo album, the outer cover declares the album strictly a dual creation, in no uncertain terms. The pair stand together, both in the foreground, both names in bold — "Hugh Cornwell and Robert Williams in 'Nosferatu'."

As Cornwell later explains, they met whilst Beefheart's current band was playing three nights in San Francisco. The Strangler, a fervent Beefheart admirer (he nominates 'Clear Spot' as his fave B.Fart album, explaining that 'Trout Mask Replica' "has so much going for it I'm still discovering new things"), went backstage to meet the band and "found Robert to be the most forceful personality, the one with the strongest sense of direction. Also we quickly found that we were into many of the same things."

Among other appealingly morbid perversitives that proliferate on the album, Cornwell and Williams chose primarily to use the character Nosferatu, a gnarled old vampire type doomed to a living death: an evil, macabre blood-sucking existence, so pathetic that one feels genuinely sorry for the poor old ghoul.

The character dates back to Egyptian mythology — his doomy four-syllable moniker translated as "spirit of darkness/evil" or "cloak of death" or some such suitably grim handle. Indeed one could go into an intoxicatingly lengthy description of the original vampire himself, but literature is abundantly available for those wishing to sample the full force of this monstrous apparition.

More to the point, two films have been made using the old bloke's name for a title and it was the first celluloid *Nosferatu*, a 1920s Expressionist masterpiece directed by Murnau and made in suitably gothic black and white with no sound, that grabbed Cornwell who, when he viewed it early last year, "visualised it as an amazing vehicle for emotional music".

Williams evidently felt the same, and the two set to work last summer, writing and recording together as a basic unit with "friends" who were around who, according to Cornwell, "could add things, suggest different slants to a certain theme, say, or fill in the odd hole with their interpretation."

The project was completed six months ago and is currently on the vinyl release starting blocks.

BUT WE BEGIN to get ahead of ourselves. As his quotes are starting to appear, so one should at least acknowledge that, yea, exactly after 40 minutes have elapsed, Hugh Cornwell arrives.

Expecting a somewhat more outwardly aggressive character, I'm pleasantly surprised to receive an instant impression of the man as a fairly civil chap. That relentless bullyboy vocal he adopts for singing is absent from his speaking voice, which suggest previous associations with colleges of further education. Certainly he in no respect resembles a rock star, what with his second-hand demob suit and open-necked white shirt, topped off by featues that rarely ease up from their naturally taut bone structure.

The final embellishment — a small goatee as thick as a paint-brush but greased to stand at a point — is typically Beefheartian . . .

At first hand-shake, he is amenable, courteous enough, and comparatively soft-spoken, thus temporarily undermining all prior visions I had of The Stranglers — or at least Cornwell — treating journalists with total disdain.

This cosiness is however almost instantaneously destroyed, when Cornwell leaves the PR office to walk next door to his management office. Wondering if he intends to do the interview in there, I follow. Cornwell, seeing me sauntering into the room, turns distinctly chilly.

"The journalists' room is in there," he states curtly, as though he were telling a dog where his kennel is.

The incident, minor enough at the time, in retrospect ties in perfectly with Cornwell's view on the media. Journalists, in The Stranglers' terms, are basically inferior lags to the superior warrior-like self-acclaimed artists the band so obviously consider themselves to be. We journalists are at best useful, at worst intolerable — and if we are intolerable, then a bloated egomaniac thug like J J Burnel sees no moral issue in brazenly utilising the force of his black belt karate training to beat up a critic like Jon Savage of *Sounds*, who dared to put his name to a criticism of whatever The Stranglers' latest product was at that time.

No, The Stranglers are a law unto themselves, and in that respect they remind me a lot of Led Zeppelin.

Call one 'new wave', call the other 'heavy metal', but both groups are out on their own, armed for combat in a 'dog eat dog' business. Both groups have a reputation for being 'heavy' outfits who despise outside criticism, because they foolhardily believe themselves to be the best judges of their work and other opinions, unless virtually sycophantic, are redundant.

Now, just as Jimmy Page still troops out every so often to give the odd interview — purely for promotional reasons usually — so Hugh Cornwell has chosen to talk to yours truly or anyone else from the music papers . . . but strictly about the 'Nosferatu' album.

AND NOTHING else. He'll talk about how "when we started recording, it was really terrifying music we were making. I mean we were really frightening ourselves with the music that was coming out. Then it was levelled out into becoming almost a soundtrack . . . a soundtrack for a film that would never be made."

And he'll tell me that the whole album was recorded in 22 days — "10 days at one stretch, then 12 at another," in L.A.

But that's yer lot. Despite the proximity of 'Raven' to the top of the album charts, not a word will he vouchsafe on the subject of his day job — The Stranglers.

So OK, let's do the business on 'Nosferatu'. This bit's for Hugh's scrapbook.

The songs were all written by Cornwell/Williams, apart from Cream's 'White Room' — given a radically claustrophobic arrangement (it fits into the album concept by dint of the white room representing Nodferatu's hide-out from the daylight) and one number involving a composer's contribution from Devo's Motherbaugh brothers. Two songs feature one 'Duncan Poundcake', aka Ian Dury: 'Puppet' and 'Wrong Way Round', for my tastes the LP's strangest cut, with Dury delivering a chillingly raucous 'Little Egypt' freak-show owner's harangue.

Although a final view-point has yet to be reached, 'Nosferatu' strikes me as an intriguing, ambitious equal-parts success and failure. It strives for diversity and wholeness at the same instant. But whilst Cornwell and Williams' experiments often call for unorthodox arrangements that capture the alienation and claustrophia of being trapped in a form at once repellent and almost comically pathetic, Cornwell's voice — a drone that is neither effectively disembodied nor catatonic — often can't carry it off. Certainly Dury's cameo whacks the point home with a vengeance.

Meanwhile Cornwell, obviously pleased with the creation, talks about how one song — 'Losers In A Lost Land' — was written with Williams "by post", the two potentially diverse sections (Cornwell's bass pattern and Williams percussive effects) created 2,000 miles apart but perfectly in sync with each other.

"We produced each other. Robert would be behind the console while I was laying down my tracks and vice versa when he was laying down his percussion, snatches of synthesiser, and other bits.

"He even wrote the lyrics to 'Nosferatu' itself. That was to be an instrumental."

Elsewhere the Mothersbaugh brothers appear on one track, a collaborative work entitled 'Rhythmic Itch', whilst Ian Underwood, best known for his multi-talented instrumental expertise showcased most strongly on Frank Zappa's 'Uncle Meat' and 'Hot Rats', appears on one or two cuts.

"It's reached a point where I feel this record is sounding like another crummy solo album with 'starstudded' guests," mutters Cornwell,

Hugh 'Crypt-ic' Cornwell gets fangs in perspective vis-a-vis the latest solo Stranglers concept album, 'Nosferatu'. Nick Kent jams as Van Helsing the vampire hunter.

THE CARPETTES

disgruntled.

I disagree, and he seems mildly appeased at my contention that names like Robert Williams and Ian Underwood aren't exactly in the same mould as yer supersession stars like Ronnie Wood and Ringo Starr, for which we can all be thankful. Still, Cornwell's paranoia about star-spotting leads him to deny quite adamantly that any such personage as Ian Dury appears on the record. "Duncan Poundcake is on the album. Not Ian Dury. Get that right."

Cornwell looks back on the album's making.

"It was almost like Robert and I being schoolboys again and going in and experimenting. Very quickly we ended living a sort of quasi-vampiric existence. Sleeping all day, recording all night and making sure we got home just before dawn."

In the midst of what can only be described as blithe reminiscences on Cornwell's part about his work with Robert Williams in Los Angeles, I'm suddenly reminded that this is the same man who on 'Raven' wrote a song entitled 'Dead Loss Angeles'.

"Yeah well, when you check the inside sleeve of 'Nosferatu' you'll see I've written 'Recorded in Undead Los Angles'. I wrote those lyrics as an indictment against the fact that on one level Los Angeles stands for everything crass and dumb and sick in American society. It's the very epitome of all that crap."

He expounds on his own particular vision of Nosferatu, based primarily on the '20s film as opposed to the recent re-make of *Nosferatu* by German *wunderkind* director Werner Herzog.

"He's a desperate man — very, very desperate. But he's got something a lot of people crave and that's immortality. But the irony is that he doesn't want it. He's very pathetic really. No-one realises that he's in fact a very, very sad man.

"All the songs on side one are portions or episodes, say, of an imaginary film Robert and I made about him. The first track has him hurrying, desperate to get home because it's close to daylight. Then with 'Losers' (Cornwell's favourite cut) he's back in the crypt, pondering his miserable existence. Then in 'White Room' he recalls his past and how he got into this state in the first place. The fourth track, 'Irate Caterpillar', is him confronting technology — this immortal ghoul in this industrial complex where he sees a crane and thinks it's a giant caterpillar out to destroy him. Then the side ends with the Mothersbaughs' 'Rhythmic Itch' which is just a totally objective viewpoint on the basic theme, right."

The second side consists primarily of Cornwell's studies in aspects of perversity.

"It fascinates me. Perversity is a part of everyone, because all humans are imperfect and those imperfections create perversities, right. It's so logical to me. Everything I do is logical. It comes from studying science —

■ *Continues over*

Hugh joins the queue for the blood bank. Pic: Pennie Smith.

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Cornwell and Williams: coffin cousins look for new inspiration . . .

THE CRYPT-IC CORP(SE)

■ *From previous page*

chemistry — at college, see. I don't like going off at tangents. There's never any point to tangents."

The latter remark harks back to a reference I'd made to The Stranglers' work. To him, that's a "tangent" as far as this conversation is concerned.

At first though, Cornwell consents to answer a few perfunctury questions on the subject of the band he still adamantly declares to be the main source point of his creative output. The dreadful live album 'X Certs', he states with blunt candour, "would've been much much better, if *we'd* mixed it. Instead, (Martin) Rushent mixed it. That's why it's so bad.

"We're never going to use a producer again. What the fuck for? Producers are just shitty little parasites. Period. All they're good for is telling jokes. And *we* know better jokes than any of 'em!"

I ask Cornwell if the six-month delay of 'Nosferatu' was irksome and whether it was dictated by a need for new Stranglers product. Cornwell feigns mild indifference but declares firmly: "Not at all. In fact, the six-month break has helped Robert and I to really come to terms with the project, to sharpen a few things up, get it in perspective."

OK then, let's go for some serious issues, Mr Cornwell. I mean, here you are recalling with great affection the making of an album with Robert Williams, a musician most unlike any of The Stranglers. And, God knows, the album sounds very different from anything The Stranglers have done, particularly 'Raven' . . .

"So? . . ." Cornwell is getting peeved.

Well, did you feel that you needed to make 'Nosferatu' due, perhaps, to The Stranglers going through a lean period? You know, going through the motions?

"What do you mean by 'going through the motions'? Do you mean 'crapping'? We crap all the time. Every day, in fact (laughs)."

Cornwell *is* peeved. This journalist is going above his station. Doesn't he know that he, Cornwell, only wants to talk about his album?

But tell me, Hugh, can you explain the human chemistry involved in the four members of The Stranglers?

"No!"

But you talk in great depth about how you worked with Robert Williams. OK, so how do you work with someone like Jean Jacques Burnel?

Cornwell has to stop this here and now.

"I'm not going to answer that. Like, how would you feel if some journalist asked you about your emotional relationship with your girlfriend?"

Well, it would depend on the context. A more realistic parallel would be someone asking me how I get on with fellow writers on the paper I work for. I'd certainly answer that.

"I don't see the parallel," mutters Cornwell. "And I'm not going to talk to the press about emotional relationships I experience! The Stranglers are alive and very well and they are still the group that I commit most of my energies towards. OK? Now I came here to talk about this" (points to 'Nosferatu' cassette) "and nothing else."

GET THE picture? Cornwell wants a nice slice of publicity for his collaborative off-shoot record — nothing more. I'm just the stooge who's around to ask nice bland questions and pass on the relevant platitudes.

Yet again however I return to The Stranglers/'Nosferatu' dichotomy, and Cornwell at least attempts to make a distinction between the two.

"The band is my professional career. It's a very vital part of my life, a very good way of getting across certain things. 'Nosferatu' — which I'm very, very proud of — is like, almost a hobby. What I did on my holidays."

But earlier you were talking almost ecstatically about how you and Robert Williams worked so well together. OK, so right now you're tied to different bands, you've got commitments — but if Williams phoned up and said: "Listen, I'm leaving Beefheart, let's work together full-time," would you take his offer?

"No (pause). No, because however great it was working with Robert, there was a concept there, there was a kind of spontaneity we shared for one great period of time that in 22 days created 'Nosferatu'. That doesn't mean it'll gel like that automatically a second time. Maybe it might, maybe not."

In the six months since 'Nosferatu', have you thought up any new ideas with themes that could take off like that did?

"I've had ideas, yeah. I get ideas for songs, write them down in five minutes and then lose the piece of paper I wrote them on. There's always something up there. It's more a case of actually getting into the studio, getting in with the right chemistry and *doing* it. Otherwise all those ideas are nothing more than scraps of paper. Which I lose more often than not." He laughs to himself.

Two final culminative verbal exchanges occur, leaving me half-bemused and half-amused by Cornwell.

A stray remark from Cornwell about how, unlike the artistic maverick of a rock composer that *he* is, I as a writer am always prey to all kinds of censorship and hob-goblin sub-editors out to twist the meaning of what I've written, gets me well pissed-off. Taking the statement to be tantamount to calling me a hack, I enlighten Cornwell on certain facts — in particular that I am a freelance writer and my primary concern is that my pieces, give or take the odd verbose sentence, remain in the state in which they were first conceived and penned.

■ *Continues page 73*

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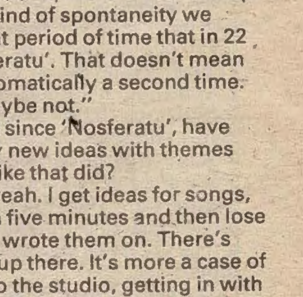

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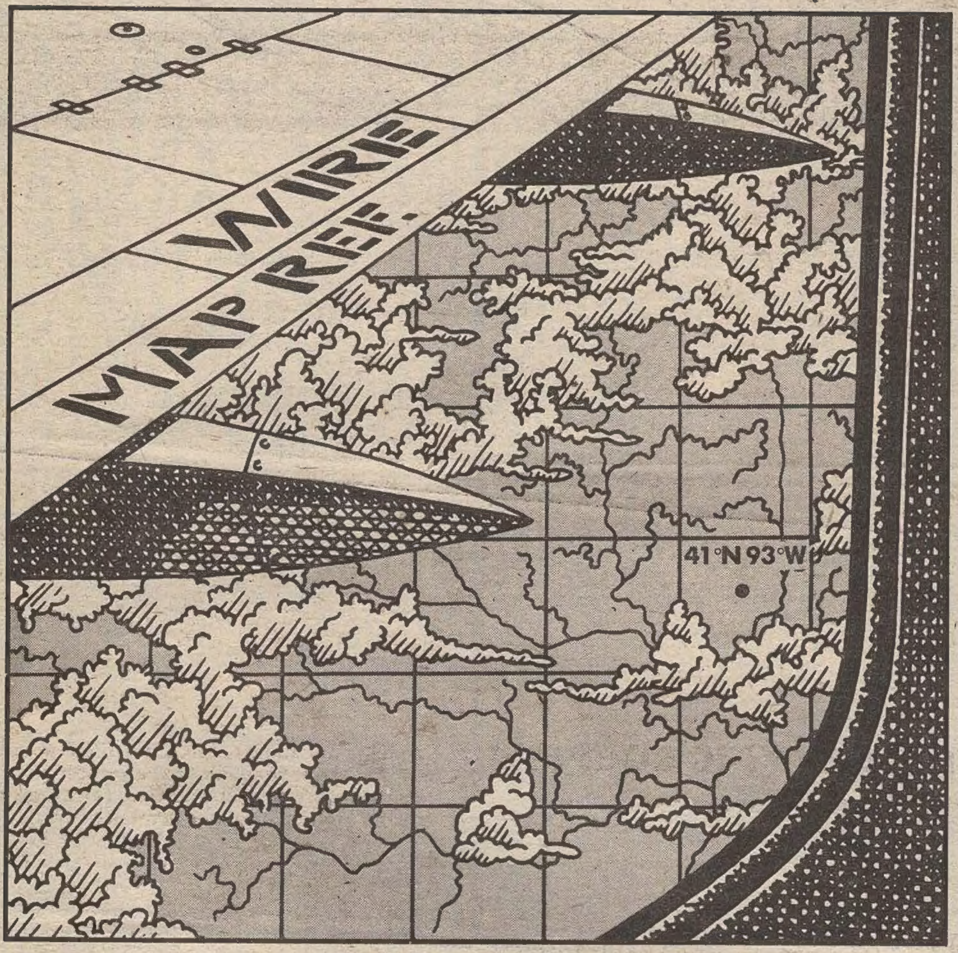

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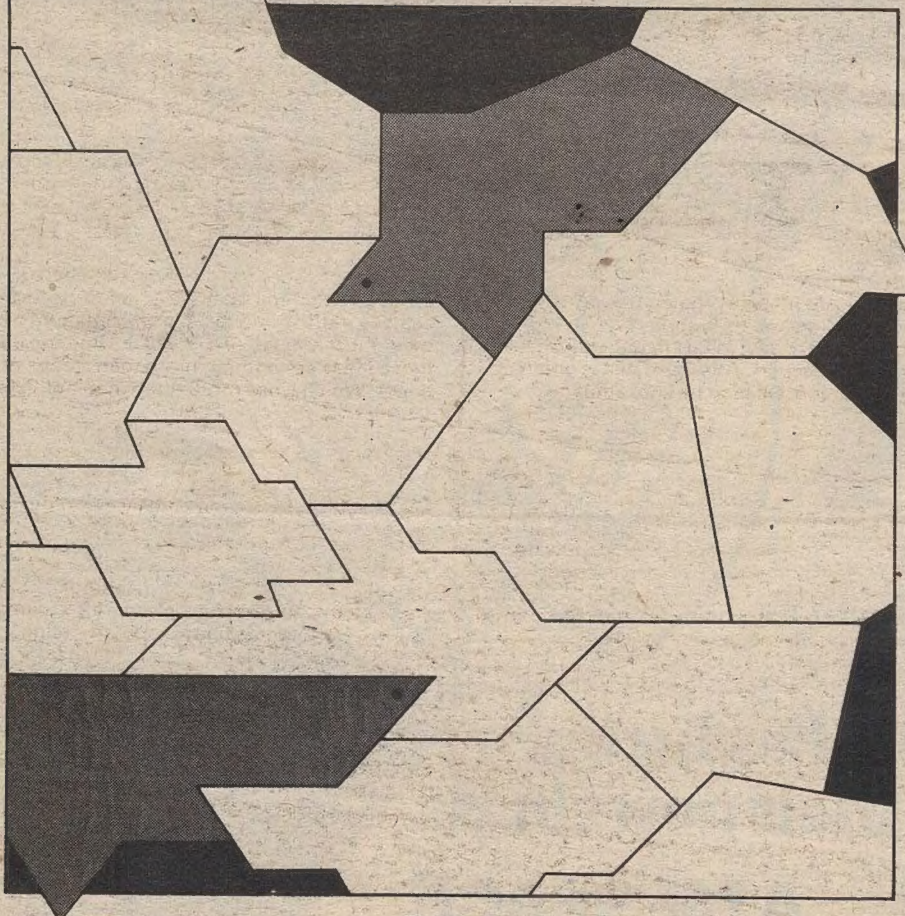

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Bolan: Best Yet To Come

ACCORDING to musicians who once worked with Marc Bolan much of his best material remains unreleased. And, it seems, that's the way it will stay for at least another five years.

Apparently, the EMI corporate policy is to sit on the countless cans of master tapes until such times as his Legend has (hopefully) grown to Buddy Holly proportions.

The Official Marc Bolan Fan Club, however, has other ideas. They claim to have sold, in less than a week, 6,000 copies of a 15,000 limited edition mail order-only four track 12" EP they've assembled in collaboration with Cube.

Their next project is to release, at regular intervals, three singles (two studio/one live) as a prelude to a live double album. Recorded directly off the mixing board by Bolan's road manager, Mickey O'Halloran, in Wolverhampton during the 1971 *Electric Warrior* Tour it includes extended versions of both 'Jeepster' and 'Deborah' plus 'Girls', 'Rip-Off.' 'Hot Love', 'Get It On' and a 30-minute marathon of 'Jewel.'

The Fan Club have acquired rights to the tape because it was recorded during the period between Bolan leaving Cube and negotiating his own T-Rex label with EMI. Andy, Pat and Murray who between them organise the Club claim that when they played the tape to Bolan's producer Tony Visconti he was knocked-out with the quality of the performance. Says Pat, "Visconti is just one of many people seriously interested in putting the album out." However, a label deal has still to be arranged which, aside from this package, could possibly include rights to something like seven albums-worth of Bolan Boppings.

Despite record industry assumptions that Bolan vinyl is no longer hot poop, there is a grass-roots groundswell interest in the late Pixie. Acknowledged as being a seminal punk/new wave influence, Siouxsie & The Banshees not only preserved '20th Century Boy' on wax but included 'Solid Gold, Easy Action' on stage. Both Elvis Costello and Protex have worked-out on 'Jeepster' while Blondie often encore with 'Get It On.'

Precisely what lurks in the EMI vaults has yet to be itemised. There is, though, talk of a deleted 1973 live in Japan album, 'Marc Over The Magical Moon' (though this could have been a bootleg), an orchestral version of 'Children Of Ran' cut in LA together with sufficient material for a double-pack, a 15-minute opus 'Billy Super Duper' which was the basis for a proposed Sci-Fi movie, a song called 'Mellow Love', the theme from the 'Marc' Granada-TV series ('Write Me A Song') plus 20 songs Steve Harley claims to have either demoed or completed with Bolan and a recorded collaboration with Donovan as well as master tapes believed to be in the possession of various studios around the world because Boley didn't pay studio costs.

You want more? There's talk of a Bob Geldof tribute which, allegedly, was shortlisted for the flip of 'I Don't Like Mondays.'

To say Marc Bolan was prolific is to underestimate his output. Even B.P. Fallon is supposed to be holding a cache of unreleased tapes!

Here's the bad news, though. Seemingly, the Bolan Estate is in a turmoil and it could take the best part of the '80s to resolve who gets what and why.

It's been argued that you're not dead until you're forgotten and, as far as the Marc Bolan Fan Club is concerned, there's absolutely no likelihood of that happening.

"It's our intention," claims Pat Fan Club, "to reach a new market . . . those kids who are just discovering Bolan. And, if this live album does what we anticipate, then after paying royalties to Bolan's executors we will have sufficient funds to possibly licence further in-demand tracks from various labels, and instigate a much more sensible re-issue programme."

* *For further fax 'n' info send a SAE to The Marc Bolan Fan Club, 2, Swinford Gardens, Brixton, London S.W.9 7.L.E.*

ROY CARR

Bolan as we all remember him.

UK Subs Miss The Boat!

The Sub human species?
Pic: George Bodnar

YOU might just remember last week's issue and if so try to place our fab article on the man behind the Pistols' film, Julian Temple. We also mentioned that he was responsible for a UK Subs promotional film called *Punk Can Take It.* Well since then, *Thrills* has seen the Subs' little advert and a distressing affair it is. Styled after one of those 'backs to the wall' blitz time propaganda shorts — complete with John Snagge commentary — it seeks to present punk rockers '79 as a valiant breed under seige from 'the establishment'. A calculating attempt at hogwashing the less bright of the, er, rebel-set, it's full of whiskered '76 cliches and even includes one scene wherein a punk in full costume shoots down characters representing Teds, Mods, hippies etc because "these are the symbols of past decades" and then goes on to sprout about how "punk will last into the '80s!". Later it becomes even more desperate in its efforts to panic punters into voting for the Subs when we watch a scene in which a statue of John Rotten is pulled down and destroyed by a ganglette of bondage types because "he was a traitor and collaborator". Ignoring the fact that if it weren't for JR most of the current "stormtroops" would probably still be in flares, we can chuckle as watching the final credits there is a jarring "The UK Subs appear by kind permission of Gem Records".

Later that night Gem threw a party for the band in Flicks night club in London's West End.

THE GHOST OF DEE GENERATE

Two-Tone Tour Madness

THE EXPLICIT anti-violent sentiments of The Specials' 'Message To You Rudy' Have regrettably gone unheeded by a small proportion of the gig-going fraternity yet again.

The otherwise trouble-free Two-Tone tour, featuring The Specials, Madness and The Selecter was marred on Saturday evening when fighting broke out in Hatfield Polytechnic.

Ten people were treated in hospital, eleven arrested and nine hundred pounds damage caused after a meathead contingent forced their way in midway through The Selecter's set.

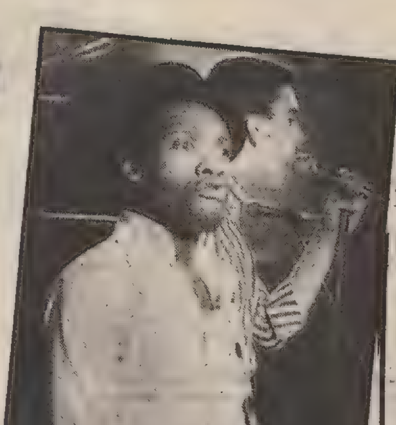
The intruders, some reportedly carrying razors, proceeded to hit out indiscriminately at genuine punters. Various allegations that the doggedly determined dolts were members of either the British Movement or the Anti-Nazi League were made, although Polytehnic Student Union spokesman Mark Davidson's comments seem closer to the mark.

"I don't think politics really entered into it. It was basically about thirty or forty blokes who were pissed off and came along for trouble and nothing else. It was a five-minute ruck that got out of hand."

He added that the trouble could result in the Poly losing their music licence.

Those arrested by police face charges of theft and assault. For the others who seem to lack the minimal perception to suss that practically every other song in The Specials' set lambasts mindless violence, the band's manager, Rick Rogers reiterated, "Everyone on the Two-Tone tour wants to make it plain that they detest violence and those who come along looking for a fight are completely unwelcome at any of the gigs."

ADRIAN THRILLS



This a message to you, Rudy.
Pic: Alain De La Mata

Radar Records: R.I.P.

WHEN IS an independent label not an independent label? When its majority stock-holder is a major label.

This week, Radar Records ceased operations. The word on the grapevine alleges it to be yet another victim of what is commonly referred to in the trade as *cherry picking,* a ploy which enables big record companies to become even bigger.

Let's take a hypothetical example. A large multi-national consortium dispenses a sizeable cash advance to float a small independent label anticipating that it will grow in profitability. By way of collateral, the financiers receive a controlling interest in the label's stock (equity).

Not surprisingly, whoever owns a stock majority calls the shots. Should, for whatever reasons, the satellite label fail to prosper as projected, implement policies not in accord with the boardroom majority or develop a superstar with little initial investment, the financiers are in a position to foreclose on the deal, buy-out the minority stock-holding directors, dump those artists no longer considered commercially viable and inherit any ready-made money-making acts by the simple means of re-assigning their contracts to the Mothership. On a mercenary level, it could be viewed as a, you break 'em and we'll snatch 'em syndrome.

The other day, an official press statement reached these offices. It read: "Martin Davis, Andrew Lauder and WEA announced today (24th), that they are involved in comprehensive negotiations with a view to WEA acquiring the total equity in Radar Records. It is hoped that these negotiations will be completed within the next few weeks. At which point, a further statement will be issued."

This statement of intent didn't come as a bolt out of the blue. Rumours of Radar's premature demise had circulated for days prior to this official communique.

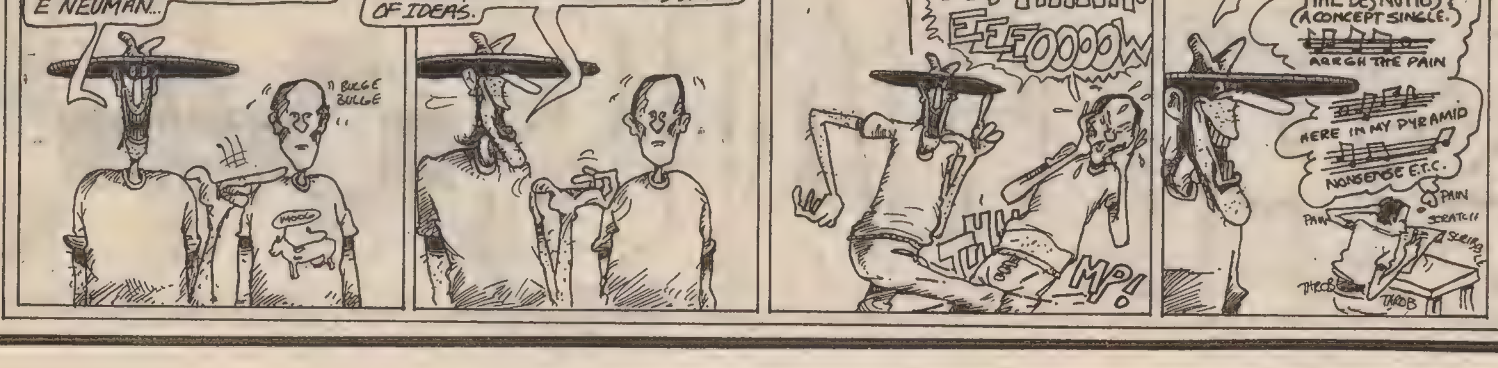
Allegedly, plans had been discussed with a view to removing certain directors, but it would seem that such negotiations which may have salvaged the label in its present form came to nothing.

This leaves the question of what's to become of Bram Tchaikovsky, Elvis Costello & The Attractions and Nick Lowe.

"A very good question," replied Jake Riviera, when approached on the subject, "and, I'm even more eager than the next person to find out." The ever-cautious Riviera (manager of both Costello and Lowe) politely refused to be drawn any further on the subject, because he was currently taking legal advice. Arguably, Riviera wishes to avoid either of his artists being involved in a Tom Petty-type stale-mate which could interfere with future release schedules. However, rumours suggest that the original tie-in

■ Continues P13.

The Lone Groover — Benyon


BUENO, MES DUDES UNT DUDETTES, C'EST A SINGER/SONGWRITER— AN INTENSE LITTLE CANARY IN TH' MOULD OF YOUNG, BOWIE AND NOW TH' ENFANT WIMPO ALFRED E NEUMAN...
BULGE BULGE
MOOO
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NONSENSE E.T.C.
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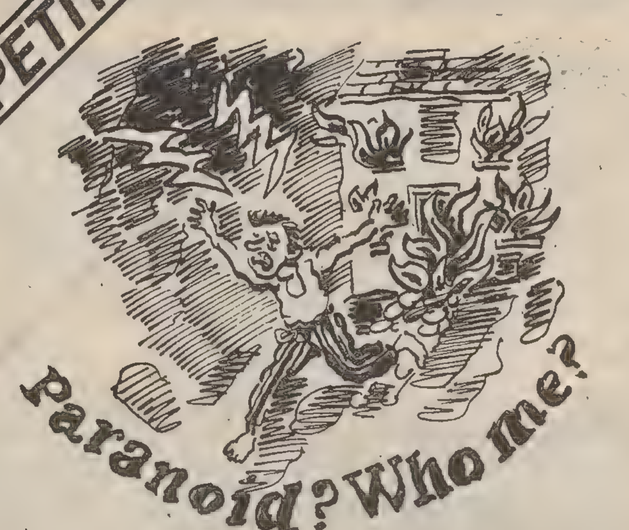
PAIN
SCRATCH
SCRIBB
THROB
THROB

COMPETITION!

Cartoon The Creep! Lampoon The Lunkhead! Sendup The Sap! Caricature The Cuckoo!


Paranoid? Who me?

Clash USA '79
Lowry's originals up for grabs.

THE free-thinking world takes pride in one thing above all else that distinguishes it from the rest of civilisation: its ability to take the knocks dished out by hate-filled, paranoid cartoonists.

Here at *Thrills* we value the contribution they make to the absurdity of life, and feel their efforts, however malicious, however unfunny, should be encouraged. For without them, the world would be a saner place.

To stimulate this noble, mole-like activity among the many thousands of people up and down the country who seem to need change for the bus on Thursday mornings, we're going to give away absolutely free of charge the complete original hand-drawn set of six drawings that comprise Ray Lowry's heart-rending true-life serial, The Clash USA '79. Plus, because there's always a plus, Ray will throw in whatever else he can cobble together between now and the closing date to give this competition its truly exclusive feel.

Ray Lowry is, of course, known throughout the world for his collection of 78 rpm rock'n'roll records.

All you have to do to put yourself in line for this inflation-proof, never-to-be-repeated, one-off prize is to draw a cartoon yourself. Simply poke fun at the subject of your choice in a graphic and preferably witty manner. Anything within the scope of *NME* may be considered suitable for the exercise of mirth, and Ray himself will be sat down beside the chucklometer to act as judge.

As well as the main prize, Ray will be awarding a Lowry original to each of the ten best runners-up.

The closing deadline is Monday the 19th of November, and all entries with competitor's name on the back, should be sent to *Lowry Competition, 5-7 Carnaby St., London W1.*

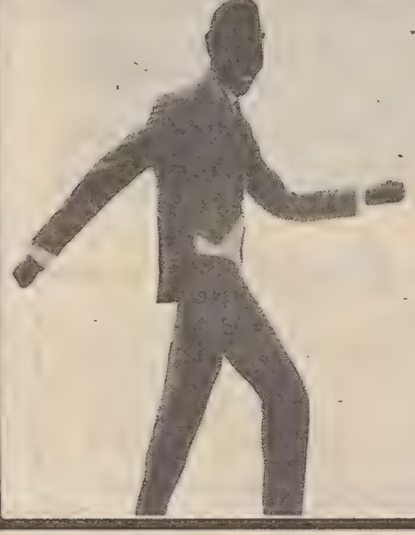
As a further incentive, *Thrills* throws caution to the wind and undertakes to print the winning entry regardless.

This competition is open to all readers resident in the UK, Eire, Isle of Man and Channel Islands except employees (and their families) of IPC Magazines Ltd., the printers of New Musical Express and Ray Lowry and Tony Benyon.

Pic: Pennie Smith

Lowry: an autobiography.

Raymond Lowry is almost visible and spends a lot of time in front of mirrors with a tennis racquet. Hobbies include long walks in the bedroom. Has been drawing cartoons for thousands of years in his role as a token Northerner who still lives there and once had a strip in the NME. Can talk to dogs in their own language and was recently in America with The Clash without any of them noticing he was there. Is at present working on drawings and paintings from this trip which he hopes to make an exhibition of when they are finished. Or nearest reasonable offer.



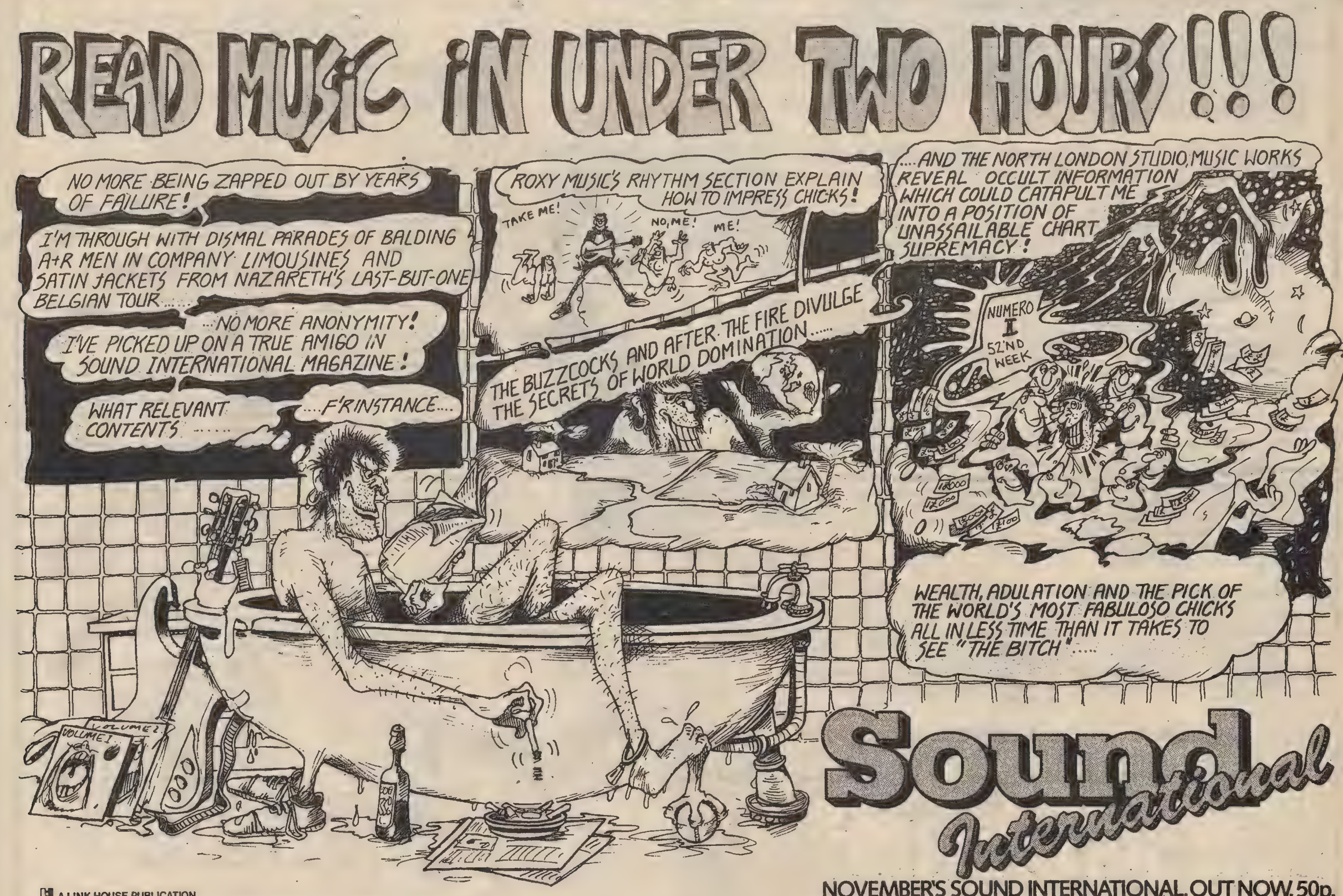
Ska comp results!

Hey, quick! Before the fashion changes back to Gatsby we better make with the winners of our out of time *NME* pork pie hat competition. Shucks, rude boys, the reason we're so slack is that your entries were so lousy, sorry fubuloso! Anyway before you pack up parka this is the order of the day. The winner overall was the mysterious G Todd of Severn St Leicester who completed our entry form thus: Title for a Ska Compilation LP — Ska Trek. Name for a modern Ska influenced band — Ska Ship Troopers. Name for a Bluebeat club — Ska's The Limit.

Well wasn't that enough to shift the earth's axis?! The other main runners up were Peter Crawley of Beds (Compilation: Rude Awakening), Mark Oliver of Liverpool (Band: Monty Go And The Bays), S. Lock of Kent (Compilation: Get Your Jah Jahs Out), and Pete Newall of Essex (LP: SKAtterbrained). The additional twenty runners up who receive copies of Island's 'Intensified' SKA LP will be hearing from us, true.

Some real fun huh?

Small print runners up: S. Ferguson, R. Knowles, B. Nerney, D. Haskins, K. Baines, A. Mackay, M. Dowd, T. Medlycott, K. Vaughn, C. R. S. Hammond, T. Dempster, R. Bishop, T. Connell, J. March, M. Priest, D. Mepsted, D. Titute, P. Morgan, J. Monks, P. Saunders.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VOLUME 1
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Warning: Religion Can Damage Your Sense Of Humour

WHITE SHOES, black Strat, white pants, work shirt and funky old denim jacket. If you can't actually count Bob Dylan's TV appearances on the fingers of both hands, you wouldn't have to use too many of your toes to add up the total.

Thus the announcement that Dylan was to guest star on NBC-TV's *Saturday Night Live* promised to be something more than the average, run of the mill rock-TV promo shot. Unfortunately, it was a promise that was barely kept.

Saturday Night Live is hardly run of the mill itself. As America's first try at post Python humour, it's surprising that it is able to not only exist, but actually prosper on the network that puts out *Chips, Little House On The Prairie* and *B.J. and the Bear.*

Its huge late night audience has also made the show one of the most effective promotion vehicles for what has now been fondly dubbed AOR (adults oriented rock). Previous shows have featured the Rolling Stones, Elvis Costello, Blondie, Linda Rondstadt and Kate Bush. The show has also helped launch the careers of the Blues Brothers and Ricky Lee Jones.

At one point some eighteen months ago, the show almost managed to pull off a Beatles reunion and only blew it by a last minute slip up.

Dylan, however, seemed unimpressed by this not inconsiderable track record. Performing three songs, all from the new 'Slow Train' album, "Gotta Serve Somebody," "I Believe In You" and "When You Gonna Wake Up;" in front of a four piece band and three foxy lady backup singers, Dylan seemed withdrawn and totally lacked rapport with either the TV viewers or the very vocal studio audience.

Apart from a couple of unfortunate vocal scrapes in "I Believe In You" the tunes were delivered as almost Xerox reproductions of the recorded versions. All through, however, Dylan seemed positively ill at ease at having his spots sandwiched between comedy items like a clairvoyant sob sister who got her advice to the lovelorn from Elvis Presley in the spirit world and guest host Eric Idle promoting Prince Charles' book of how to pick up girls.

When each song was finished, Dylan simply took off his guitar and walked off the set, scarcely acknowledging either audience or camera. As far as showmanship or projection went, we might just as well have been watching a rehearsal.

It would seem that being born again has done nothing to improve either the man's disposition or sense of humour.

Did somebody say double birth trauma?

MICK FARREN

THRILLS

Pic: Robert Brenner.

Abortion Rally: If A Man Became Pregnant . . .

IF IT were possible for men to become pregnant, abortion would have been legal since time immemorial.

If it were possible for men to become pregnant Len Murray might have had the right to lead the march from Hyde Park to Trafalgar Square last Sunday in opposition to Tory MP John Corrie's anti-abortion bill. In the event he didn't lead the march after a determined group of women had placed themselves firmly in front of him and stayed there.

It was this element of discord, of course, which attracted the attention of the popular press. The vast turn-out from all over Britain, estimated at over 40,000 by the organisers and looking every bit that big received little attention. It was an unusual (some might say unholy) alliance of old and young, Left and Right, and plenty of doctors and nurses. *The Daily Telegraph* couldn't call this lot Rent-A-Mob.

It's a sign of the times, a sign of feminism's growing influence, that this march was organised by the TUC. It's not so long ago that a subject such as abortion would have been considered outside their province. Similarly, who would have expected, a few years ago, to see established rock bands there? (Gang Of Four, Mekons, Delta Five). At least I think they were there. On a march this size it's impossible to be everywhere at once.

Speakers at the rally in Trafalgar Square pointed out the dangers of the proposed Bill — that the number of legal abortions would be cut by two-thirds, that making abortion illegal simply made it more deadly, and that women should have the right to choose what to do with their own bodies.

In many ways though these rallies are a bit of a farce with the majority unable to hear much through the inadequate PA and more interested in chatting to friends and getting to the Tube before the rush.

Still, if nothing else, the whole affair was a great morale booster for all those involved. And the fact remains that it'll need all the support of all those present and more to stop this bill becoming law.

STUART JOHNSTON

THRILLS

Chuck Berry: An Autobiography

JUST TWO weeks from now, the gates of Long Park prison in California will swing open and Mr Chuck Berry will once again walk free in the Promised Land.

But how will Chuck have passed the time during his three months inside on a tax evasion charge? Sewing mailbags? Digging tunnels? Breaking rocks in the hot sun?

Nope. According to Dick Alen, his Hollywood PR, Chuck, like many other incarcerated Men of Destiny in the past, has been writing his autobiography. All of Chuck's time has been occupied with this, although Dick will admit that his client has also been doing a little 'relaxing'.

A tour of Europe is being set for next spring. Before then Chuck will be finishing off the book and playing the occasional weekend date in the States.

But on what label will he be appearing?

After wandering label-less for some time, Chuck seemed to have found a secure home at last with Atlantic Records. However last week WEA, the label's UK distribution, received a curt one-line memo which told that Chuck Berry was no longer an Atlantic artist.

Alen counters that the deal with Atlantic was only ever intended for one album. Sources in England claim incidentally that it was a one album deal with options on either side, and that although Atlantic has not picked up its option to further the contractual relationship, Chuck may well be able to renew it.

Thrills however sees this as just another example of prisoner victimisation.

JEAN GENET

THRILLS

Radar Records

From p.11.

between Riviera-Global (the production company for which both Elvis and Basher record) and Radar Records (the label which leased this product for distribution) was a *Gentlemen's Agreement* for one record at a time and, that as no water-tight written contract had ever been drawn up between both parties, could be promptly terminated by either Riviera-Global or Radar.

This rumour couldn't be confirmed but if that is the case, neither Costello or Lowe product or their *non-existant* contracts are re-assignable to either WEA or any other label. Therefore, if Radar no longer exists in its original form, Riviera-Global is free to negotiate a new lease-deal with the label of its choice. Who'll give me odds it isn't WEA?

Despite numerous attempts by *Thrills* to contact Radar supremo, Andrew Lauder, he hasn't been available for comment. Nevertheless, according to a receptionist the entire staff of Radar Records, apart from Lauder, have been made redundant.

Now, as to whether the day can be saved in a 13th hour rescue bid, the label being permanently shelved or for legal reasons absorbed into the WEA labyrinth as just one of many in-house labels is unsure. Nobody is talking and everyone is speculating.

ROY CARR

THRILLS

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Ignoring the stories, the album is a moody piece of highly abstract music punctuated by primitive rhythms and vocals. Without doubt, **ESKIMO** is one of the strangest, most original concepts available on record today.

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THURSDAY	NOVEMBER 8th	COVENTRY	TIFFANY'S
SATURDAY	NOVEMBER 10th	NOTTINGHAM	BOATCLUB
MONDAY	NOVEMBER 12th	HANLEY	VICTORIA HALL
FRIDAY	NOVEMBER 16th	DUNDEE	UNIVERSITY
TUESDAY	NOVEMBER 20th	LINCOLN	DRILL HALL
FRIDAY	NOVEMBER 23rd	BRUNEL	UNIVERSITY
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EMI

Marketed by EMI Records (UK) 9 Thayer Street London W1A 1ES

Buskers In Peril.

Johnny Magoo: It's not easy to get away from the police with your legs tied together.

THE FINE and precious art of Busking is in grave and mortal danger, as *Thrills* can now reveal, from a sinister alliance of forces which may include the GLC, the Police, organised crime and Simon and Garfunkel.

For the cold fact is that our proud and dwindling breed of real London buskers, meaning the genuine professionals of their trade, are finding their livelihoods ever more precarious — and for a strange variety of reasons.

So could it really be curtains for Johnny Magoo O.M.B. (One Man Band) and his three ukeleles, or for Ronnie Ross the Egyptian Sand Dancer, for Don Crown, his guitar and promiscuous budgerigars, or The Earl Of Mustard with his death-defying jumps over matchboxes? I asked author and musician Allan Bernard — spokesman, PR and frequent court character-witness for most of the capital's street entertainers — to outline some of the problems.

"You have the police, for one thing, mostly the new ones out for promotion. Most young coppers teeth themselves on buskers.

"If you've got people coming from all over the world, as was announced on posters on the Underground in Jubilee Year — 'Linger a while in Leicester Square and see the famous London buskers' — they'd be just in time, if they got there early enough, to see Johnny Magoo or Ronnie Ross being whisked away in a paddy-wagon!"

Bernard has for years been raising the matter with both Scotland Yard and the GLC, but so far to little practical avail. Amongst the possibilities explored have been a system of official 'licensing' on the Parisian lines — as used to happen centuries ago, in fact, when every busker had to obtain a permit from His Majesty's Master Of The Revels, no less — or the designation of certain areas, like the corners of pedestrian precincts, as 'Reserved For Buskers'. It seems ironic, as Bernard notes, that a huge cinema queue is *not* considered an obstruction when the solitary figure entertaining them is.

Humiliatingly, the seasoned trouper finds himself, with depressing regularity, before the Bow Street Magistrates — an artist shoved into the daily procession of drunks, pickpockets and pimps.

But the pro busker has other enemies too: like the classically-trained music students out to supplement their grant, or the poor meths-drinker squeezing his asthmatic accordion (and sometimes cleaning up on casually-tossed tourist cash, incidentally). Most dreaded of all, however, and here at last we come to the wunnerful world of rock 'n' roll, is The Strummer . . . "This is the threat to the real busker. Apart from harassment by the police you get the young extrovert with the guitar, the 3-chord-trick routine, strumming out 'Bridge Over Troubled Water' — and it's terrible. They're little better than musical beggars.

For the old-timer, the arrival of this army of fair-weather 'buskers', heralded an even more ominous development.

"What's grown up along with the modern youngster coming on to the street with a guitar in his hand is he brings this 'manager' along, who is a sort of keeper-cum-heavy, and he protects the pitch for his 'boy' as he calls him, and he may have a few mates along as well."

Bernard recalls an incident when he took a busker down to Leicester Square for a BBC film-session: "And this chap comes up — leather coat, dark glasses, well dressed and all that business — and he says 'What d'you think you're doing?' So we explained.

" 'Well you can eff off', he says, 'this is not your pitch, this is my boy's pitch and I'll tell you what I'll do: if you give me ten quid, and you give my boy ten quid, we'll go away for 5 minutes and then we'll come back and if you wanna go on another 5 minutes that'll be another tenner. And if you don't like that we'll smash your stuff up.' "

Alternatively, there's the shadowy stranger who just emerges and offers to 'protect' your pitch — in return for 50% of the day's takings.

In the light of all this, can Johnny Magoo and co. survive?

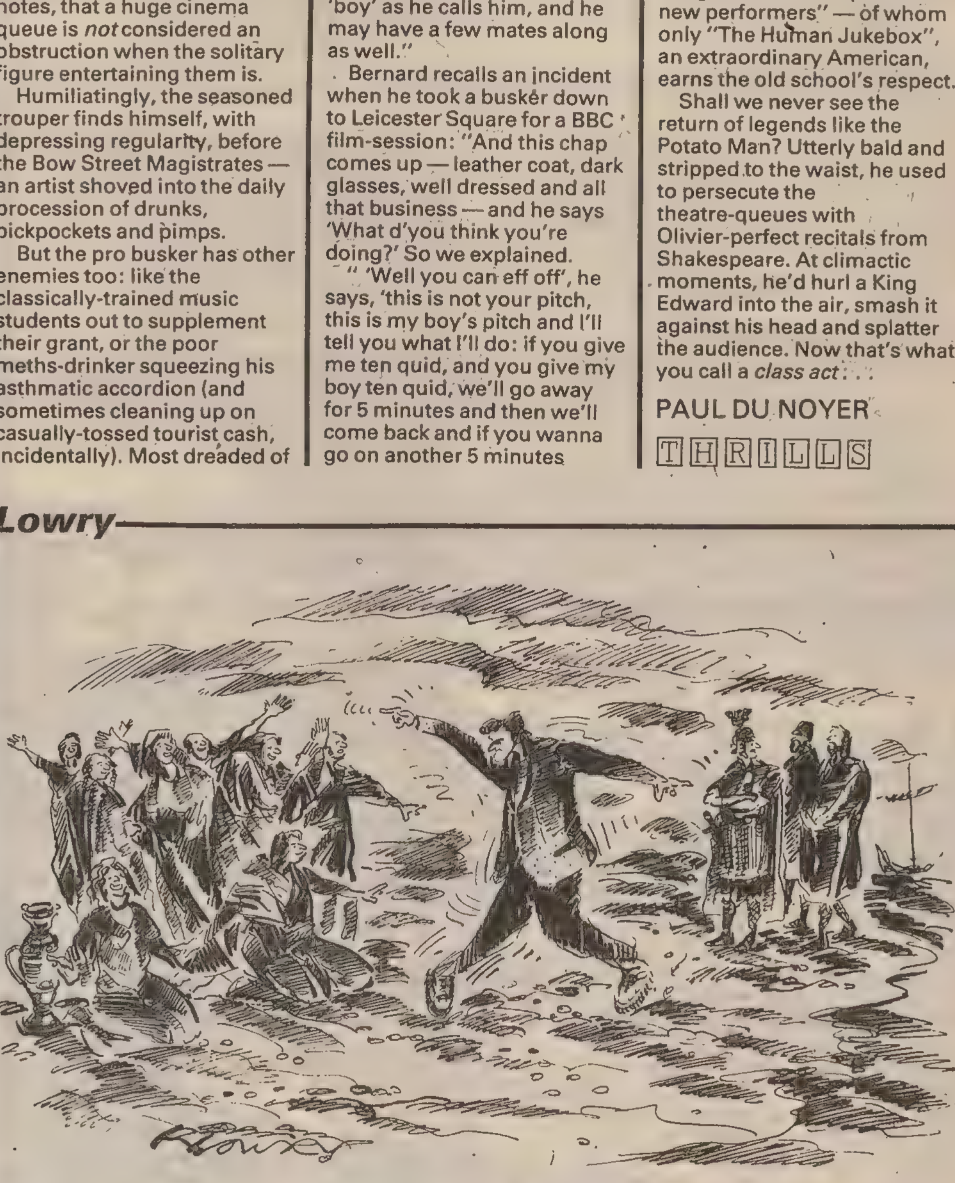
Bernard is only cautiously optimistic: "The message that needs to be put over is that what's needed for music to flourish on the streets of London is a little bit of understanding on both sides, with the police constable using his great powers of discretion a little bit more wisely, and a little bit more imagination on the part of the new performers" — of whom only "The Human Jukebox", an extraordinary American, earns the old school's respect.

Shall we never see the return of legends like the Potato Man? Utterly bald and stripped to the waist, he used to persecute the theatre-queues with Olivier-perfect recitals from Shakespeare. At climactic moments, he'd hurl a King Edward into the air, smash it against his head and splatter the audience. Now that's what you call a *class act* . . .

PAUL DU NOYER

THRILLS

Lowry



"Course you've heard of him, mate. That's the new religious leader, John The Boptist."

DANGEROUS VISIONS

Tinker Tailor

It Was Bill, It Was Bill!

JUST AS well we never got around to doing it, but a couple of weeks ago we had this hare-brained notion that somewhere in that week's *NME* the words 'BILL IS THE MOLE' would be proudly emblazoned, thereby completely blowing the carefully orchestrated cobweb of deception, counterplot and suspense that BBC2's adaptation of John Le Carre's *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy* had built up so painstakingly over the previous six weeks.

Not so much a spy serial, more an attack on a way of life, an eerie counterpoint to the newspaper, yet another triumph for venerable thespian Sir Alec Guinness and a source of easy material for dumbo comedians and thick-ear columnists all over the country. Be there a man with perception so dead that he couldn't have copped a quick guffaw with a cheap shot about how no-one could understand *Tinker Tailor?*

For most people, 'spy movies' means megabuck gadgetry, incessant gunfire, starlets spilling out of evening frocks and men in dinner jackets thinking of slapstick methods of killing people. To viewers weaned on endless reruns of James Bond movies, *Tinker Tailor* must indeed have seemed little more than a series of sequences of elderly actors sitting around in offices making oblique remarks to each other.

However, the TV *Tinker Tailor* remains — thanks to director John Irvin and scenarist Arthur Hopcraft — the definitive visualisation of the work of John Le Carre. In the cycle of novels dealing with the career of George Smiley and the Circus — *Call For The Dead, A Murder With Quality, The Spy Who Came In From The Cold, The Looking Glass War, Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy* and *The Honourable Schoolboy* — Britain's intelligence establishment appears as not only the guardians of Britain's security, but also of styles and values virtually extinct outside of government circles. Le Carre's spies and spymasters are withered blooms of Eton and Oxford, and their fight is as much with the changing nature of Britain as it is with their opposite numbers in Moscow or Prague.

From this world, Le Carre drew a strange and disturbing gallery of characters, all lovingly brought to life by Hopcraft, Irvin and the cast. Apart from Guinness's *tour de force* as Smiley — the elderly academic, cuckolded spy drawn out of retirement to hunt down the traitor in the inner circle of the Circus — *Tinker Tailor* boasted enough memorable performances for a year of TV. From Alexander Knox's acid-etched portrayal of Control, the senile, moribund, paranoid chief, through to Ian Richardson's acerbic Haydon — the Iago of the piece, being not only The Mole but Smiley's wife's lover — Hywel Bennett's supercilious Ricki Tarr, the prole amongst the toffs, Ian Bannen's granite-hard portrayal of the betrayed Jim Prideaux, Beryl Reid's wrenching performance as Connie Sachs, crippled and exiled . . . . an embarrassment of riches.

But the punchline came early, when Sir Maurice Oldfield, the spymaster upon whom Le Carre had based the character of Smiley, was exhorted out of retirement to take on the IRA. His photo adorned front pages alongside that of Guiness, headlines referred to Oldfield as 'Smiley' . . . . and it became apparent that Le Carre had drawn his character more faithfully than anyone could have imagined. For — even more than Sir Alec — the face of Maurice Oldfield *was* the face of Smiley, an eerie visual echo of the mindseye vision of the podgy little spy that had formed when I first read *Call For The Dead* in my teens.

It is to be hoped most devoutly that the Beeb will suffer a rare attack of sensitivity and repeat *Tinker Tailor* on BBC1 where it won't have to fight the news for mass interest. Maybe if it's repeated a few more people will have the chance to claim they didn't understand it — it does, in fact, demand that the viewer actually *pay attention* and we all know that's not what TV's for — and maybe we'll even have a chance to pull that 'BILL IS THE MOLE' gag and blow the whole thing for a new generation of viewers.

CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

Open Door

Legalise Cannabis Campaign

THE Legalise Cannabis Campaign, the main organisation pressing for the reform of Britain's dope laws, was given the chance last Saturday by the BBC's *Open Door* to put their case on behalf of the many hundreds of thousands of sane, responsible citizens whose private preference for a harmless and relaxing organic medication known and enjoyed throughout the world for centuries constitutes, in the eyes of those laws, a serious threat to the stability of the nation.

Laughable as this may seem, the fact is — as some of you will and some of you won't need reminding — mere possession of cannabis in this country can put you away for five years, whilst cultivation and trafficking can pull anything up to 14 years; penalties that are the stiffest in Europe apart from Spain and Iceland.

The Campaign presented a strong and rational argument for their claim that the laws should be changed. Ranging from a cool, factual analysis of the effects of the weed from professor James Graham, a member of the Advisory Council On The Misuse Of Drugs, who reported to the last Government that the laws were unfair but made only the timid recommendation of penalty reductions, to interviews with people whose lives have been disrupted and who now have criminal records despite never having otherwise committed a remotely 'criminal' offence.

Ironically one of these was with a former Policeman, Manchester PC Dave Pritchard, who resigned after being busted for a small amount of dope. He repeated the widely-held conviction that "the laws are more harmful than the drug itself."

The police refused to talk to the programme, though in fact the bulk of complaint, from the National Association of Probation Officers at least, was directed at the judicial system and judges' ignorance of the medical distinctions between the various popular illicit substances.

Though nothing essentially new was revealed in the programme, aside from a point stressed by junior Labour Minister Lord Melchett that the people who suffer worst under the law tend to be the young working classes, whose voice has little effective political weight, it provided some welcome anti-propaganda to the misinformed and often hysterical delusions that persist in the media about dope, as well as spelling out in no uncertain terms the need for support for the Campaign's fight for legalisation, and going some way towards restoring the damage done by the last Cheech and Chong movie.

MARY WARNER

The Legalise Cannabis Campaign's address is: 2 Blenheim Crescent, London WII 2EE.

Radio

Wonder: Call Any Vegetable

"IT'S THREE years of my life . . . . Number one, it was something I had to do because I believed it was the right thing to do."

The speaker is Stevie Wonder, on a Capital Radio Special last Friday night, and the subject is the much-trumpeted 'Journey Through The Secret Life Of Plants' — rumoured to be the concept album to end them all (we hope) and in the making since the dawn of creation.

Introduced by lovable "Little" Nicky Horne (thought to be a disc-jockey) in appropriate tones of state-funeral reverence, the singer talked over key excerpts from his newly-unveiled *meisterwerk* (see *Thrills* last week), a project so ambitious that it makes The Moody Blues sound like The Angelic Upstarts.

"There is a belief, and I believe this myself, that God or The Supreme Being created everything and it was in the plan for there to be this Earth; I wanted to create my feeling and my celebration of there being life and the creation of life and how everything in life has its rhythm."

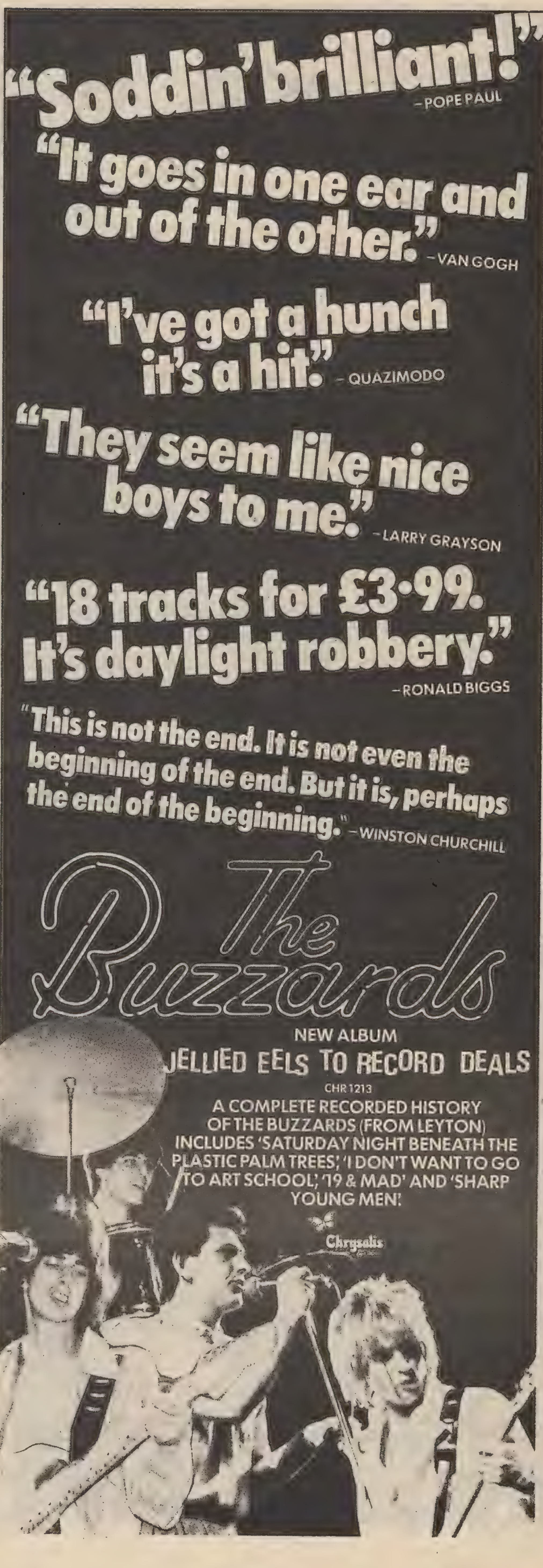
We learn that 'Journey' was envisaged as a "sound-picture" to accompany the film of the same name and that the music, which veers from the mellow to the grandiose, is often accompanied by lyrics of quite stultifying inanity.

"The Creator has given us no boundaries. We can go infinitely for as long as we're able to think and feel and be open to different, unique and new ideas, expressed in music and expressed in thought. For me to feel that as an artist I cannot be expressive of those things that I do feel, and if it is me as an artist can only live in a life of categorisations, then I would prefer not to be an artist — because if it is that I cannot express what I feel within myself then it is, like, I cannot live."

Well I'm glad we got that one sorted out.

There is thought to be no significance in the fact that the programme was interrupted by an ad for antiseptic mouthwash.

PAUL DU NOYER



"Soddin' brilliant!" –POPE PAUL

"It goes in one ear and out of the other." –VAN GOGH

"I've got a hunch it's a hit." –QUAZIMODO

"They seem like nice boys to me." –LARRY GRAYSON

"18 tracks for £3·99. It's daylight robbery." –RONALD BIGGS

"This is not the end. It is not even the beginning of the end. But it is, perhaps the end of the beginning." –WINSTON CHURCHILL

The Buzzards

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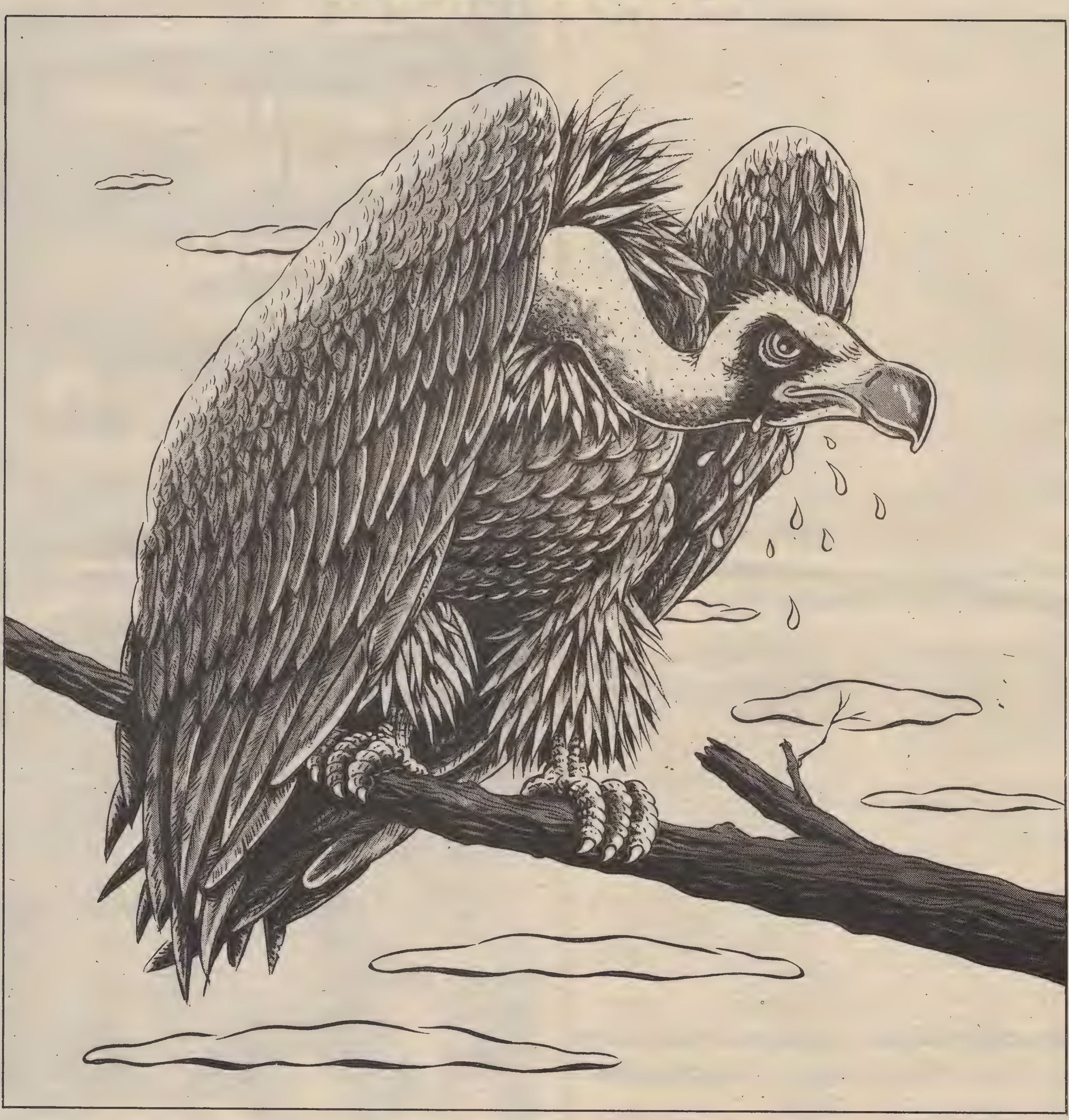
A COMPLETE RECORDED HISTORY OF THE BUZZARDS (FROM LEYTON) INCLUDES 'SATURDAY NIGHT BENEATH THE PLASTIC PALM TREES,' 'I DON'T WANT TO GO TO ART SCHOOL,' '19 & MAD' AND 'SHARP YOUNG MEN.'

Chrysalis

IS THIS HOW YOU SEE BANK STAFF?



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ARCHIVE FUN

Both pix: Red Saunders.

FOLLOWING Adrian Thrills' article last week on the fab re-emergence of Shane O'Hooligan, we here at *Archive Fun* thought it fitting that you should feast your mincers once again on one of the most important landmarks of the Anarchy Era. Let us take you wafting back to the November of '76 and to the sweaty, angry, amphetamine fizz of the ICA in London's Mall. Onstage were an outfit called Clash — just one of those tinpot bands destined to support the likes of Neo and Masterswitch and who quite possibly are involved in some Mod operation these days — but the real action came amongst the gathered punkerie. It was to be the night when one enterprising young lass went into the Ears Pierced While-U-Wait business in a dramatic way.

Our top photo shows the improvising Ms applying the all-numbing aerosol to her first customer's luglobe while the band plough on through a rendition of their unrecorded classic 'Only 24 Centre Spreads From Tulsa'. Below we find Shane — for it is he — wondering if he's got such a good deal after all while the good doctor goes on to create all out Lobal Warfare.

Elsewhere you may, by eerie coincidence, note one Adrian Thrills (bottom centre with boy-scout uniform next to John Conteh lookalike) 'truckin' ' and 'groovin' ' and just generally waiting for Secret Affair to show the tat on the boards the way home. Plus, aren't Shane's lapels just a little on the *wide* side? Ah, what days they were!

Incidentally the ICA is currently running an exhibition of the original Shane lobe till October 29. Admission is £40 or an unplayed copy of The Cortinas' CBS album. *(Aren't they all? — Ed.)*

THRILLS

Little Feat: The Last Last Record Album

WHAT SEEMS to be the final chapter in the career of Little Feat will be released next week. 'Down On The Farm' features Lowell George contributions more heavily than recent Feat studio albums but was necessarily finished after his death. Bill Payne, interviewed in *Rolling Stone* admits that "('Down On The Farm') . . . would have turned out different if Lowell were still alive. He would have wanted to replace a few slide or vocal parts. It's not a perfect album, but the stuff he did is great . . . it's not a jazz-blues album at all. In fact, there are so many styles that it's almost a revamping of 'Sailin' Shoes' ".

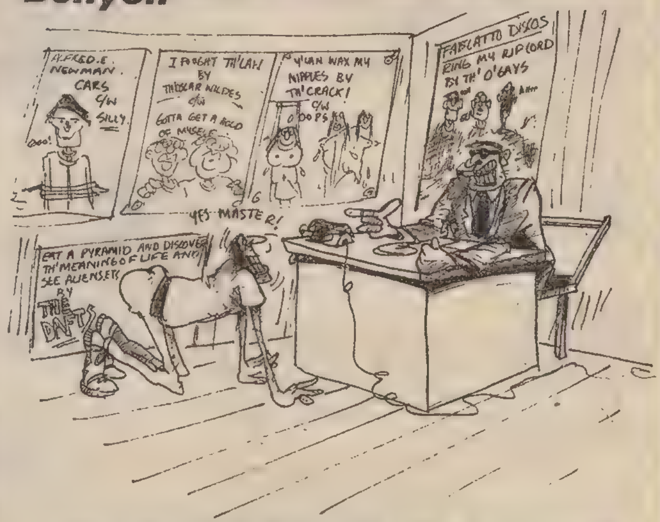
The material is divided between George, pianist Payne and guitarist Paul Barrere and includes 'Six Feet of Snow', 'Perfect Imperfection', 'Wake Up Dreaming', 'Be One Now', 'Feel The Groove', 'Straight From The Heart', 'Kokomo', 'Front Page News'. Lowell George produced the record and featured musicians are Fred Tackett, Jerry Jumonville, David Lindley and Robben Ford. Payne insists that it is still a band album, "We finished it for Lowell, and because of that, it's probably gonna sound more like a group project than if Lowell were still alive." But that's it for Little Feat says Payne. "Little Feat just does not exist without Lowell."

The cover design for 'Down On The Farm' is by Neon Park of course. It's part of a series of character studies painted by Park for a Japanese party, wherein legendary American figures are presented in duck form.

Meanwhile it will be a supreme irony if 'Down On The Farm' outsells the previous Feat discs. *Thrills* bets that it will.

THRILLS

Benyon


ALFRED.E. NEWMAN. CARS C/W SILLY
Ooo!
I FOUGHT TH'LAW BY TH'OSCAR WILDES C/W GOTTA GET A HOLD OF MYSELF
Y'CAN WAX MY NIPPLES BY TH'CRACK! C/W OOOPS
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THE NEW SINGLE

The Angelic Times

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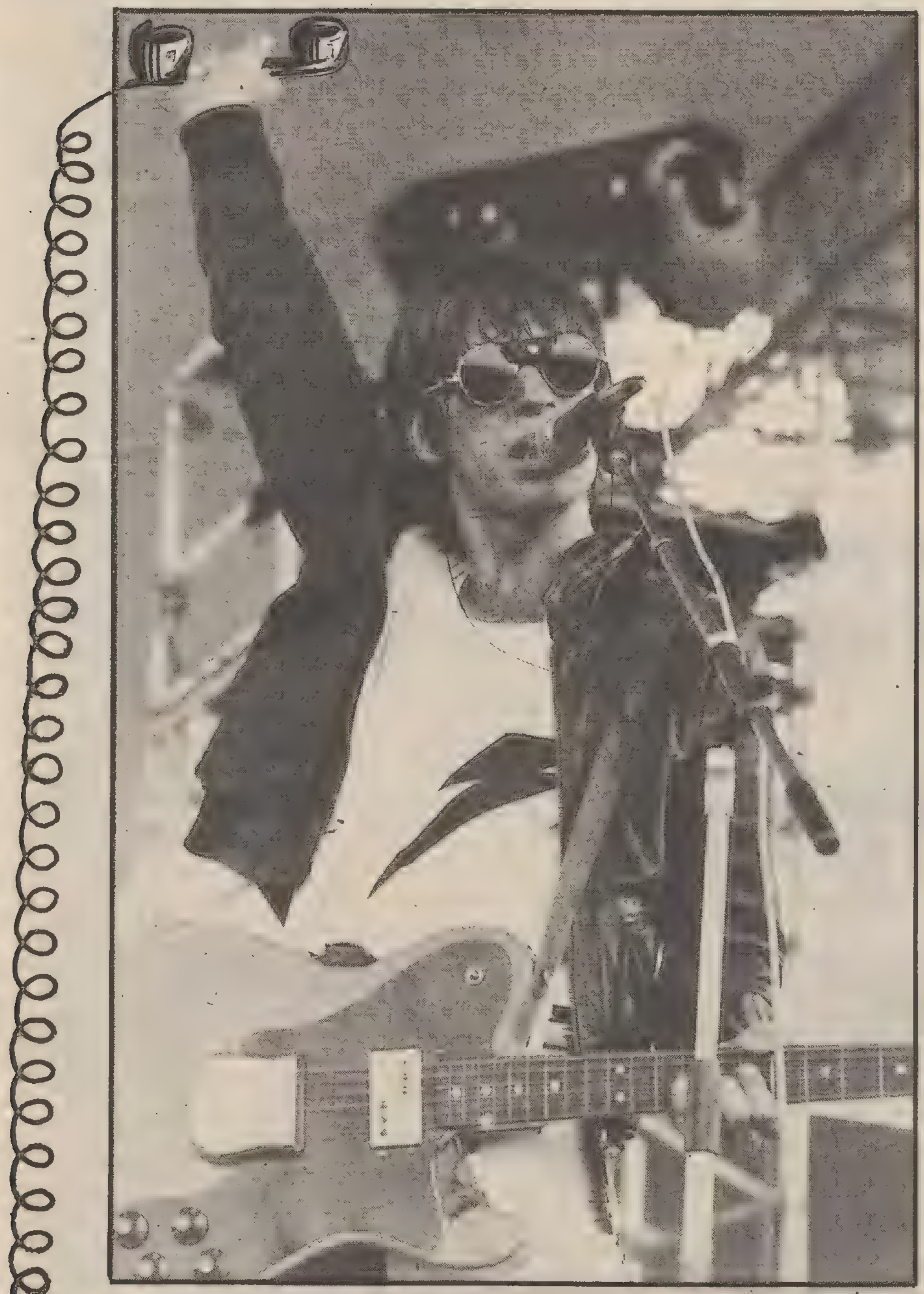


"It's for you, Richard . . ." Pic: George Bodnar

"634 5789, c'est mon nombre . . ."

A Telephone Interview — in the flesh —

by Paul Du Noyer

"URRGGHH . . ."

So where does it hurt, Jean-Louis?

"How you say, my stomach. I ate pig, you know? It was not good."

What is afflicting Telephone's lead singer just now is a bit of under-done pork consumed after their show a few hours ago — when the band played in front of 80,000 rock'n'roll hungry French kids at something called the *'Fete de l'Humanite'*, no less. And what that is is a three-day beano put on every year by the country's Communist Party, a kind of instant Marxist Blackpool, all candyfloss and dialectics.

Apres-gig pig apart, *tout* goes pretty *bien* for Telephone these days. Reckoned as France's most popular group, they might possess some alchemic secret 'cos something's turning their domestic product — two LPs and a string of 45s — from vinyl into gold. How can this be, and should something be done about it?

When you get this big your thoughts start wandering on to the bigger and more prestigious markets which lie past the *Rien a Declarer* signs. So now Telephone are thinking UK, and even US too . . . they're thinking 'bout you.

With a blinding flash of insight, I realise that this is probably why Telephone's record company Pathe Marconi (EMI's French connection) has flown me over to this here Parisian niterie, and is now sticking food and Beaujolais inside my mouth and introducing me to Telephone themselves.

So, with a cordial "Arriverderci!" we greet: Jean-Louis Aubert, vocals, guitar and indigestion; Corine, the girl, on bass and distractingly attractive accent; Louis, lead guitar; and Richard, drums.

And the double-crux of this current campaign is the release of their second album over in Britain, named 'Crache Ton Venin', plus the spin-off single (re-recorded with English lyrics, despite its title) called 'Fait Divers'. 'Fait Divers', by the way, is a sort of media term for "news round-up" and the record's available (if you must) on red telephone-shaped vinyl.

Earlier output might just about be obtainable on import, but it's likely that if you've ever encountered Telephone at all then it was via the last Steve Hillage tour, when they provided the ludicrously mismatched support. 'Fraid I missed ol' Steve this and every other time around, but I'm assured by absolutely impartial sources, such as Jean-Louis himself, that Telephone won over the woolly-hatted hordes in fine style.

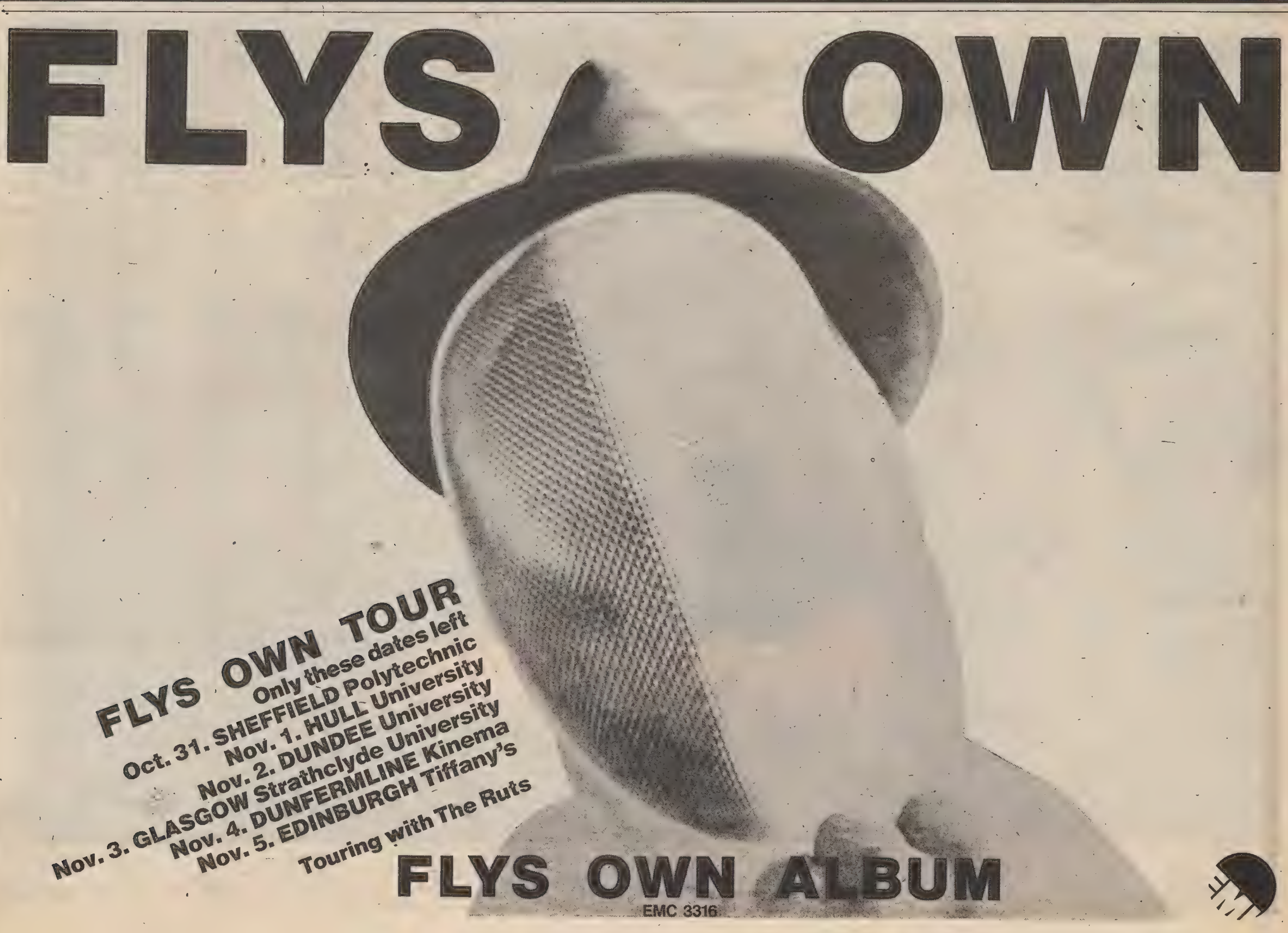
As for their 'Crache Ton Venin' album, the first thing you notice is the cover (funny that, eh?). There's the four members on its see-through plastic cover, all nicely decked out in punky modes — then you slide out the inside sleeve to expose them clothes-less, and yet de-gendered. Ah, that celebrated French obsession with visual presentation . . .

Second thing you notice is that Telephone insist on singing *en Francais*, rendering themselves incomprehensible to the many millions of insular and insolently single-lingual Brits. Bearing in mind that 'Crache Ton Venin', for instance, translates crudely as "Spit Your Spite" or even "Gob Yer Animosity", then this is maybe just as well.

But, as I'm to discover, this particular policy isn't yet fixed by any means. Frowning over his plate of *foies gras*, Jean-Louis comes clean. "Over there, we want to catch as many people as we can," he confesses. "So maybe we should, 'ow you say, translate to the English. I don't know, you know?"

Why, I encounter, should they have to apologise for being French? We'd never demand, for example, that Jean-Paul Sartre stop writing in his own language, and I'd guess that French rock will get cross-frontier credibility only when it dares to be itself and not a mish-mash of foreign influences.

By now tired and emotional, Jean-Louis is



FLYS OWN

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Touring with The Ruts

FLYS OWN ALBUM
EMC 3316

"I've told you I'm not taking any calls today!" *Pic: George Bodnar*

eager to agree. "Yeah! I love French. It is my expression, the music should get across the feeling . . . Last time in England, we do a song in English to show we can do it . . . Somebody said maybe we can play with subtitles."

In England it took us years to suss that you could play rock'n'roll without having to pretend to be American. Perhaps Telephone, and all of their generation, will lead France to a similar confidence of identity.

Having said that, I've got to say that any inroads which might be made by the 'Crache Ton Venin' tracks promise to be commercial rather than creative in character.

It's not a bad album, produced in London by Martin Rushent of Strangler and Buzzcocks fame, and I know I'll be playing it again — it's kinda soft-focus new-wave, fast orthodox rock'n'roll with a Blondie-esque potential for mass acceptability, and a good grasp of dynamics.

It's charmingly told by Corine that when Telephone first heard the word punk they took it to mean "punch" — and while they're reluctant to identify themselves with that phenomenon, especially as they pre-date it, it's not at all hard to view the group as a manifestation of proto-punk like the Stones, Stooges or Dolls, albeit in a glossier form.

But the fact is they've yet to transcend those influences to the extent of making anything that's really unique or original — something they're going to need in the more competitive climates outside France, where the surfeit of bands and the more blase audiences create a greater pressure toward individuality.

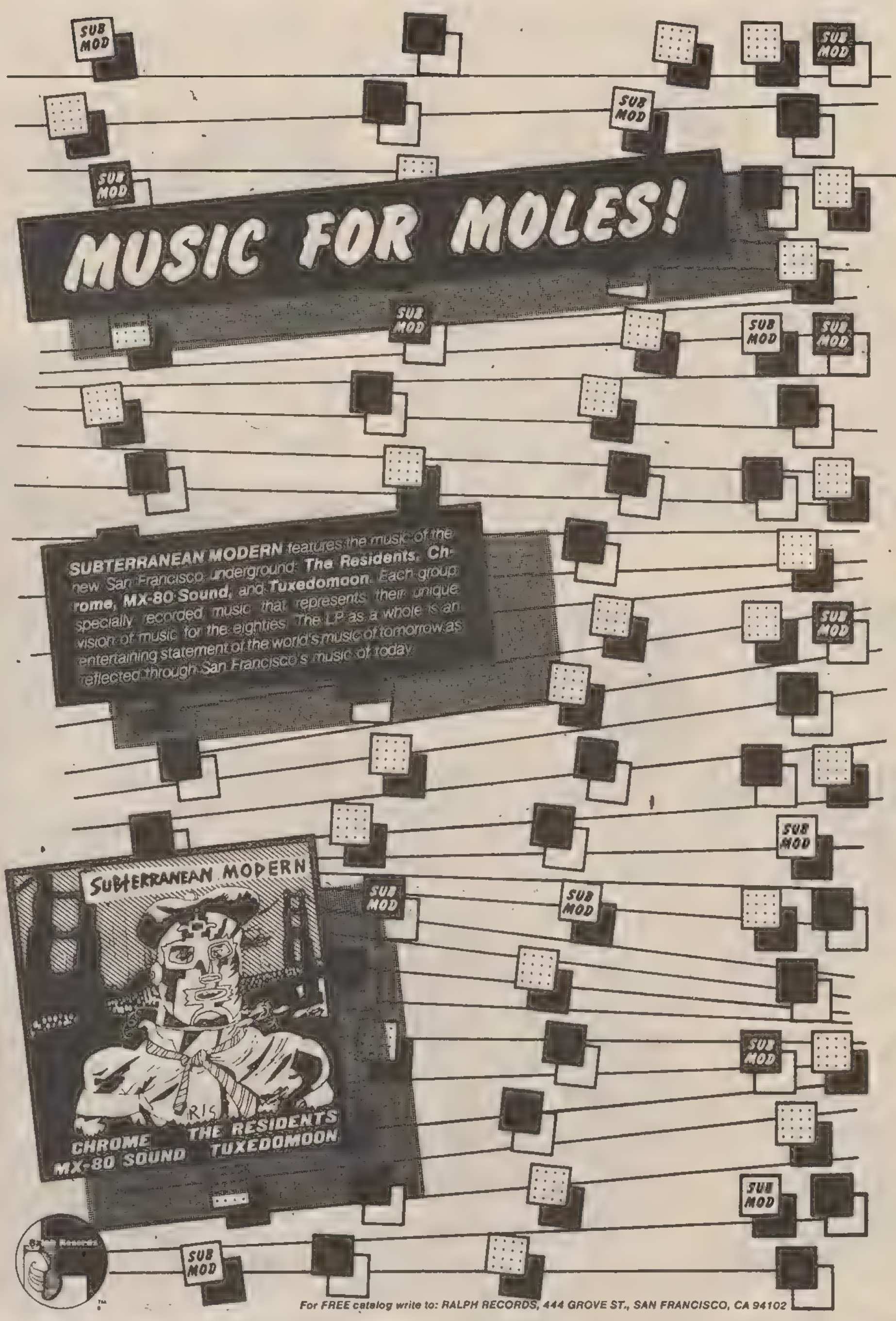
And if in the end they opt to content themselves with assured ascendancy in their native land only, they wouldn't be the first French entertainers to choose that course.

For, as I saw that afternoon, the group's status at home couldn't be a lot higher.

Up on the stage, they belted through a spirited 90 minutes of pop HM, an enthusiastic amalgam of everything from Led Zeppelin to the Pistols, complete with smoke and fireworks, putting on the Gallic agony and the punky style. They look cute, and they're stars, and the kids get to go crazy. It's a self-sufficient phenomenon.

Down at the front, the harassed Communist Party stewards strain against the bulging barriers, struggle to extricate the people overcome by the heat and the crush; hastily they adminster comradely bottles of mineral water to the conscious parts of the crowd, in the hope they'll stay that way.

But the question is, are this band worth staying awake for anyway? *Oui ou non?* The choice, as ever, is yours. But I can tell you quite categorically, they're better than Sacha Distel.



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In which case may we suggest you listen to 'Long Distance Romancer' and discover Mickey Jupp for yourself.

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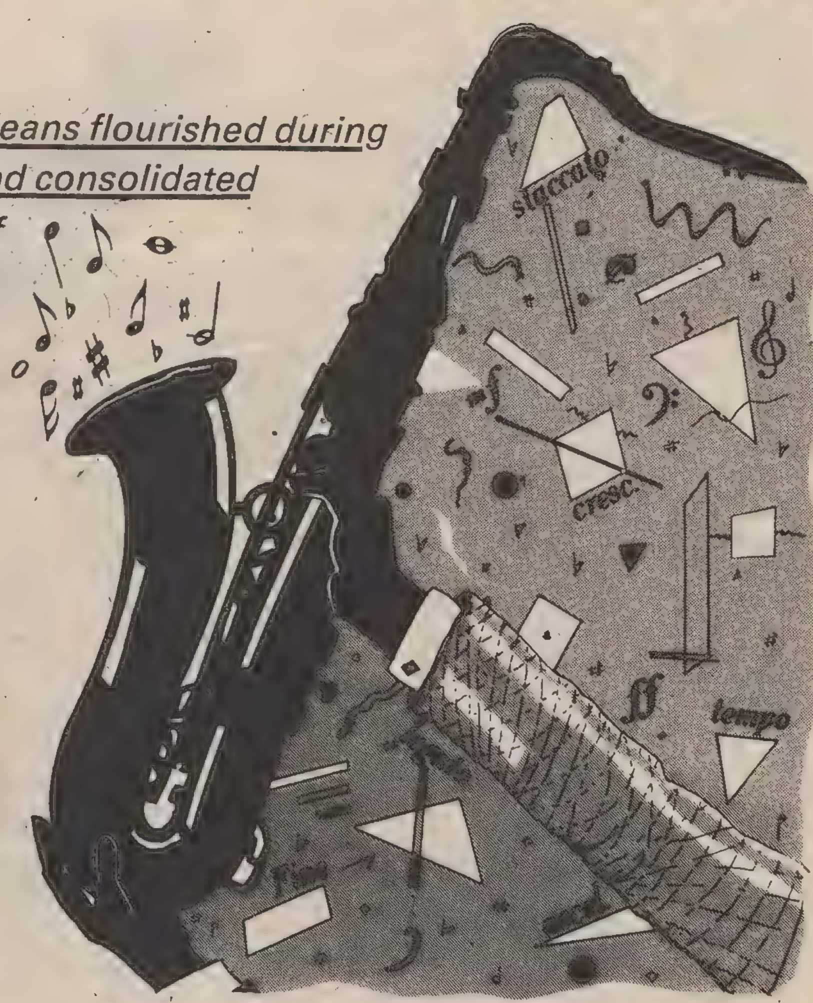
NOV SUN 4	***SHEFFIELD*** *TOP RANK*
NOV MON 5	***LEICESTER*** *DE MONTFORT HALL*
NOV TUES 6	***PORTSMOUTH*** *GUILDHALL*
NOV WED 7	***CARDIFF*** *TOP RANK*
NOV THUR 8	***DERBY*** *KINGS HALL*
NOV FRI 9	***NEWCASTLE*** *MAYFAIR*
NOV SAT 10	***STIRLING*** *UNIVERSITY*
NOV SUN 11	***GLASGOW*** *TIFFANY'S*
NOV MON 12	***EDINBURGH*** *TIFFANY'S*
NOV TUES 13	***ABERDEEN*** *RUFFLES*
NOV WED 14	***AYR*** *PAVILLION*

ASPECTS OF SUPERPOP

IT WILL STAND

By PENNY REEL

The Minit label of New Orleans flourished during the period 1960 to 1962 and consolidated one of the cornerstones of the Superpop era. Allen Toussaint was the label's guiding star, and The Showmen arguably its star act . . .



"I wanna tell you 'bout ooh poo pah doo . . .
An' I won't stop tryin'
Till I create a disturbance in your mind."
(Jessie Hill: 'Ooh Poo Pah Doo')

BY DIRECT speech to our secrets, Superpop explained the exquisite. Wherever trepid rebellion grew it nurtured. Where fantasy, fear and repression brooded it would guide by unique and enigmatic masterpieces of music. Its forte was the single; the forty-five; those spiny three-minute epics of anger, panic, danger, pain and sex!

From Sam Cooke and Ben E. King we had our very first taste of love; from US Bonds and The Dovells, highschool idiocy and exuberance; there was hurt and alienation courtesy of Messrs Orbison, Shannon and the very magnificent Ral Donner; breathless, tender excitement from Brenda Lee, Kathy Young and The Innocents, Nathaniel Mayer and The Fabulous Twilites and, natch, Elvis Presley.

Modern rock critics reserve their choicest sneers for the genre, emasculatory being the most common adjective, whilst rockabilly purists from Deptford, doowoppers from Accrington, Merseyophiles from San Diego and disciples of every musical generation since, from New York to Berlin, simply pretend it never existed. Myopia has quietly condemned a whole era to obscurity.

In sweet moments I will concede that much was vapid. Frankie Avalon doesn't exactly occupy a seat of government in this creature's soul; gladly, even so, would I trade the *weitlaufig* Buffalo Springfield family tree, throwing in the complete works of Soft Machine for good measure, for Maurice Williams and The Zodiacs' 'Stay' — any one minute and twenty-eight seconds of the day.

These discs, borrowing chiefly from the R&B vocal groups of the mid '50s, the bass voice introducing the theme and then intoning beneath a soaring tenor lead, encasing the whole in solid *teen*, were superb. Contrived they may have been, yet they deserve more than the curt dismissal afforded them by misrepresenting posterity.

Perhaps the most unique, certainly the most refreshing, element of Superpop was its racial franchise. Blacks, whites, Italians, Puerto Ricans, Hispanic kids, were all singing in a similar vein. Never were the ethnic groups to share such a singular musical identity heretofore.

The Regents could have been black on 'Barbara Ann', and The Dovells as well with 'Bristol Stomp' and 'Save Me Baby', but the former were Italians and the latter hip white college kids. Mary Johnson, a young black, was as clean teen as any highschool spic on his hits 'You Got What It Takes', 'Is A Bluebird Blue?' and 'Move Two Mountains'.

Simply, the Superpop artistes were pandering the hip, virtually unknown, music of their youth. Possibly an elder brother's record collection, or the music they would hear churning out from black radio stations. The Regents' 'Barbara Ann' album was an amalgalm of '50s vocal group sounds, as were the flips of their two hits, 'Barbara Ann' and 'Runaround'.

What Superpop gave us, above all else, was the first real appraisal of popular musical styles, sitting back on its haunches and surveying the scene. Not the strained, albeit foxy, eulogies of a Chuck Berry — neology for its own (mercenary) sake — nor either the Brandoesque punk pose of an early Presley, but by telling it like it was, exposing our inadequacies from the inside, speaking directly to our secrets and explaining the exquisite. Tuning, in perfect pitch, to the voice of lower-middle America. Lower-middle Britain as well, if you lived down my street.

Not that Superpop didn't eulogise, it did! Memories are made of this. The most fulsome tribute to the 50s vocal group style was not doowop at all, Little Ceaser and The Romans' 'Those Oldies But Goodies' was Superpop pastiche: but unlike voyeuristic rock 'n' roll you knew it was the works, not some sulky stance or mocking outsider. The praise was for the music and the periphery could go damn itself.

This was true, also, of Chris Kenner's 'I Like It Like That', a record that celebrated the juke and jump joints, selling Superpop in the process. Al Toussaint's soft shuffle was a long haul from former Crescent City boogie.

And where groups like The Edsels, The Marcels, The Profiles, Regents and Quotations borrowed heavily from the earlier El Dorados and Charms they transformed it into Superpop; bastardising it maybe, but creating a form that was vibrant and self-aware nonetheless. Danny and The Juniors performed the incredible feat of marrying the Original Dixieland Band with Bobby Rydell to produce 'The Charleston Fish' in 1961. The Showmen with 'It Will Stand' gave us pastiche, eulogy, Superpop and great rock 'n' roll all rolled together. 'It Will Stand' didn't glorify any sweet little sixteens in its lyric either: she was there, we knew she was there, and The Showmen did too. They just didn't go around broadcasting the fact.

The result was the best tribute to rock 'n' roll of them all.

Minit And Whatnots

"Lipstick traces on a cigarette.
Every memory lingers with me yet."
(Benny Spellman: 'Lipstick Traces')

THE SHOWMEN were only one among half-a-dozen brilliant acts to record for Minit in the period 1960 to 1962. Joe Banashak, a New Orleans record dealer, formed the label in 1959, together with the able assistance of former Speciality Boss Art Rupe. His real genius, however, lay in the hiring of Allen Toussaint as house producer. In the little over three years that Toussaint was with Minit the label consolidated one of the cornerstones of the whole Superpop era.

It had its first hit with the legendary 'Ooh Poo Pah Doo' by Jessie Hill: a tense, call-and-response blues with zonked piano, bloated sax and Hill's strange, coarse vocal screaming the lyrics — a drunken chorus meanwhiles reeled in the background.

'Ooh Poo Pah Doo' was a US hit in the spring of 1960, peaking at number twenty eight on the Billboard charts. John Broven has described Hill's reaction to his success:

"I wrote a song called 'Ooh Poo Pah Doo'," he recalled, "and I wanted to send it to this cat Joe Ruffino. I went in there and said, 'Look here, I need some money man.' You know he really had the best artists you want in New Orleans. I have two versions of all the songs I ever write, you know, and I was gonna sell him a 'Ooh Poo Pah Doo' version for 35 dollars, understand? So he wouldn't buy it. I was hustling and saying I've got to get myself together, I need some money. Now Joe Banashak always treated me like I was his son, you know. He always never liked me to be bummin' for nothin' even before I was recording with him. So me and him got together and I went and recorded it. Five days later Ruffino took to beating his desk, man, saying, 'Look at that, I done lost that for 35 dollars'. So they cut the record, and man, I never had any money in my life, and they give £2,000 in advance, man I just thought I had all the world. It scared me so bad, then, though. I had nobody around me to talk to me with any kind of knowledge or anything about anything."

Jessie's fame proved fleeting, however, and although he followed up in similar style, did not repeat his first success. Later efforts for Minit included the atmospheric 'Oogzey Moo' and the raunchy, intoxicated 'Can't Get Enough (Of That Ooh Poo Pah Doo)'. A move to Checker produced the supreme Mac Rebennack 'My Children, My Children' and a Louis Jordan-like gripe at women with 'The Pot's On Strike'. In the late 60s and 70s he was drumming with the Dr John band. Even though sustained success eluded him, Hill never cut a bad record in his entire career.

Minit hit gold shortly after this with the novelty Toussaint composition 'Mother In Law', a number one hit in May of the following year for Ernie K. Doe (Kador). It fought a thrilling battle at the top of the US charts with Del Shannon's 'Runaway' and only just missed the charts over here. 'Mother In Law' once more spotlighted the superior engineering of Allen Toussaint, while Ernie K. Doe's whining voice fell on the right side between banality and soul. His later 'I Cried My Last Tear' was even better. A beautiful Minit production: New Orleans' "second-line" marries country. The Brinsleys — one of the few worthwhile early '70s British bands — cut a faultless interpretation of the song a decade later.

Although, in chart terms, Minit was never again to approach anything like the success of 'Mother In Law' the label continued over the next couple of years to produce some excellent Superpop productions. Irma Thomas cracked big in 1964 with a string of fine soul hits, including 'Wish Someone Would Care' and 'He's My Guy', she also recorded the original Stones favourite 'Time Is On My Side', but the earlier 'It's Raining' for Minit — with Dee Clark's 'Raindrops' the best "rain" record of them all — was far and away her pristine achievement.

Likewise Aaron Neville, brother of Meters man Art, who hit gold for Parlo in 1966 with 'Tell It Like It Is", coining a ghetto catchphrase in the process. His Minit sides, employing the man's bittersweet alto supremely, were far superior. 'Over You' was a shuffling love song, tuneless to the point of melody; even better was 'Let's Live', a poignant ballad with the killer opening line: *"Why torture yourself, when you know you're in love?"* It is most criminally unknown but, like Martin Peters, was years ahead of its time . . . and so remains.

In addition there was Benny Spellman, the moronic bass voice on 'Mother In Law', with the similar-sounding 'Lipstick Traces (On A Cigarette)' and 'Fortune Teller'. The latter disc became a cult record amongst mods in the

Continues over page

Minit mainmen (L—R): Aaron Neville, Allen Toussaint, Norman Johnson.

N'ORLEANS

■ *From previous page*

Hackney area of London in the early '60s but, although Spellman was to record good material for many New Orleans labels throughout the decade, often in partnership with Toussaint, he remained a lightweight. Lacking charisma and a true personal style, he most often sounded like a muted Fats Domino. Eskew Reeder (aka Esquerita and S.Q. Reeder) resurrected Jim Lowe's 'Green Door' and transformed it into a sassy organ instrumental. It rates, with similar Jimmy McGriff items, among the best in its field. There were lesser artistes on the label attracting, at best, a local attention. But these were most properly mainline R&B rather than Superpop, and as such do not concern us here.

All the classic Minit sides mentioned above, with Chris Kenner's 'I Like It Like That' recorded later for Instant, were assembled on one supreme album 'We Sing The Blues', and released in the UK on London. It was this man's most played record throughout joyless 1963.

MINIT RECORDS

Rock And Roll Forever Will Stand

"You take some music, music,
Sweet flowing music;
Some movin' 'n' groovin';
Rock and roll will stand.
You take some heartbeats, drums beat 'n',
Finger popping and stomping feet,
Little dances that look so neat —
You see why it will stand!"
(The Showmen: 'It Will Stand')

CRESCENT CITY has never really been notable for its groups as such; and in such a musical tradition, this is something of an anomaly. Even The Spiders, New Orleans' most important contribution to the doowop era, are not as highly regarded as their contemporaries. Purists consider The Spiders too bluesy in their handling of harmony themes and consequently the group's records never scale the dizzies on auction lists. In the '70s The Meters did achieve some commercial recognition with their brand of "second-line" funk, but even they were outstripped by the likes of Kool and The Gang and Little Beaver within a couple of years. And the less said about the Dixie Cups the better . . .

The Showmen suffered similar commercial fate, even though 'It Will Stand' was a chart hit twice — once in 1961, and once again in 1964 — yet they cut four brilliant sides for Minit; among the most classic.

General Norman Johnson, Milton Knight, Gene Knight, Dorsey Knight and Leslie Felton went down the Mississippi down to New Orleans from Norfolk in Virginia and 'It Will Stand', with 'Country Fool' on the flip, was their first Minit release.

The A-side was a dissonant, fat sax-dominated R&B classic. General Johnson, that curious catch-and-break voice of his, punched out the defence of rock 'n' roll while the Minit houseband exclaimed the music's most endearing trademarks. *"Hear that sax blowin' sharp as lightnin',"* urged the vocalist as Nat Perrilliat duly obliged, *"hear those drums beat LOUD as thunder."*

Toy rock star Jonathan Richman payed tribute to the song some fifteen years later when he cut a version for the B-side of 'Road Runner', substituting guitars for the sax.

'Country Fool' was nearly as good. A very fast, very funny slice of rock with Toussaint doing Jerry Lee Lewis things with his piano; Johnson, his voice very nearly indistinct beneath the driving din, telling his woe. Charlie Gillett saw fit to print the complete lyric in Sound Of The City and included the song in the UA album of the same name. I only wish I had the space and/or electronic wherewithal to reproduce it here.

'The Wrong Girl' was something else. The follow-up to 'It Will Stand', it had none of the characteristics of the hit other than General Johnson's exceptional voice.

Rather it was school of The Drifters, string-orchestrated R&B, with enchantment its essence. In the background The Showmen practised barbershop scales: in the foreground the General played Johnny Staccato. Subtle, brilliant and largely forgotten it was one of the few records — The Corsairs' 'Smoky Places' and 'I'll Take You Home' were two others — to actually emulate The Drifters' glorious style.

The group's best effort, however, was the timeless 'I Love You Can't You See'. Out of tune, atrociously mixed and unashamedly romantic, it was typical of its era: the kind of slow torturous love ballad that most often found its way onto the B-sides of uptempo R&B hits. It ranks alongside similar gems, such as The Miracles' 'Who's Loving You?', The Jive Five's 'My True Story', The Stereos' 'Please Come Back To Me' and Laurel Aitken's 'You Left Me Standing'. An inevitable piano phrased the beat while a call-and-response chorus took the song at a funereal pace. The overwrought vocal was its best point, though, only ever equalled by early Chuck Jackson.

"Each night before I go to sleep. I pray our love will keep. Forever and more. I love you, can't you see? You mean the world to me."

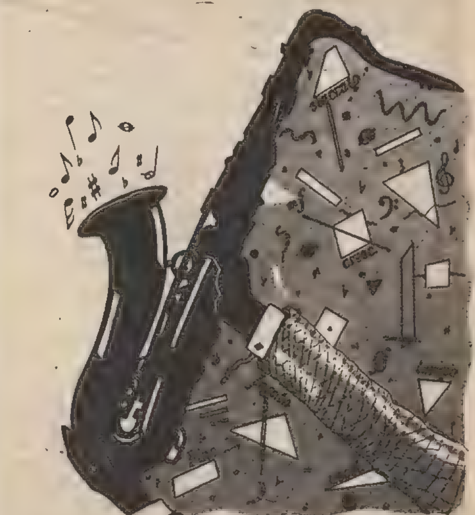
Later efforts by The Showmen were never in the same league as these earlier recordings and the group left the label to join Swan records in Philadelphia. There they recorded in the soul bag, psuedo Temps, with the group obviously missing Toussaint's gossamer touch. During this period Johnson was writing material for other Swan acts, including the Three Degrees. When Swan closed The Showmen forsook recording, concentrating on working the American college circuit, and in 1969 Johnson left the band to form Chairman Of The Board, one of the hottest acts of the early 70s with hits 'Give Me Just A Little More Time', 'Working On the Building Of Love' and 'Elmo James'.

Allen Toussaint left Minit early in 1963 to join the army. The Superpop era was over anyway with the advent of surf, soul and The Beatles, and shortly afterwards the label was swallowed up by Liberty, having been taken over by Imperial in the interim. In the mid-'60s Toussaint was recording The Meters and Lee Dorsey and, in the wake of Dr John, became something like a cult figure in the 70s with his own album 'Toussaint' very favourably received in the rock press.

Needless to say, he has never since approached anything like his work for Minit. The Showmen provided the era's epitaph in 'It will Stand': *"Some folk don't understand it, that's why they don't demand it."*

Where is Sam Cooke now that one needs him through the long, lonely nights? Answer: he became Pat Kelly.

Recommended reading:
Walking To New Orleans: The Story Of New Orleans Rhythm & Blues by John Broven published by Blues Unlimited.



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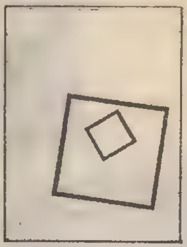

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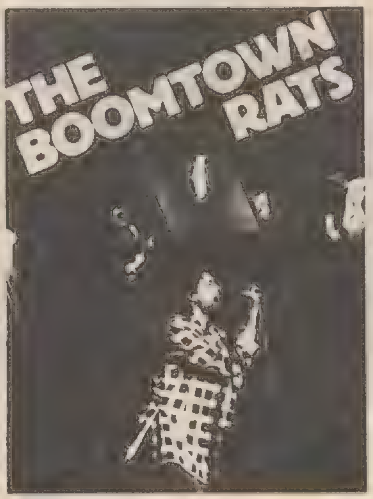

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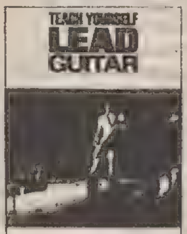

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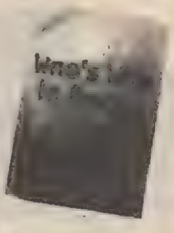

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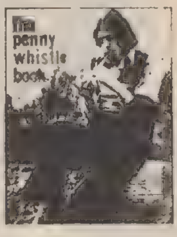

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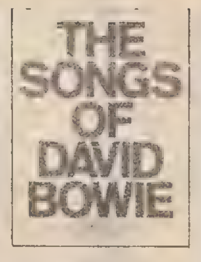

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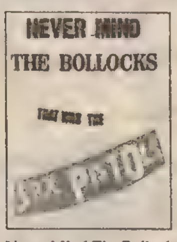

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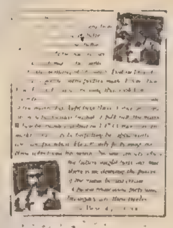

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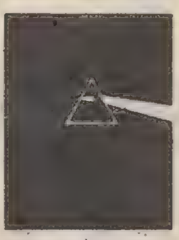

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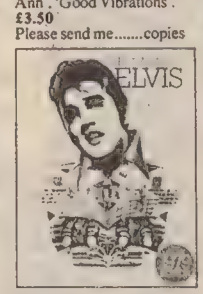

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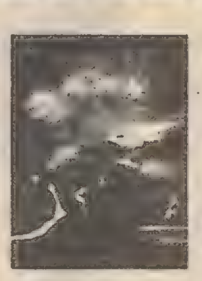

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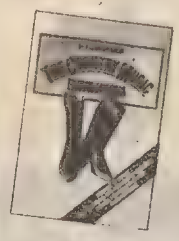

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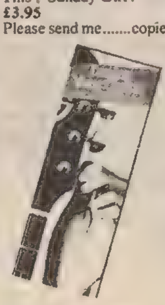

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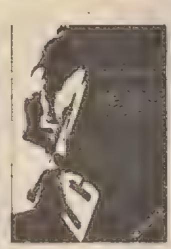

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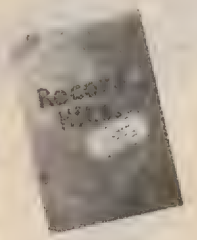

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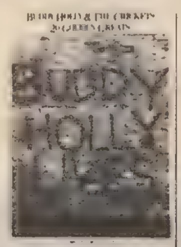

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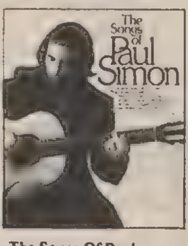

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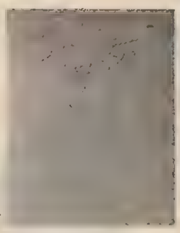

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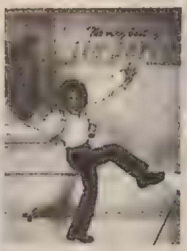

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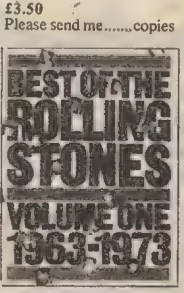

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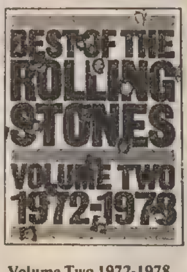

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Men of letters (L-R): Linton Kwesi J, John Cooper C, Lee Brill O.

Poetry Commotion

Singles bad, singles well, It's all the same For Max Bell

JOHN COOPER CLARKE: Splat/Twat (CBS). John Cooper Clarke is *not* this generation's riposte to Wild Bill Shakespeare, but his A-sides do bristle with enough bawdy vulgarity and groan-a-second puns to suggest that he *is* quite capable of entering into the pantheon of comic greatness *a la* Max Miller.

'Splat/Twat' is one of those ingenious artefacts that gives you a different reading depending on where t'groove lands. The two versions of JCC's embittered tirade (you always abuse the one you hate, etc) are differentiated by silly sound effects on one and full glorious technicolour insults on the other. To lift a phrase from the vernacular, is really bleeping funny.

The B-side will endure longer however, being a veritable pandora's box of wacky extra-terrestrial intelligence on the subject of 'Sleepwalking' — suitably doctored by the ineffable Martin Hannett and The Invisible Girls. It approximates the results of Joy Division jamming with Weather Report and all that entails. John Cooper Clarke is the thin man.

LINTON KWESI JOHNSON: Sonny's Lettah! (Island). And the poems just keep on comin', from JCC to LKJ — a small step for mankind but a giant step in consciousness. Quite why Island have dug backwards to uncover a new Linton single is beyond me but there is no arguing with the righteous force of this anti-sus cautionary verse. The point of 'Sonny's Lettah!' — which details the violation of basic civil rights by a racist law — is made more fully in concert when Linton's sweet lilting reason attacks your social nerve-ends with frightening insistency. LKJ doesn't have all the answers but his is a brave and outspoken citizen who makes a virtue out of ordinary parlance and won't obscure real problems by covering them in a smoke screen of mystical jive. The mileage to be obtained from songs about herb stalks and Jah was exhausted long ago.

DAVID BOWIE: London Bye Bye Ta Ta (Pop). Pre-'Space Oddity' Bowie singing in his twee, jaunty, nutty kook screech with wall-to-wall orchestration, oompah brass bands, massed gnomic chorales and an inscrutable lyric. It's fun but badly dates — a fact which won't deter the collectors only gang from flocking down to Boots for a copy. Don't bother though 'cos it's a bootleg and only 2,500 copies were printed. Anyone who wants it can have mine for £500 ono.

FLEETWOOD MAC: Tusk (WB 12"). When a band gets as successful as Fleetwood Mac they get to write their own ticket and don't even have to show the bugger at the gate like all lesser mortals. 'Tusk' isn't too bad as self-indulgence goes but it isn't that much to enthuse about, being merely a crafty fusion of J.J. Cale, Can and the booking office at Victoria Station. The undoubtedly deep significance of the song's content is utterly lost on me but the idea of several million people walking to work singing *"Don't say that you love me, Tusk"* nearly makes up for that.

THE RED CRAYOLA: Micro-Chips And Fish (Rough Trade 12"). Mayo Thompson doing what only he knows how or why. Believers sift beneath the layers of hotsy minimalism and shake a casual tail-feather, while the great majority scratch their heads and look anxiously at their watches. I played this one to the proprietor of The Contented Plaice and he loved it. This is the micro-wave.

SLY AND THE FAMILY STONE: Remember Who You Are (WB). Sly is back on the right track, almost. Typically lazy crystal-clear funk from the ancient Family Stone man, who obviously isn't frequenting the disco-market-place for ideas. This is an approximation of 'Fresh' form with the voice that launched a thousand soul ships still crackling on in tasty sugar coating. Listen before you try the album because the latter is nothing more than a 12" single retailing at top dollar. Time was when Sly Stone walked on water; these days he's just treading same.

MARIANNE FAITHFULL: Lucy Jordan (Island). This is not the time or the place for a Marianne Faithfull revival, especially one which chooses to cover a ghastly Dr Hook/Shel Silverstein collaboration. If Ms Faithfull ever was a torch singer her batteries are certainly flat. Stick to acting dear, you're too high class for the likes of us.

DR. FEELGOOD: Put Him Out Of Your Mind (UA). The Feelgoods have laid the spectre of their past to rest so many times they must be wondering how to convince the cynics that what they do now is just as valid as what made 'em famous. 'Mind' is a very fine rock song and not an R&B number at all. Brilleaux doesn't sing so much that he can't manage a swift half between verses, the rhythm is crisp and foot-shuffling and John Mayo's fretwork (critical banter for guitar solos and stuff) is sympatico and lyrical. Great single.

HUGH CORNWELL AND ROBERT WILLIAMS: White Room (UA). A sneak preview of Cornwell's long awaited 'Nosferatu' outing with Robert Arthur Williams, Captain Beefheart's drummer, along for a very crushing ride. It takes a while to fathom the melody because Hugh isn't letting little considerations like commercial potential interfere with his dark doings. Sounds like a guaranteed bad trip to me, albeit with pleasingly frenzied overtones.

Meanwhile my Lord of Cornwell will be laughing all the way to the blood-bank. B&D freaks prepare to renew your subscriptions.

NEW MATH: Die Trying (CBS). There's not much reason why New Math shouldn't join the ranks of the ever increasing pop elite. Both songs here are assured and engaging without overstating their potential or outstaying their welcome. The B-side is good and sick and reminiscent of a Tommy James bauble. Better name for the band would be The Calculators, more of that *forward into the '80s* feel.

EXPELAIRES: To See You (Zoo). An excellent single on an excellent label. The new Liverpool bands seem to listen to a lot of Doors and Talking Heads but they absorb and create something fresh. Expelaires sound like a band who are totally involved in communicating signals of a pleasant nature. This is only the start.

SWELL MAPS: Read About Seymour (Rough Trade). The same applies to Swell Maps, whose first single is re-released by popular demand (Nikki's mum). Maps rock out in suitably manic fashion all over the plastic and you should be doing the same. Gauche and yet exquisitely satisfying. A plus.

MARTHA AND THE MUFFINS: Insect Love (Dindisc). A megaVirgin signing from Canada, the last outpost of a once glorious Empire. Novelty frivolity with all the teen appeal of rampant acne and the musical equivalent of squeaking chalk. Horrible.

PSYCHOTIC PINEAPPLE: I Wanna Get Rid Of You (Richmond Records). California amusement park nugget rock that owes more to The McCoys than The Seeds. Great concept but the execution is not electric.

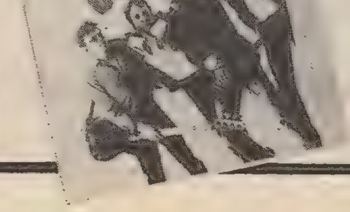
THE NEW YORK BLONDES FEATURING MADAME X: Little GTO (Bomp/London). A barely disguised Blondie-is-a-group *fun fun fun* record that doesn't coupe le moutarde around here. An indifferent cruisin' surf'n'turf flop in the sand that poses no threat to Dick Dale or Jan and Dean. Shut down kids, there's an oil crisis looming off the Jersey shore. Shucks.

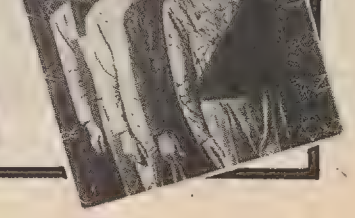
SVT: Heart Of Stone (415 Records). Quite what that devil of a bass player Jack Casady hopes to gain from participating in this opportunist punk-metal ballad band I cannot imagine. Money? Credibility? Artistic freedom? In that case he wouldn't shack up in a group that included the atrocious Brian Marnell as vocalist. Marty Balin can sue for the melody and I'm hanging out for Jorma Kaukonen's White Gland. Nasty.

DESTROY ALL MONSTERS: What Do I Get (Cherry Red). And this is the same DAM who dared to criticise El Lay's brilliant Pop group? 'What Do I Get' (staggeringly original title) crunches through the old

■ *Continues over*

HUGH CORNWELL
AND
ROBERT WILLIAMS
WHITE ROOM





SINGLES

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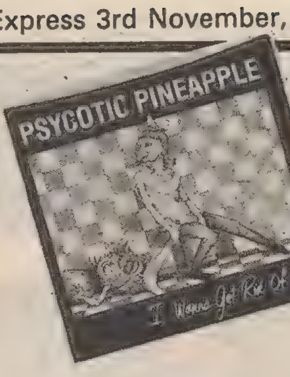

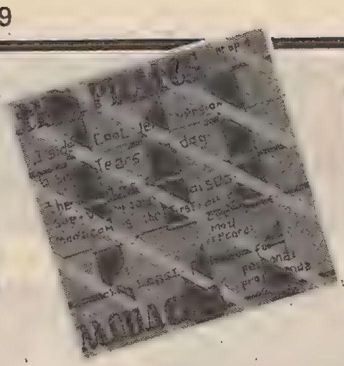

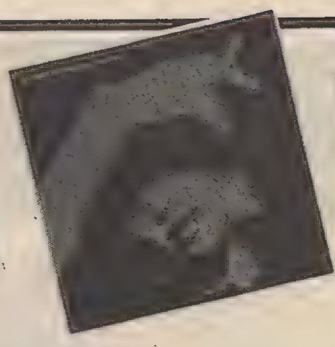

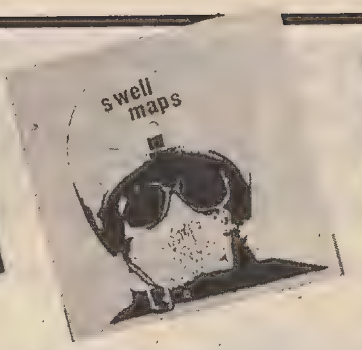

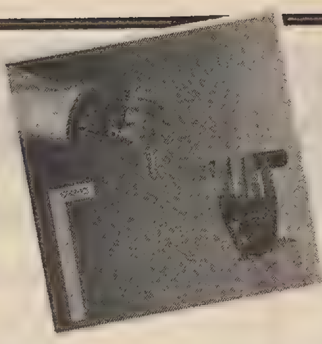

Detroit guitar maelstrom with no fervour and no sense of occasion. The monsters must be revenged, puny earthlings.

PROTEX: I Can Only Dream (Polydor). Better than 'I Can't Cope' but Protex-ian similarities with the Pete Shelley school for young gentlefolk (class of '77) are still too close for comfort. Polydor's Irish talent scouts did much better with The X-Dreamysts (a fab band).

HENRY BADOWSKI: Baby, Sign Here With Me (A&M). Oddball Badowski pits his average suburban lyrics against a grandiose mock rock symphony. He plays a gamut of instruments well enough to fake it but keeps the proceedings informal enough to suggest visions of the pipe-smoking, carpet-slippered post-punk chap doodling away in the greenhouse. Admirers of Fripp, Eno and Wyatt should go a bundle on Badowski. He's soft, inconsequential and lulls the ears a treat. Bit of a one-man Roxy Music without Bryan Ferry to queer the pitch.

THE MOONDOGS: Ya Don't Do Ya (Good Vibrations). From the fertile plains of Ulster, The Moondogs are Undertones fans with power trio ambitions. Songwriter/Guitarist Gerry McCandless is a rough diamond, raw and uncompromising in the search for that elusive teenage dreamboat. If he can write ten more songs as good as this The Moondogs will be on Sire by Christmas.

SPARKS: Try-outs For The Human Race (Virgin). I thought the synthesiser had cured Russell's ill-fitting keks situation until I discovered that I was playing this unpleasant green sphere at the wrong speed. Same difference anyway as the Mael men meet Giorgio Moroder at the concrete roots of IBM. I feel the Brothers are being a trifle over-enthusiastic in making the B-side a longer version of the A-side. If they'd made it shorter and switched the sides round we could all have gone home happy. Your applications have been unsuccessful.

DAN HARTMAN: Hands Down (Hands Up) (Epic). Mixed by John Luongo, this revolting mind rot pilfers licks from decrepit Stevie Wonder and Jackson Five hits, sticks them onto a flaccid Good Morning America idiot beat, adds a chorus which couldn't pass the audition for *The Benny Hill Show* and then utilises an instrumental passage that is too damn catchy for comfort. . . McDonalds muzak taken to one logical conclusion. Thumbs down.

LEOPARDS: Strange Rhythmical Music (Warped). A peculiar distillation of The B-52s and The Stranglers that veers wildly between polarities of danceability and threatening gesture and ends up rubbing noses with the late Penetration on a good night. Lives up to the title.

THE NIPS: Gabrielle (Soho). Two halves of moderate amusement and old-fashioned violence delivered up in sloppy modern lover style. If The Nips' lead singer had long hair, a jump-suit and extensive cosmetic surgery he'd look exactly like Todd Rundgren.

ISLEY BROTHERS: It's A Disco Night (Rock Don't Stop) (Epic). Note the cunning moniker on this latest T-Neck biscuit. Mrs Isley's five boys and cousin Chris Jasper indicate a desire to keep all bases loaded whereas the sound is just their standard soul bubblegum fare, expertly crafted and immediately forgettable.

TWIST: Ads (Polydor). Twist would appear to be a one-man operation with protagonist Pete Marsh co-producing alongside Roger Bechirian. The mixing quality is the usual high quality we've come to expect from Dave Edmunds' engineering cohort (who already has a chart success with The Undertones) but this is unlikely to inspire any groundswell of fandom.

Marsh is a polished lyricist but his perspective on the televison watcher's mentality only states the obvious. The people who like this probably think Joe Jackson is one of the world's great philosophers.

THE PHATES: Cool Jerk (Personal Propaganda). The Phates are the phirst self-styled all-girl electronic mod band; their influences seem to include a healthy respect for Tamla Motown and Stockhausen. Confused? So am I.

VIVABEAT: Man From China (Charisma). Lots of electronix and whistling fused onto the current penchant for auto-enigma. Vivabeat patrol the safe mid-ground between Human League and Gary Numan or Ultravox go zen.

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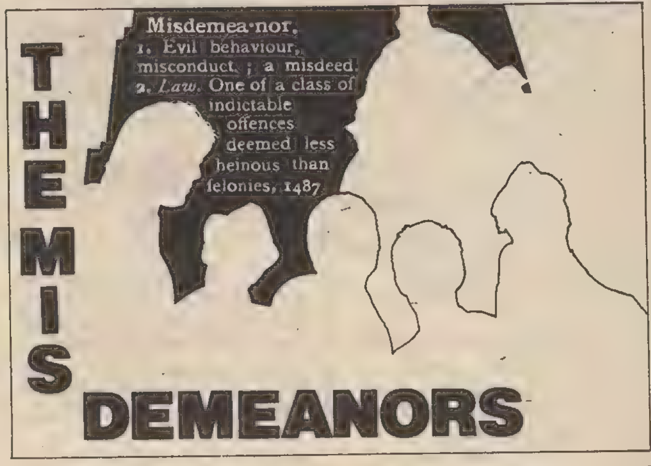
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2. *Law.* One of a class of indictable offences deemed less heinous than felonies, 1487
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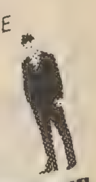

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The Chords: l to r, at front: Brett Ascott, Chris Pope, Martin Mason, Billy Hassett. Pic: Mike Laye.

For Sale: One Scooter, Almost New

THE CHORDS may be an honourable band but DEANNE PEARSON comes to bury Mod, not to praise it.

"S'CUSE ME, do you know what band this is?" asks a long-haired, denim-clad youth with a sleepy, amiable face who had been sat with his back to the stage throughout the set.

Yeah The Chords. Does that mean anything to you?

He looks at me quizzically, then opens up his face in easy good humour: "Yeah, yet another little pop band with smiling faces and a catchy tune, whose name no-one'll remember once they walk out of his club. But don't ask me, I'm into Genesis."

"They were shit," the chained and pinned punk to his left, with hair as long as the Genesis freak but stuck in the opposite direction, opines, uninvited, and a regiment of hardware clones around him nod and shout in agreement. "I mean is this this year's thing?" asks last year's model.

Even the Parka brigade seem unimpressed. They shuffle about uneasily, feeling like traitors, but still giving this supposed 'mod' band the thumbs down. "They're more like a punk band, they play too fast, you can't dance to them. I always say you can judge a band by its audience, and look at this lot —"

It is true. Of the about equally proportioned conglomerate of punks, skins, mods and student types, few are dancing or look to be even vaguely enjoying themselves, they are there, the few that I spoke to told me, because there is nowhere else to go (we are in the just-opened Underworld Club in Birmingham) and there is, on the whole, not much happening on the music scene in general, they all agree, except perhaps ska (everybody here dances madly every time a ska record is played). Perhaps ska is going to take over where mod has, almost, left off, a few wonder vaguely. "Because it's come to an end hasn't it?" a disillusioned mod asks, "came to an end before it properly began."

YES, the mod backlash is well and truly underway, The Chords agree, and they, out of all the mod bands, they feel, probably lost out the most. "All the other mod bands have at least had their share of publicity," moans vocalist and rhythm guitarist Billy Hassett. "But there haven't been any articles on us, other than occasional live reviews we've had no publicity whatsoever, which is the record company's fault really." (Polydor).

"It's always the same," he shrugs hopelessly, "gigs aren't advertised, tours aren't promoted, records aren't promoted, and consequently the press have shown no interest."

So, to set the record straight, here are The Chords. All from the South London area, Billy and bassist Martin Mason began by teaching themselves guitar and playing old Beatles and early Who Numbers in various obscure bands, until they met up with guitarist and songwriter Chris Pope in early '78, who introduced them to some of his versions of old Tamla and Stax classics.

They entered a competition to star in the up-and-coming Quadrophenia film, for which The Chords seemed an appropriate sort of name, and even though they were turned down, kept the name.

At the beginning of this year their drummer (unnamed) left, and Brett Ascott joined in his place, but it wasn't until March that The Chords were gigging regularly, beginning at The King's Head in Deptford and The Wellington in Waterloo, and going on to support The Jam at The Rainbow, touring with The Undertones, with whom they built up a firm friendship, and playing sell-out Marquee gigs.

Jimmy Pursey approached them, or rather fell upon them, in their early days, just before they played The Rainbow gig, and enthusiastically promised them fame and fortune if they signed with his label, JP Products, which The Chords, in a flush of confusion and excitement, rashly did. A rather incongruous affiliation, you may be thinking, and so it proved to be, coming to an abrupt halt only two weeks later.

Brett recalls the flighty relationship bitterly. "Pursey's always full of ideas," he spits sardonically," and he's also full of bullshit. He's all mad keen on something for a week or two, and then he just drops it, goes on to something else. He's like a child, a spoilt child.

"The trouble began straight away, when Pursey wanted to release our demo tape of 'Now It's Gone' (their first single) but we weren't happy with the mixing — and when Polydor finally got hold of it they agreed with us — but Pursey insisted, completely ignoring what we said. But when he walked in with the sleeve design, that his kid brother had done the night before, we just put our foot down and said no. It was really tasteless.

"So anyway, he got in a mood about that. Then the next thing that happened was he invaded the stage the following week, at Guildford, when we were supporting The Undertones (in May) and wrecked the gig.

"He just turned up with all of Sham 69, Steve Jones and Paul Cook. Pursey was on the guest list but the others weren't, they just happened to turn up, y'know, and just happened to have their instruments with them. They asked if they could do a short set after us, and the tour manager said no — Pursey was ranting and raving, saying 'But this is what the kids want, all united', and all that shit — and everyone ignored him, so about two-thirds of the way through The Undertones set they just invaded the stage and started playing, all except Cook, who watched from the wings. And they knocked over a lighting rig, which nearly hit Michael Docherty, and could have electrocuted someone because the stage was all wet.

"All the kids were really pissed off by it, and most of them just went home. I didn't blame them. So that was it, we said that night that we didn't want to be on the JPP label any more, and Pursey didn't want anything to do with us any more either, so it was quite easy to get out of the contract."

IMMEDIATELY after leaving JPP, Polydor said they were interested, but then, for no apparent reason, changed their minds, and The Chords' chances of signing swayed uncertainly until August, when, according to The Chords, Polydor more or less said O.K., we'll give it a go, we feel we're sticking our necks out but we're prepared to take a chance. Hardly surprising then, that The Chords seem disillusioned — with everything.

"But it's not that we're not optimistic, just uncertain about what's going to happen," squeaks Martin, sounding remarkably like Top Cat I decide. "I'm optimistic about us, although I don't know about the future of "mod" — in quotes."

They are reluctant to talk about mod, as a fashion, and the associated trivia, such as the scooters, the smart suit garb, the '60s, The Who, and even The Jam — whom they have been accused of modelling themselves on by using the popular Rickenbacker guitars to produce a sort of early Jam soundalike, which, I suppose, is true, but is such a superficial comparison it's hardly worth bothering about — but they were quick to associate themselves with all this in the beginning. Now, I suggest, they, like the punters, are merely using this excuse for mod as a stepping stone, a filler-in before the next big thing. As tonight's punters said, "there's nothing else is there?"

The Chords don't even look like Mods any more. Offstage they are four ordinary lads in jeans, T. shirts, training shoes and Doctor Martens, and even onstage, stuffed into Fred Perry shirts, jumpers, and rather ill-fitting and oddly-matched suits, their unruly, longish hair — with the exception of Brett's which is sort of crew cut — is a dead giveaway. I don't know where their hearts are, but they're certainly not in mod any more. Only Billy looks slightly more sophisticated, and wears hush puppies offstage. But then he's the frontman.

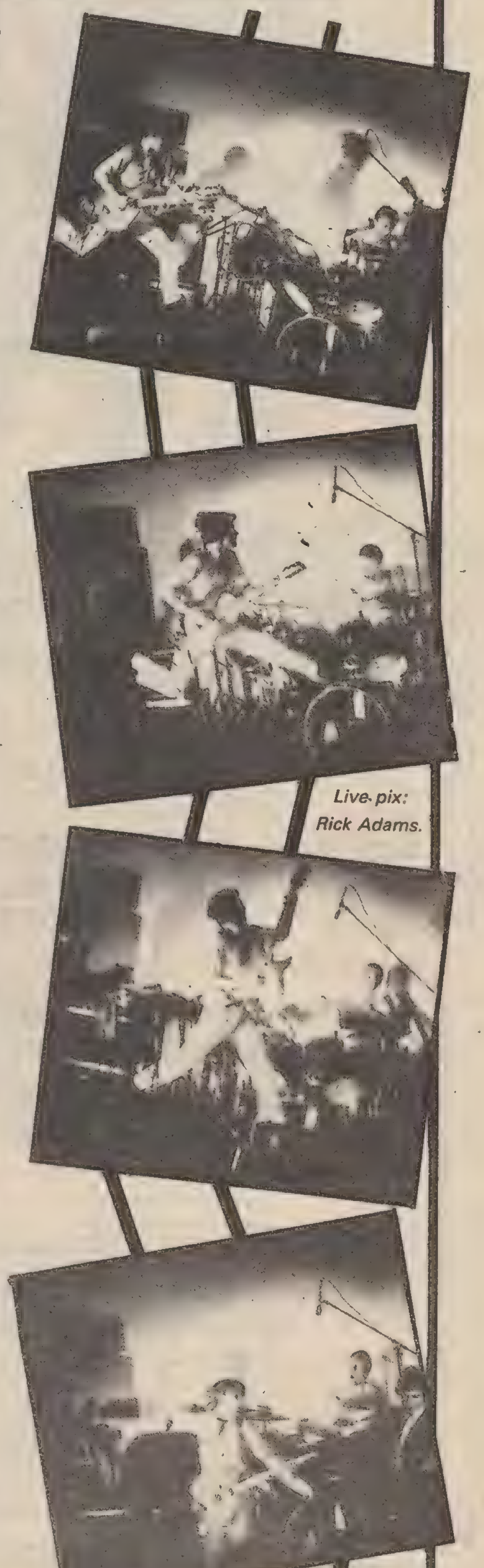
Chris decides to take the matter in hand, and succinctly re-evaluates their position. "Well we realise if it wasn't for mod — '79 — then we wouldn't be where we are now, it got us recognition, as it did for many other bands. But we never went out and said we're gonna be the leading mod band — although we probably were at one stage — but we never said we're the leaders, follow us. We said we're The Chords, we like mod music, we like the original thing, we like the clothes. We became part of the movement at that time, and we still like to feel part of the movement, but we are an individual band. Whether we're still around in two years' time, playing music, is irrelevant to how mod might stand in two years time. The most important thing is The Band.

And this band aren't too proud to admit that they were inspired as much by the '70s as the '60s. They pay their tribute to punk: "We wouldn't have been here if it wasn't for punk, so we can't knock it.

"In '75 you had to be technically brilliant and lyrically inane to get anywhere, for example into a place like Polydor, as we have. You had to be part of the industry before you even got onstage, but then punk came along and changed all that. At last the chances of getting up onstage, out of the audience, were there. That was the catalyst that got us all going."

All? All? From what I can see it got very few going, there may be a fair few mod bands around at the moment, but it isn't like in the furious days / years of punk, when new bands were constantly being thrown up and everyone was having a go. O.K., a lot went right back from where they came, there one day, gone the next, but many are still around, and are still progressing. How many new mod bands have arisen of late? It's still the same few names that were there in the beginning, still shrouded in relative anonymity and showing few signs of blossoming out. As Billy admits, hardly inspiration for others to pick up instruments. "Everyone's scared, because the bands aren't getting anywhere."

The Chords reckon they can, and will, get somewhere, on their own however. "We'll overcome it," Billy says defiantly, "play better, write new material, produce better records." And perhaps discreetly wriggle out of the rut, and the weight around their neck, that mod has become? Jeez, Billy's even embarrassed to admit he's got a scooter now.



Live pix: Rick Adams.

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Silver Screen

A Perfect Couple: Marta Heflin and Paul Dooley horse around over the hors-d'ouvres.

Movie paste imperfect

A Perfect Couple

Directed by Robert Altman
Starring Paul Dooley and Marta Heflin
(20th Century Fox)

PLOT has never assumed an important role in the films of Robert Altman — he orchestrates rather then directs — preferring to amass a repertoire of actors and conduct them through the barest bones of a storyline. His are the films of nuance, the throw-away gesture and vivid backdrops becoming themes in their own right. This amorphous approach works brilliantly when kept under strict rein: *Nashville* was a sharp study of ambition and mores contained in a hillbilly microcosm; *McCabe and Mrs Miller*, a Western with far-eastern sensibilities. But a story without a plot is tricky business — form can become content and content nothing but personal whimsy — and that's what happens with *A Perfect Couple.*

The story is suitably threadbare — boy meets girl, boy loses girl, boy gets girl with, in this case, a clash of lifestyles providing the skeleton framework.

Paul Dooley plays Alex 204, Marta Heflin Sheila 312 (both are graduates from *A*

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and parents don't.

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Rich Kids AA

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Wedding), and they meet through a video dating service in downtown LA. The courtship scenes are memorable — a witty poke at the 20th Century which pushes, then castrates the ways of romance, but in the process of parodying the suntanned and unsullied Californian mentality it's obvious that Altman is a product of the very culture he is satirising.

Witness the choice of 'Keepin' Em Off The Streets' as the band to support Sheila's attempts as a singer, and who feature distressingly often in the film. They and their music are white, bright and lead by Ted 'Jesus Christ' Neeley speaking in a Southern drawl just to prove he boogies. If this shocking attempt at mediocrity is the only musical inducement to keeping off the streets then give me a back alley anyday. But the band are obviously tops with Altman and the film degenerates from that point on.

What a pity Altman couldn't aim his target a little closer to home.

Martha Ellen Zenfell

Prophecy

Directed by John Frankenheimer
Starring Talia Shire and Robert Foxworth
(CIC)

***Prophecy:** Three lively members of the cast.*

HOLLYWOOD wags a wet finger at the breeze and jumps two bandwaggons at once, one old, one new. *Prophecy* is a horror pic with an ecological conscience.

Caring, committed social worker (Foxworth) and a neurotic cellist wife (Shire) find themselves in deepest Maine, USA, the object of their exercise being to provide her with a holiday and him with information in defence of a wilting Red Indian backwoods tribe whose dank forests are threatened with extinction by an unscrupulous paper company.

Before long all causes and effects seem to have been isolated and explained away. David *Omen* Seltzer's script is forever threatening to flash a far from subliminal "ATTENTION!! Earnest Author's Message" across the screen, thus effectively making a melodramatic nonsense of any serious and supportable ecological issues raised by the film.

Frankenheimer, director of the excellent *French Connection 2*, makes as much as he can of the brooding forest locations but, when contact is finally made with the monster mutants that we know by now must be teeming in every creek and clearing, *Prophecy* exhales a profound sigh of disinterest and collapses upon itself, becoming little more than a *Carry On, Monster* full of tall men in rubber suits covered in what looks like cranberry jelly who spend their every waking moment growling horribly and tearing great chunks out of everything in sight.

I laughed, I cried, I gripped my seat as a veritable agony of excitement and thrilling fear throbbed through me. I revelled in the gore, I rolled in the entrails that spilled wholesale from the screen. . .

Well, no, not exactly. Not at all. In fact, heavy of heart and head at the thought of another fine director wasting himself on another sub-standard script, I went home and fed my plants.

Angus MacKinnon

Desperate Living

Directed by John Waters
Starring Liz Renay, Mink Stole.

PROBABLY the alsatian chewing on the discarded penis, I think, when the chick — a 'person', but for the boots — in coverall-cling-leather sitting next to me upped and headed toiletward.

Unforgivably sexist, I thought, that the cinema's lavatorial arrangements should be divided into *Ladies* and *Gentlemen:* Waters' films make all cubicles fair seat for comment, and the Screen On The Green's cold quiche on paper plates was the kind of throwaway joke we in the front stalls could have done without.

Like Waters' infamous 1973 *Pink Flamingoes* cocktail *Desperate Living* is a copious mix of maggot and copulation, with a chaser or ten of mindless violence and vile misanthropy, which leaves you disgusted with yourself for being able to stomach so much.

The crux, with a vision of life whose characters are more likely itching to break into a skin disease than a dance routine, is whether any — if there are any — of the implications or explorations are in your head, and exploited by the film, or on the screen, and exploited by your head's need to keep you above a representation of the world as a meaningless, Malevolent Morass.

Last Tango In Paris it ain't, or is, depending on whose asshole you happen to be viewing death through at the time.

Ian Penman

*(**Desperate Living** does not appear to be playing anywhere at the moment but — who knows? — keep a squashed eye out for it on BBC2.)*

On The Box

NME's guide to television films

"WELCOME, welcome, welcome home to ITV . . ."

Yes, well, it may be pure coincidence that *Silver Screen* has decided to run a regular what's-worth-looking-out-for *On The Box* column at the time that ITV has started up again, God bless 'em, but there's something vaguely premeditated about the way ITV is treating their movies already, goddam 'em.

They started badly on their first night of transmission by slicing up Roman Polanski's excellent *Chinatown* far worse than did Roman Jack Nicholson's nose (there must be a pun in there somewhere). But they truly disgraced themselves Saturday night by screening an atrocious TV 'version' of Hal Ashby's just-as-excellent *The Last Detail*. (Pure coincidence numbers two and three: both films starred Jack Nicholson, and both were scripted by Robert Towne). A tragi-comic study of institutionalised repression, *The Last Detail* relies to a great extent on the authenticity of its barrack-room language; all of this was excised (or, worse, ludicrously over-dubbed) so that very little of it made any sense whatsoever. For example, when Jack Nicholson tells an overbearing redneck bar-man "We *are* the fucking shore patrol!" it came out "Damn the shore patrol!", which actually changes the original meaning. Even Mary Whitehouse must've wondered why they'd bothered showing the bloody film at all.

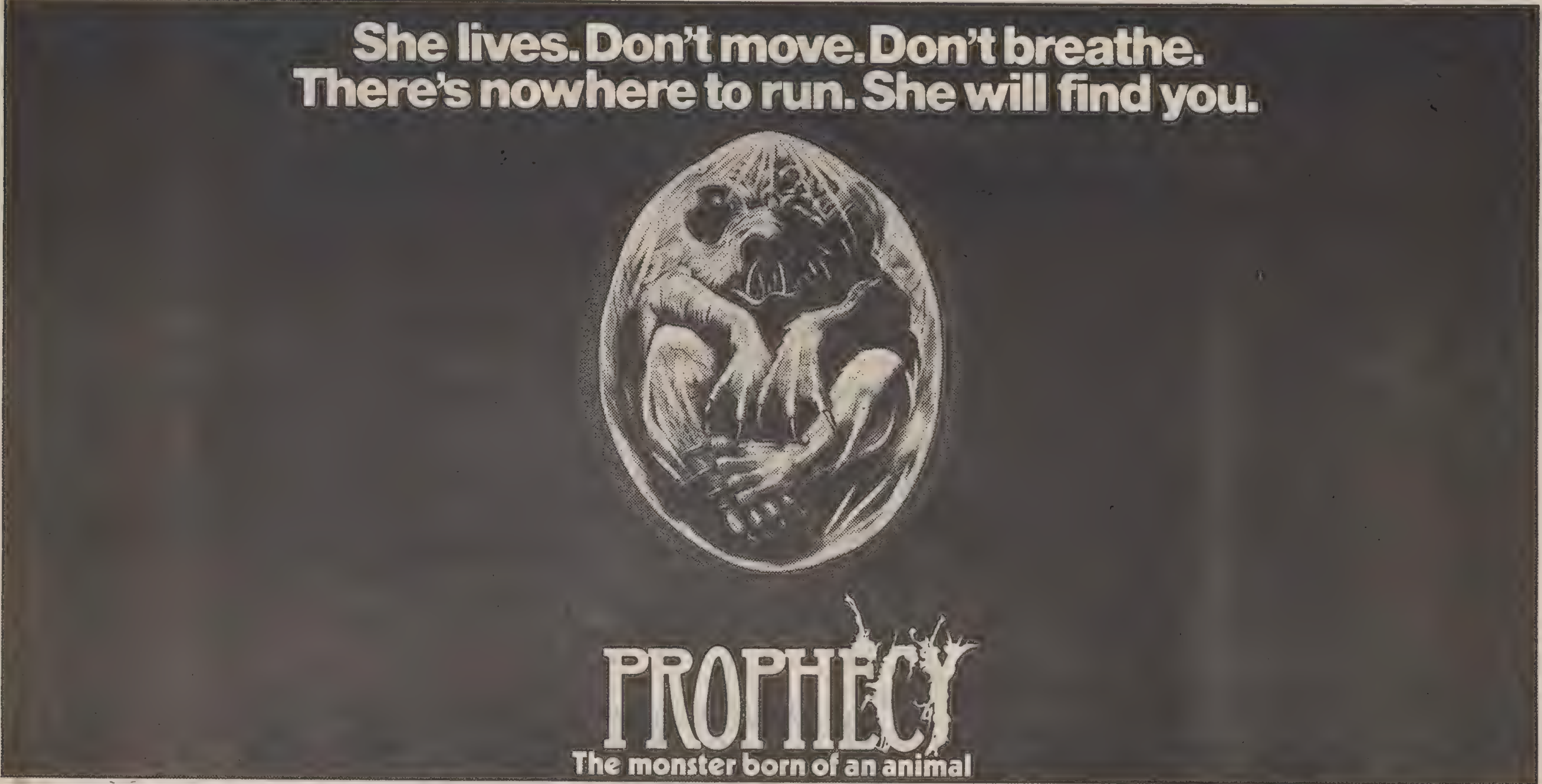
As it happens, we've no idea what ITV have up their sleeves for this week but be warned: insidious ads aside, ITV mess with movies. At least the Beeb — as evidenced as recently as their showing of Peter Bogdanovich's *Targets* — attempts to procure and transmit the most complete version of any given movie. A shame they haven't got a lot to shout about this week. By the way, the *On The Box* listing is selective.

Friday
TALKING PICTURES: Gavin Millar's monthly movie magazine focuses on M. Python's *Life Of Brian*. Also featured: *Lost And Found* (George Segal and Glenda Jackson) and John Schlesinger's *Yanks*. **(BBC2)**

Saturday
THE WORLD, THE FLESH AND THE DEVIL: Harry Belafonte, Inger Stevens and Mel Ferrer are the sole survivors of a nuclear war in this 1959 Ranald MacDougall sci-fi soap opera. Got to be worth a giggle, espacially when you consider MacDougall's next flick was called *Go Naked In The World*. **(BBC-2)**

Sunday
THE POSSESSED: a 1977 TV movie with Joan Hackett and James Farentino fighting off fires, exorcism and the odd death or two at a girls' school. A Party Four special. **(BBC 2)**

Thursday
JUST A BOY'S GAME: a *Play For Today* from the award-winning team of writer Peter McDougall and director John McKenzie *(Just Another Saturday)* in which Frankie Miller — yes, *the* Frankie Miller — plays Jack McQuillen, a man trying to be as hard as his grandfather's legend. Ken Hutchinson plays his mate and it's set in a pub so it can't be all bad. **(BBC 1)**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HERMAN BROOD IS IN A BAD ~~MOOD~~ BLOOD

But what's a little matter of a blood change if it's all for the sake of rock'n'roll? Herman broods on the heroism of heroin, Bob Edmands smiles and feels sorry for him . . .

SITTING IN the lobby of a London hotel, the Dutch pop singer Herman Brood suddenly unbuttons his shirt and pulls it down over his right shoulder to display a one-word tattoo. "Doreen," it says.

That happens to be the name of a track on Herman's first album released in Britain, and I've just asked him who Doreen was. "She was a girl I was in love with for almost a year and a half." The thought seems to make him emotional. "I like it very much to be in love."

He then pulls his shirt down over his left shoulder to reveal another tattoo. This one says:"Pop". It's in a little box, and there's a tattooed tear about to drop from one corner. Herman likes the tear. He thinks it's a nice touch.

I don't ask him whether "Pop" was his Dad in case he gets upset again. Besides, by this time, the desk clerk is looking at us a bit strangely.

Herman Brood might seem to many people to be one of those obscure continentals that the publicity machines are trying to foist on us, just like another of Herman's old girlfriends, Nina Hagen. In fact, though, Herman has been a big deal in Holland with number one records and the like, and these days he's in the process of making it in the States. His album and the single from it, "Saturday Night', have both flirted with the charts.

I reckon Herman sounds a bit like Bob Seger, though the girlie choruses and the tinkling pianos also recall old Leon Russell records. Herman says it's never occurred to him that he sounded like Seger, and I don't mention my thought about Leon Russell, because Herman's a hefty lad.

Imagine Benny Hill got up to look like Gary Glitter without the glitter. Or Elvis Presley at 50. That's Herman, who's 33, but a little ravaged with it.

While he's somewhat plump to be in the Keith Richard class, he's evidently anxious to establish his credibility as a butch junkie. At one point, he pours out a little heap of white powder on the bar, wipes it up with a wet forefinger, and proceeds to smear it on his tongue. Commercial travellers drinking nearby look on without comprehension.

When I first meet Herman, he is complaining about pains in his insides. His discreet publicist Kit Buckler attributes this to indigestion. Was it something he ate?

"More likely it is something I didn't eat. We have a lot of pain, we junkies, you know. One reason is that when you come to a new town you always end up scoring dope at the wrong places, which causes lots of pain." He laughs a little unpleasantly. "Maybe it's not the wrong dope — just different dope, and the body has to get used to it."

Herman's publicity coyly suggests that Herman is a former addict, but he's obviously not so inhibited.

"I wouldn't say I kicked it. Things are going well for me, so I can afford it.

"When I first went to America I didn't dare to take any dope in the plane, so the first day I arrived in Nashville, I'm absolutely clean, you know. I think I was in a coma for three days. But the record company (Ariola) didn't say: 'What's this? Send him back home'. Instead they treated me very well, and got me back on my feet again."

Does Herman ever regret being an addict?

"Oh no," he says. "It's a big romance for me. A wild romance. I am a collector of experiences." *(And looking forward to collecting the final pay-off, eh Herm? — Ed.)*.

But is it worth the pain?

"It's like part of yourself. I like to get loaded, you know. I really like to take in things. I've given up fixing, though and that's a big step. I was shooting myself up six times a day for 10 years, but now I think I'm going to get better."

THE CONFESSIONS of Herman Brood merge almost too readily. I'd only been talking to him for 10 to 15 minutes when he came out with all this. No doubt it's all true. After all, his songs are full of references to his habit: 'Rock'n'roll Junkie', 'Dope Sucks', etc. But it's not that he's simply open about it, he's positively ostentatious.

Ultimately, it's a bit sickening, like hearing an alcoholic boasting about his capacity for booze. Just a bit of twisted machismo, pretending a crippling weakness is a great strength. Pathetic really.

Still, all that apart, Herman seems amiable enough, and he's undeniably talented.

Herman says he was born in a town called Zwolle in the north-east Netherlands. His father kept a bar — "a heavy bar, full of gypsies" — and his mother was an oriental dancer. "I had many mothers," he says, "but she was the first."

Herman began his music career playing piano in an R'n'B band, but his habit put him out of the business for seven years, and — whoops — we're back into confession time again.

"When I got back into the business again, they would not let me into America at frist, because I have a crime situation behind me."

Serious crimes?

"The most serious was robbing a pharmacy with a toy gun. That's why they caught me, because it was a toy gun."

Would they have caught you otherwise?

"I don't know. Probably not."

Why did you do it?

"Well, dope is one good reason to break into a pharmacy. But I had a fever to do it, just like I had a fever to climb up a drainpipe into a house, or go on stage in front of 50,000 people. It gives you a kick. Even when they put me in the madhouse —"

They put you in a madhouse?

"Even when they put me in a madhouse — which they did four times — I had fun with the nurses and the psychiatrists."

Why did they put you in there though?

"I got involved with crime all the time because of the dope situation, and because I got bored with gaols with only men I managed to get myself put in the madhouse, because the wall is a lot lower."

BY APPARENT coincidence, Herman's next album will be called 'Go Nuts'. His first to be recorded in America, its title was inspired by a gig at the Bottom Line club in New York.

"It was our first ever show in New York," Herman explains, "And we'd

THE METEORS
NEW ALBUM
TEENAGE HEART
INCLUDES THE SINGLE
MY BALLS ACHE
EMI5000
CURRENTLY ON TOUR WITH
LENE LOVICH

Herm nods out. Pic: Mike Laye.

had four days off before it. I hadn't been to sleep for four days. So when I stumbled on stage and found out that it was a show for record company people I was real abusive towards them. Afterwards, the doorman said to me: 'You're nuts'. So I took it as a compliment, and it gave me a title for the album."

Herman plays me a track from the record. It's a love song called 'Laurie' about the bass player in one of Kim Fowley's jail-bait groups. Seems that Laurie left Herman and the rebuff inspired him to write the song.

He explains that the album will be a change of style for him.

"I want to get rid of all this junk and street shit. I want to write songs like Holland-Dozier-Holland and Smokey Robinson. I love Motown. I went to the Music Machine here in London and saw a band. I don't know who it was. I didn't like them. But they played Motown while the band were off and that was great.

"A lot of people find it charming when white boys sing crippled soul music. When Mick Jagger sings 'Ain't Too Proud To Beg', for example."

Do you find it charming?

"I like to do it. Other people have to find it charming."

Herman says he's learnt a lot about music in America.

"I have a lot of new insights. They try to discipline us and clean us up, and this is a good thing. Obviously, they can't clean us up completely. But I want to broaden my horizons.

"They suggested to me that I write songs the way people talk, so that teenagers have something to relate to. Also, instead of singing 'Rock'n'Roll Junkies', we sing 'Rock'n'Roll Gypsies'.

"When you're in America, you understand why punk didn't happen. They're far too happy there."

America also cleaned up Herman's album sleeve. The version released there has a shot of him singing into a microphone, whereas the sleeve on sale here features a close-up of Herman's crotch, evidently a source of pride for him. Why choose that picture, Herman?

Surprisingly, Herman goes a little red in the face. "It was the idea of the artist who made the cover. He thought that part was very recognisable."

Is it what your music's about?

"I suppose it has some relation to the bathroom. In America they thought it was too disco. Too gay.

"I love America though. I can't stand those British chauvinists in the rock papers who try to put America down. I think that music journalists write with great style, but it's disappointing how chauvinistic they are.

"Chauvinism can be a good thing. Obviously, it helps keep your situation alive and you need that here very much. But it's not fair."

Has Herman suffered at the hands of chauvinistic rock writers?

"Not yet, no. I've just arrived.

NEXT YEAR Herman hopes to establish himself in the movies. He's already made one film, called *Cha-cha,* it stars him and Nina Hagen and Lene Lovich as a trio of bank robbers.

Herman says he and Nina considered getting married while the film was being made, but they didn't, and now the film's completed they don't see too much of each other. He doesn't have much to say about Nina.

He waxes eloquent, though, about his prospective film career. It seems he's had the not too original idea of a film about the rock business, as seen through the eyes of a roadie. It'll be called *Road Dog;* he's written his own script, and hopes to direct it himself.

"It will be about all the incredible bullshit and the horrible fights. Onstage of course it's all smiling, but offstage it's different. For example, the other day I stole some meat off my drummer's plate, and the drummer stabs me in the hand with his fork."

As the interview draws to a close, Herman offers to draw me a cartoon, as he used to make a living as a cartoonist. In the event it's a sharp little comment on the sexist posturings of rock stars.

There's a picture of an aged, perspiring guitarist being lectured by his manager. The caption reads: You got to get yourself together man. That guitar solo sounded like you don't *care* you didn't get laid for three days."

Obviously, there's more than a touch of self-mockery about the joke. Herman is evidently a sharp enough character beneath all the bluster.

I wondered how he managed to cope with all the squalor he describes, the drugs and the fights.

"Well, if you get fed up with it and you don't feel like going on the stage to sing, then you take some dope and then you feel like singing again."

Of course, Herman, of course. Silly of me to ask, really.

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29	*HANLEY*	*Victoria Hall*
30	*LEICESTER*	*De Montfort Hall*
31	*SHEFFIELD*	*City Hall*

November

1	*EDINBURGH*	*Odeon*
2	*GLASGOW*	*Apollo*
3	*ABERDEEN*	*Capitol*
5	*BRISTOL*	*Colston Hall*
6	*MANCHESTER*	*Free Trade Hall*
7	*DERBY*	*Assembly Rooms*
8	*COVENTRY*	*New Theatre*
9	*LANCASTER*	*University*
10	*LEEDS*	*University*
11	*NEWCASTLE*	*City Hall*
12	*LIVERPOOL*	*Empire*
13	*WOLVERHAMPTON*	*Civic Hall*
14	*BIRMINGHAM*	*Odeon*
15	*BRIGHTON*	*Dome*
16	*SOUTHAMPTON*	*Gaumont*
17	**LONDON**	**Hammersmith Odeon**

The revolution will start when Paul Weller has supped his pint

Interview by PAUL MORLEY

Pictures by PENNIE SMITH

"I WOULDN'T say I'm a very articulate person, but I seem to be able to articulate when I write lyrics . . ."

Paul Weller's voice is south east deep and wide, possessing only in patches the flash, cynical vulgarity of, say, and extrovert East Ender. He's engaged in promotional conversation, and he's forcing himself.

And I'm confronting him with . . . You tend to say a lot that you're not a very interesting person, that in this situation you have nothing to say.

"The thing is, like, when you read something like . . . well, take that Clash article you wrote. Joe's a really interesting person, he's clever the way he strings words together — it's an art form innit, right? I'm not saying he's pretentious. I'm just saying he's clever. It makes good copy, it's interesting reading.

"I'm not coming out with my theories on world politics, because I don't think it's very important. It's not up to me to say. I'm not a spokesman or anything like that."

Paul Weller finishes what for him is a lengthy outburst, perhaps pleased that he's made that spokesman point again, perhaps not. Who can tell? Weller's expression remains as smooth as his skin. He dutifully waits for the next question, neither patient nor impatient.

I wonder what is important for him.

"Important things are making sure there's food on the table, making sure you can generally pay the rent, making sure that I can buy clothes and generally do what I want to do. Same as anybody else."

He shrugs his shoulders, finishing with yet another barely disguised poke at the absurdity of the pop interview procedure. And waits. I clumsily panic into the next point.

It's a little affected your sitting back and saying you don't give good copy. Once you've agreed to do the interview, the copy's going to turn out whatever.

"Yeah, I suppose so . . ."

All it consists of is you apprehensively picking your way through half answers, saying you don't give good copy, and content to let Bruce Foxton and Rick Buckler get on with it.

"I don't want to get in the situation where I'm the spokesman for the group. The Jam is a group. I don't like the idea of getting singled out."

You said once that you were upset about someone at *Record Mirror* deciding you were a dull simple lad.

"Not upset. Nothing gets me down. The person who came along was just doing his job and fair enough he's got to earn his bread and butter, but I just can't see the point of coming along just for the sake of it, just to get the X amount of words a week."

Do you dislike doing interviews because you feel the person on the other side of the tape recorder is not really interested?

"Sometimes. But to be fair, most people, I hesitate to say, were fans, but they have really wanted to do it. I'll speak to anyone who's interested."

And then throw up things like "I'm not very interesting." Is this how you genuinely feel?

He wears down. "Most of that, it's like taking the piss. My sense of humour is like incredibly funny to me but probably non-existent to other people."

Paul Weller's sense of humour *is* well hidden. He waits for another question. Do you dislike talking about your lyrics because you feel there's nothing else to say?

"Yeah. I just think, if I was doing something like not very clear lyrics then I'd feel that I'd have to explain outside the songs, but mine are really self-explanatory."

Do you feel a need to explain the person behind them? Maybe you feel the interviewer isn't bothered — but what about the reader, the person who buys your music?

"Yeah, I imagine they are. But another thing: I hate some person living up in Manchester or wherever it may be, Newcastle, to get the wrong impression of me, as if I'm doing something I'm not. That sort of bothers me. The best time for me is after gigs, like I can talk to people then. Afterwards, you actually meet the person . . ."

What do you talk about?

"Songs and that. A lot of it's about the songs. I find I can talk to them a lot easier than I can talk to you or whatever. They're probably fully into it . . . they're on the same wavelength. I'm not into sort of trying to convince anyone — it's not that important to convince anybody how really great we are, how much you should listen to our music, 'cos it's up to them. It's people's choice."

Do you feel a need to convince people about any particular ability to communicate?

"I suppose a subconscious one. Yeah, I mean I suppose I must have something inside me that wants to convince people — otherwise I wouldn't go on stage. To me that's gotta be like 80 per cent of going on stage, y'know. I mean I think what we do is good, therefore I want other people to hear it, but I'm not going to become so dogmatic about it that I ram it down other people's throats . . ."

So, I ask, what do you think is good about The Jam? Paul Weller smirks; not laughs.

"I dunno. Honesty . . ." The thing he mostly respects Pete Townshend for is his honesty.

"I think what we're saying is realistic. I just

Continues over ▸

"That's how I feel. It's a lazy attitude, but in another sense it's a realistic one. There's all this going on in the world, Cuba and nuclear threats, but as long as I've got enough for a pint I can tolerate it."

And The Jam will load the rifles when their tea-break is over

From previous page

think it's more honest than a lot of what other bands are doing. I think one thing is, we're not supplying answers, we're not even questioning things, I'm just stating what I feel at the time . . ."

He waits for another question.

Without a care in the world.

PAUL WELLER talks, moves around rooms, climbs up stairs, drinks coffee, plays pool, says hello and bye-bye as if he hasn't a care in the world. There seems to be an entire absence of pressure or concern. Maybe it's discipline, maybe it's shyness; more likely it's resignation. Resignation — that makes you either laugh out loud all the time, cower in a corner or get all distant. Weller's more distant than anything.

Aah! The snap assumptions and descriptions of the pop interview!

Awareness is pain. For Paul Weller awareness is all this; a little bit of frustration and indignation and a lot of resignation. This doesn't mean he has no energy or pose, no ambition or dignity. He is no exhibitionist, but he has beliefs. There is a kind of humanism about him, a combination of pragmatism and drowsy idealism. He is solid rather than serious, ultimately accepting rather than gloomy. He refers to the glamour and hustle of the pop world only incidentally and even then reluctantly.

He is rather young; a whisper into his third decade. With characteristic self-deprecation, which is perhaps just an off-putting extension of the flat, natural way he accepts praise, insult or comment, he'll dismiss notions of rock'n'roll precociousness or genius.

"No, I don't think I'm particularly special or anything. I mean, there are loads of kids who can articulate a situation without having to write a song or write an article.

"You'd be surprised. There are lots of people who do write things down. It's just a sheer fact that they never get them published, y'know, they never get a chance to make records. But anyone could do it and lots of people do. Like this publishing things that I've got going" — Weller's modest, natural literary aspirations have caused him to set up a small publishing company, Riot Stories, to encourage and perhaps publish the private writings of "non-professional" poets and lyricists — "a lot of kids have sent stuff in that's like really good. They've probably just scribbled it down one night they were in the pub or something, it probably doesn't mean anything to them at the time, but y'know, some of it's great.

"Because I can relate to it, it's on the same sort of wavelength as me. They're writing things that if I just came out and said them, in black and white would sound very mundane — you'd have to read them. I mean they're just basically talking about their life, about work, about everything, I dunno — everyday experiences.

"Like me old man" — silver-haired puffy-skinned John who manages The Jam — "he can say in just a couple of sentences something you try and say in three songs. Y'know, I'm not special. I may have been young to have made three, four LPs but it's like I was 18 when we were signed up and I've been through a lot in the past three years.

"I feel lucky, I feel proud, I feel all those things, to have got where I am, to be able to make records. It's a bit of luck and it's conviction, what you feel, what you believe in. I'd never go cap in hand, though: thank you for putting me here . . ."

Weller is an uncontroversial, unyielding opposite to Pursey's brash caricature of the working class animal up to show. Working class not meaning anything here but a series of values. As with Pursey, Weller's work is often at the mercy of crude emotions, but unlike Pursey it can be taken seriously as inventive descriptions of surrounding and internal turmoil. Weller's words are deft and driving sketches of contemporary values, encounters, communities, distorted by wishful thinking.

Weller has been reading a lot lately.

"I dunno, I was really thick and I couldn't talk to nobody," he wrily notes with a twinkle in his eye. He's been reading British novels of the late '50s, early '60s. Sillitoe's *Saturday Night And Sunday Morning* and *The Loneliness Of The Long Distance Runner* are favourites. Like Sillitoe, Weller has the ability to be simple, precise and effective, and the hatred of injustice, hypocrisy and exploitation that forces its way through *Long Distance Runner* is not unlike Weller's own.

"I feel that I'm doing something similar in the sense that books are a chronicle of their time, and that's the way I feel about our songs."

He eagerly points out that none of their books really give an answer. "Not giving answers" is something Weller sees as positive within The Jam, and will often refer to; the hopefully objective power to describe atmosphere, emotion and environment but not preach. But not giving answers to what?

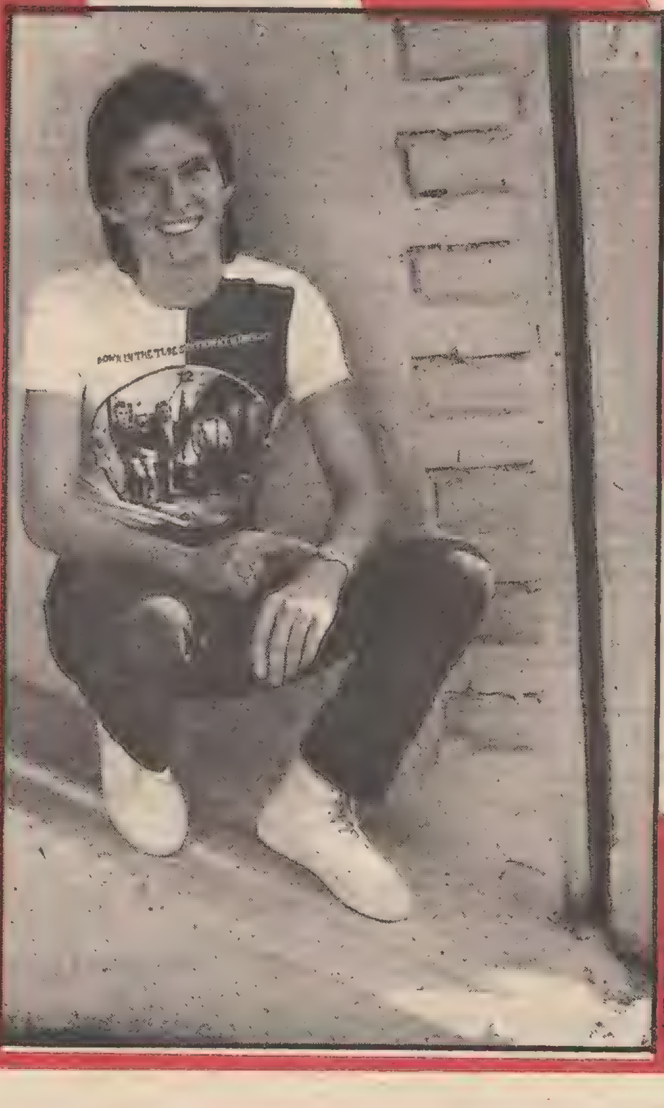
"To whatever the social problems are, y'know . . . but the main thing, most of the characters in *Saturday Night* and *The Long Distance Runner*, they just said that whatever the pressures were upon them and inside them, they'd never change, they'd never get beaten . . ."

Is that optimistic or pessimistic?

"It's pessimistic, but there's light at the end of the tunnel."

Weller sups slowly.

Rick Buckler wonders if he'll ever finish.



Bruce Foxton tells him the pubs are open.

For Paul Weller the problem is the pressures of society, the claustrophobia of expectation and exploitation; his solution is tolerance and resistance. Talking about The Jam's new single 'Eton Rifles' he'll say: "It's a piss-take on class. It's an imaginary setting and that — the two classes clash, like the trendy sort of revolutionary saying in the pub, 'Come on, sup up and collect your cigarettes cos there's a row down the road', and it's like 'The revolution will start after I've finished my pint'. That's how a lot of people feel. That's how I feel. It's a lazy attitude, but in another sense it's a realistic one. There's all this going on in the world and that, Cuba and that crap and nuclear threats and everything, but as long as I've enough for a pint I can tolerate all this."

And that's how you feel?

"Yeah, basically. I don't think there's too many people who feel different."

Thinking about starvation and Cuba and nuclear activity: do you think about these things enough to paralyse you?

"It scares me sometimes, but I also think what the fuck can I do about it? The sheer fact that I put it down on plastic isn't going to change anything. I could put my feelings down on plastic and send it off to all the heads of state in the world and they're not going to hear it, and even if they did they wouldn't do anything about it. So all you can do really is operate within your own people. It's like a series of tribes or something, we're just operating within our tribe . . .

"But I still don't think, depending on what your background is, I don't think you've ever got much chance of breaking out of being owned."

You feel people are telling you what to do?

"Sure, yeah."

People you can identify?

"A bit of both. Outside of record companies, they don't hassle us too much . . . just y'know, the Tory Government . . ."

Does it scare you?

"I find it a bit frightening. I think the most frightening thing is that there is nothing you can do about it — not unless you talk about revolution, and that doesn't mean a lot. All you can do is vote against it.

"Like, you're not in control of your future. There's a line in 'When You're Young' — *The world is your oyster but the future's a clam'* — that's just how I feel about it really. The world could be your oyster really, there's no reason why it should be confined to one country or one lifestyle. But that's how it is and it'll never change."

So that's your attitude: that's how it is, there's nothing I can do about it, I might as well carry on?

"Yeah. I mean I'm not saying I accept it, like the character in *Saturday Night* — he knows that everything's going against him and he realises that there's nothing you can do about it, but there's obviously something inside him that says they're never going to make me change and I'll always think this way and that's all you can do — and that's pretty much how I feel."

PAUL WELLER would call his upbringing 'smooth'.

"Yeah, it was smooth. We always had food and we always had clothes and that. But there are still things that annoy me. Like we've been sort of knocked for writing class songs and that but I feel justified in writing them. Like Woking's a very class polarised town, there's a very working class area and then a middle class, rich area, which is very extreme in that sense. But I never had it hard, you know what I mean?"

The Jam have been around in various forms since Weller was 14. Singing love songs "without ever having experienced anything". Punk made him drastically reconsider.

"It made me realise that everything I'd done before was a load of shit, and like I should do things naturally instead of doing American and trying to sing like Otis Redding, which is just impossible."

Weller seems to have gone out of his way to associate himself with the punk thing.

"I don't associate myself with anything too closely, I don't think it pays to really. If it wasn't for punk nothing else would have started anyway. I wouldn't say we started it or anything but we still carry on some of the traditions. Not for the safety pin Fleet Street part of it, just the honesty behind it . . ."

That you express yourself honestly?

"Yeah. It sounds corny . . ."

Is that putting yourself down again?

"Huh, maybe. I dunno, everything that's really honest is always trying to become cliched because you've had it and it's the truth and it starts to be repeated so many times."

The Jam were an original punk group, distinguished by their acutely English approach and their attitude towards presentation, influence and discipline. In three years they have been up and down, across the ocean, in the charts and teeny magazines and cuddled by the heavy critics. There have been three LPs and a steady stream of singles, most of their 45s doing enough to warrant *TOTP*. The group have pulled through the various problems that have affected the punk groups; the ones of compromise and routine and attitude that have done strange things to the Pistols, Clash, Damned, Sham, Banshees, Devoto, Penetration, the ones which Joy Division, Slits and Gang Of Four haven't come up against quite yet.

Jam's survival may be due to Weller's

> “I feel lucky, I feel proud, I feel all those things, to have got where I am, to be able to make records. It's a bit of luck and it's conviction, what you feel, what you believe in. I'd never go cap in hand, though; thank you for putting me here... ”

prosaic attitude. Whatever, The Jam have never been stronger. I ask Weller if three years with Polydor and its effect has seen them lose touch with what he feels is The Jam audience.

"I would say quite the reverse. I dunno, I think we've reached the stage where we're communicating better than we've ever done before. Definitely — apart from the size of the halls and everything — and I think that if the songs are powerful enough they get over that anyway. The songs are the breach between that."

You feel you're growing up, sharpening your craft?

"Probably, yeah. I'm taking a wider view of things rather than dashing into things and making rash statements. I try to look at things from all angles, basically. But predominantly I'm writing for myself. I think you've got to do that really, otherwise you might as well write everything if you're writing for a certain audience."

How do you view success?

"I dunno, I'm not into world domination and all that. Conquering the States and trying to break the States doesn't seem to be the thing to do. I think that situation would be if a lot of people would just buy it for the sake of it."

You'd be taken one dimensionally?

"Eventually, yes. At the moment in the States there are lots of people who are really into it but that's just on the cult scale and that's just as bad really. They'd go and see anyone remotely connected with punk and new wave. The short fact that they're going to see us as The Police is enough in itself. Or the Dire Straits as a new wave band, or M and their 'Pop Music' in the American Top Ten and Paul Gambaccinni saying this is the first British new wave record in the American charts!"

Do you see large-scale success as irrelevant?

"I think it's just a personal thing. I couldn't hope to define success. I don't think in terms of success at all. I don't think, getting to number 15 — oh, there's another success, another hit. I'm obviously pleased but I can't relate to something like being successful. Success to me is writing a song that I really like."

As satisfaction?

"Satisfaction's such a complacent word. I feel pleased that I've eventually got something out, but I still keep striving and the day I stop striving is the day I turn out shit. You might think that already . . . The day when you start writing songs purely because there's another 1p due . . ."

You've got there yet?

"Not yet. At the moment I'm full of ideas."

If you felt that you were losing that conviction, that it was becoming routine, would you quit The Jam?

"Initially I would say yeah, I would, y'know, but there would be lots of things that I'd miss. I'd like to say yeah I'd do something else, but I don't know."

I HAD MY two-hour package tour through the glimpsable fringes of Weller's views at a recording studio a five-minute drive from the West End of London. The Townhouse, Virgin's latest weapon in their world takeover, where The Jam and established producer Vic Coppersmith-Heaven are busy unfussily tidying up the group's fourth LP.

In the control room, furnished by Habitat and Space Age Electronics Inc., Coppersmith-Heaven spreads his arms wide over a bewildering array of coloured buttons and switches, half of which are surely for show, painstakingly mixing all over a song called 'Private Hell'. I perch on the side of a sofa. Paul Weller saunters in and leands up against the side of the mixing panel. I hold my breath.

Tall, bony, almost prim looking, his pointed face shows no traces of beard at all and he looks unnervingly many years younger than his actual 21. He's dressed in C&A light green casuals, with black bootees, and even as he begins to speak to me he seems mildly preoccupied. He's speaking quickly and blandly yet seems to be quite worked up about something.

"I've been listening to Joy Davision upstairs . . . very American. He sings a lot like Jim Morrison, don't you think? It's all down to 4/4 beat though. There's no such thing as nothing new . . ."

Taken back by the unexpected force of this assault I stutter the introductory conversation to a halt. Weller doesn't seem to notice. He asks for some coffee. I have some as well. He sits next to me on the sofa. I talk to him.

Since *Thrills* had branded The Jam's new LP as a "concept album" over a Nick Kent snippet a few weeks back, Weller has been at pains to re-affirm that it is not a concept LP. Like he said originally, "the story is based around the songs as opposed to the usual approach which is vice versa." It's series of songs with a link, that grew out of a story Weller conceived with friend David Waller; a fictionalised interpretation of a real-life trio of old friends, Weller being one, whose attitudes and solutions differ. The characters to the left and right of Weller he'll refer to as "strong and opiniated. Like one of me mates ia real Wolfie Smith type character, and the other one's a real sort of business man, and I'm in the middle. I can see both their points of view.

"I went out for a meal a little while ago with the one into commerce. He's making a lot of money, and he says this is his way of getting out of the rat race, and this is really alien to me but he is a totally different character. I can see that point of view to a certain extent. I can't agree with it but I can respect it."

Only five of the record's songs are concerned with these three characters. "That alone dismisses it as a concept, and I hope that these songs aren't interpreted as being the LP."

You seem very concerned about it not being seen as a 'concept LP.

"Not really. It's just that 'concept' sounds awful. Like ELP or Genesis or something . . . the word's very stigmatised, and when people hear the word 'concept' they get a very one-dimensional view of what it's going to be. Songs — they're just songs. I want people to make their own minds about what they're about, what it's going to be.

"Conventions are different, people have a different idea of tradition. Individually you never know what anyone's doing, how they're taking it. I still maintain that rock should be more than just show, but the first thing should be can you dance to it . . ."

By now the studio engineers have made a cassette tape of the new LP. Weller leads me upstairs to the pool room for a listen. As we make our way, I ask if Weller sees himself as 'a writer.'

"That sounds a bit pompous. I just don't like people having set ideas what things are about. I want them to make their own minds up. There are enough people forcing ideas down people's throats."

As we reach the stairs Weller decides. "I like the word writer better than artist . . . that sounds really bad."

IN THE POOL room, sat either side of a wooden table, before Weller plays the cassette of the LP, we do the interview. This is what it's all about.

Paul Weller is very skilful at ducking and weaving. Not self-conscious or embarrassed, but very careful, he doesn't want to assume responsibility — although accepting that to some extent he already has an amount — or pretend importance. He seems to want to appear correct and orderly with little to say for or against anybody, and little to say about himself.

Sometimes natural feelings pull him away from his comfortable reserve and he'll edge towards words of passion. Feelings come in spurts and dribbles, somewhere amongst the pauses, shrugs, I dunnos, yeahs and in a sense. Time goes by so slow.

Intentionally or not, he succeeds in emphasising the absurdity of the packaged small room interview by immersing himself into the interview vacuum at most only halfway. "My attitudes change once a month. Same as everyone else I suppose."

Is that another reason for your interview reluctance? A few feet behind Weller, Bruce Foxton, a hard-faced bassman, pools about. "It can be like that . . . you go back on yourself. It's another reason why I don't make too many rash statements. That's why we don't make good copy."

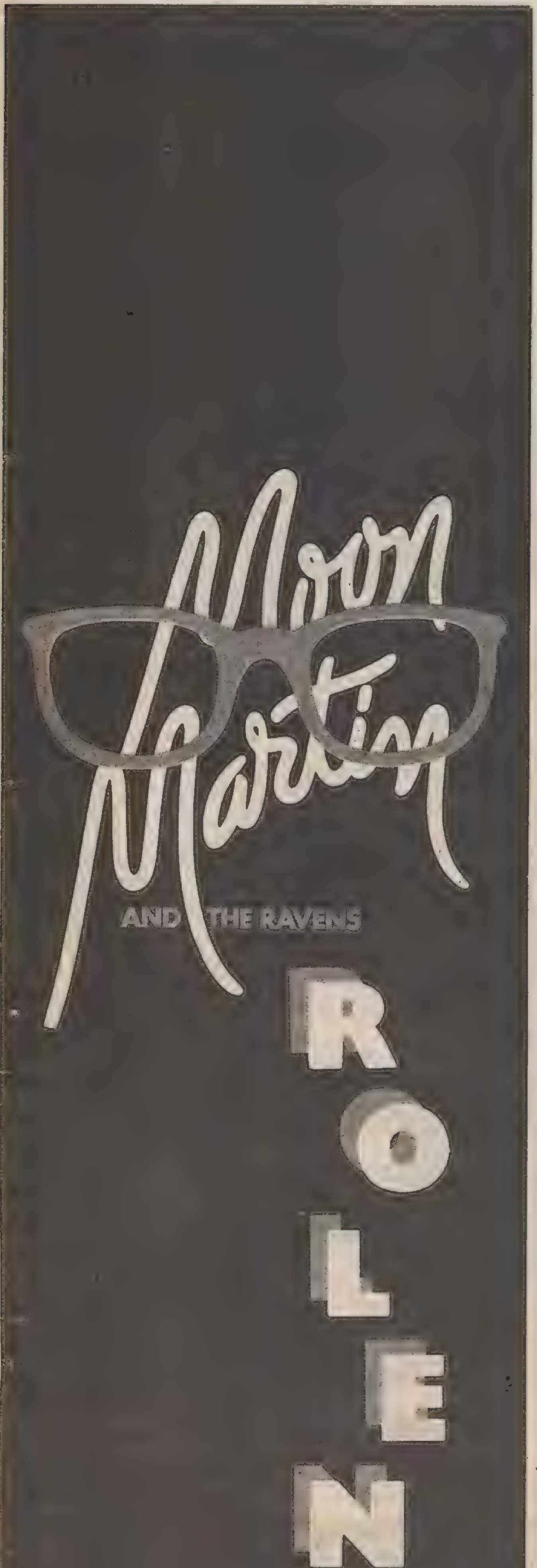
He doesn't give up. Do you hold anything back?

"Yeah, sometimes. I wouldn't say I was dishonest though. There might be something I'm dying to say but I know that in two years' time I'll feel totally the opposite."

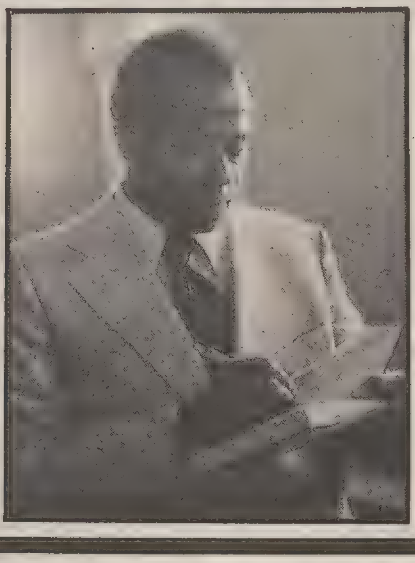
Is it the same with songs?

"Yeah, sometimes. Maybe some stuff on the first album. I can't say I regret it. Records are a difficult situation, you've done it . . . you either do it or you don't. You can't sort of worry

Continues page 71 ➧



JESUS WANTS ELDRIDGE CLEAVER FOR A SUNBEAM



Way back in the '60s Eldridge Cleaver was a leading Black Panther whose politics chilled America's establishment to the bone. Now he's swapped the gun for God, converted to Christianity and no longer advocates violent overthrow of the system. STEVE TURNER talked to the latest in the Lord's current run of celebrity successes on his recent visit to Britain.

APRIL 8, 1968. It's two days after the assassination of Martin Luther King. Eldridge Cleaver, Minister of Information for the Black Panther Party, heads up a three-car convoy of party members as they cruise through Oakland, California. Suddenly a police car turns into their path and pulls them in.

The next two hours are filled with gunfire, flashing lights, the screech of brakes, sirens, tear gas and blood. Eldridge Cleaver is arrested on a charge of attempted murder. He has bullet wounds in his leg. His travelling companion, 17-year-old Bobby Hutton is worse off. The police have shot him dead. He is the first Black Panther to die.

September 20, 1979. It's two days before 'Hosannah 79: A Christian Multi-Racial Celebration' which is to take place in Handsworth Park, Birmingham. The principle speaker, Eldridge Cleaver, sits opposite me wearing a blue-grey suit and looking like a former heavyweight boxing champion of the world in town for a Sportsman Of The Year luncheon. The last time he was in England was an unofficial visit carried out on forged documents while he was on the run from the California courts. This time he's here in the role of Mr Good Guy. A Christian speaker in fact.

He tells me how excited he is about the new Dylan album. He's been taping it and sending it to friends. Next week he's getting together for a meal with the man himself. In the '60s of course Dylan and Cleaver were at the forefront of radical activity. Both were looked up to as spokesmen. Today both are committed Christians. "God has done something very marvellous with Bob Dylan," says Eldridge Cleaver.

But one of the major differences between Dylan and Cleaver is that Dylan has kept and expanded his audience, that he's maintained his position as spokesman, while Cleaver, rather like Jerry Rubin and Timothy Leary, is a figure of only historical value. He's the sort of ideal candidate for 'What Ever Happened To . . .' columns and his story of rape, violence, communism, escape and eventual repentance is the sort to bring a warm glow to the conservative heart of America.

WHEN CLEAVER jumped bail in 1968 he did it by having an imposter stand at the door of his house along with his wife in full view of the press and police while he literally hopped over the back fence. At times I'm given to wondering whether this rather well-fed gentleman in the suit and tie isn't in the employ of Eldridge Cleaver, being set out to do interviews on his behalf while he organises the American revolution in North African guerrilla camps.

What a ruse that'd be — send a Christian clone out into the world to divert their attention and pacify their souls while planning the overthrow of America. Cleaver's done cleverer things in his life. After all, this man looks like the father of the lean and hungry young man staring out of the cover of *Soul On Ice,* Cleaver's bestseller of the 1960s written at the end of a ten-year jail stretch for assault.

He doesn't seem at all like a man who began his political activities with a series of rapes in the 1950s and then wrote: "Rape was an insurrectionary act. It delighted me that I was defying and trampling upon the white man's law, upon his system of values, and that I was defiling his women." Nor does he seem like the man capable of convincing the FBI that he was a threat to the American system and of inspiring all sorts of official dirty tricks to erase him. And, if he is Eldridge Cleaver, he still has a $100,000 bail hanging over his receding hairline.

Today Eldridge Cleaver works as a speaker and writer. It's the same 'job' he's been doing since he left jail in 1966 and began working for the Black Panther Party writing speeches for Bobby Seale and Huey Newton and organising all the party publications. But now he's not telling people to arm themselves and he's not planning training camps in Cuba, military bases in the Appalachian mountains and warfare in the streets as he did in the '60s. He's telling them that the root of the problem is spiritual and can only be effectively changed spiritually.

He says things like "Without some change on the spiritual level we cannot hope to solve the problems," and "I've gone through the experience of judging everything from the point of view of politics and economics and, when you do, you leave out a gigantic part of reality. You leave out the foundation. It's appealing to fight fire with fire but there's no victory there. The victory in putting water on the fire. This is what we do when we bring God into the picture."

This all sounds very commendable, but where's the action? What's the action? I tell him of Jerry Rubin's idea that "the 1980s will see the activism of the '60s combined with the awareness of the '70s. In the next flurry of activity we will come from a deeper psychological and spiritual base." *(Growing Up At 37).*

"Everybody comes up with the same basic analysis and the basic analysis we can all agree on," Cleaver responds. "We had that experience brought home to us in such a graphic form that you'd really have to be naive not to see the great gaping hole left by the lack of spiritual orientation.

"The problem is, where do you go from there? After you recognise it what do you do? This is where a person's individual background and practice and religious orientation determines the choice that he makes."

"After you recognise it what do you do?" — that's *precisely* the problem. There's a tendency in Cleaver to confuse personal salvation with social and economic salvation as though the two were synonymous. Worse than this he seems to have fallen into the trap of confusing Christianity with American conservatism, as though conversion to Christ should naturally mean conversion to the American Way Of Life.

I think the latter mistake is largely a result of 20 years spent studying Marxism and especially the seven years he spent on the run where he became a special guest of the Communist governments of Cuba, Russia, China, North Vietnam and North Korea. Initially he recoiled from the ruthlessness and inhumanity of the system he had worshipped from afar and then, on becoming a Christian, he recoiled from the essential atheism underlying it. It was these years that stirred up a fondness for his homeland and a real appreciation for its freedoms. With its God-language and its God-mottoes it's easy to understand his current, embracing attitude towards America.

His conversion to Christianity occurred while he was living in France at the end of his seven-year exile. It seems as indistinct as his current political thought. One evening he is out on his balcony looking at the moon. In it he sees a vision of himself as a Black Panther. This quickly changes into the image of Castro, then Mao, then Marx, then Engels and, finally, Jesus Christ. "That was the last straw," writes Cleaver in his latest book *Soul On Fire,* "I just crumbled and started crying."

Tearfully he wanders back into his room, picks up a Bible and reads the 23rd Psalm. "That night I slept the most peaceful sleep I have ever known in my life. I woke the next morning with a start, as though someone had touched me, and I could see in my mind the way, all the way back home, just as clear as I've seen anything. I saw a path of light that ran through a prison cell."

As a result of this, Cleaver made the decision to surrender to the authorities and to return to America to face his trial for the 1968 shootout. It wasn't until later, until he met a prison Chaplain, that he seemed to understand the basic Christian doctrines that normally precede conversion.

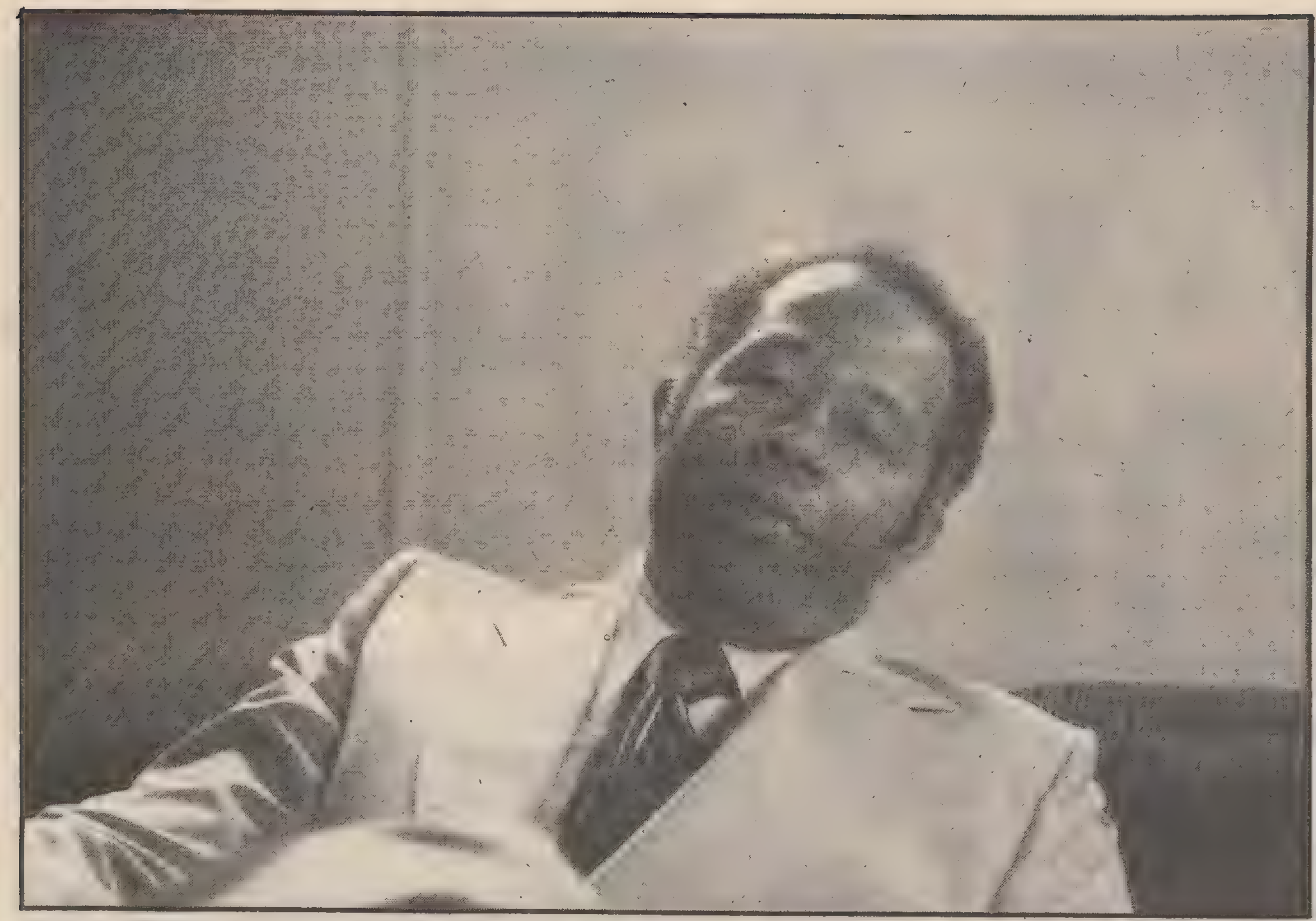
"I began to see that I'd been focussing intellectually on God and Jesus Christ," he writes. "Now for the first time I saw the difference between that and actually talking to God." Again, it's interesting to note that his acceptance of Christianity is immediately combined with an acceptance of America. Reconciliation is with God *and* the States.

I'm given to wondering what the gun-toting, hard-edged radical called Eldridge Cleaver would have thought if he'd have heard these words coming from his mouth? "I would have thought it was an imposter," he says. "I would think it wasn't me. I would think it was utterly impossible because ten or 12 years ago I didn't believe in God. I did not believe that I'd ever believe in God."

RADICAL EVANGELICAL Christians in America are more than a little distressed that Cleaver hasn't formulated a Christian political stance that goes beyond his noting that the spiritual must be taken into account along with the political and economic. They somehow expected more from this man who was himself such a major force in radical politics and who has a wealth of political experience. Most distressing to them has been his continuing identification with the conservative end of the evangelical spectrum and his praise of the American system.

I ask how it feels to become acceptable on the other side. "I've gotten over it," he says. "It was more than a little strange at first and I didn't know how to handle it. The only way was by clinging to Jesus. That was the only thing we had in common.

"Before, people who were to the right of me politically were not even real people. They were not even human beings. They were things on paper, categories and targets. Since my conversion I've had a chance to meet people whom



Pix: Steve Turner

"God has done something marvellous with Bob Dylan."

I would consider fascists, like Chuck Colson. To me Chuck Colson was a fascist." (Colson, a recent Christian convert himself, was the White House 'hatchet man' convicted in the Watergate affair).

"I've met policemen, really extreme right wing Republicans and people from the John Birch society, and so forth. These are people I could never have talked to before. I would never have had an insight into their problems and concerns and I think the Lord opens these doors to give this experience."

But isn't there a tendency for these people to use Cleaver as an example of the folly of pursuing alternative politics? To use him to reinforce the idea that the establishment was right all the time?

"I think Christians approach it a little differently," he answers. "When it comes to Christianity they were right all the time . . ." (Here I get confused. Is he saying that the establishment he was up against consisted of Christians or even behaved Christianly? I think Watergate proves otherwise.) "This also goes for some of the other things Conservatives are concerned about.

"I think they were right in their basic attitudes towards the institutions of the country. However, I still say that they were wrong all the time about some of the other concerns which divided us then and which divide us now. However, instead of having division, with Jesus in common we have something to unite us also. In the past we only had division."

THIS SEEMS to point up Cleaver's major weakness. Because of personal salvation he feels at one with John Birchers and extreme right wingers, but what has a Christian got to contribute to the very situations where division exists because of the attitudes of John Birchers and extreme right wingers? In the past he would have pulled the gun. Now he's turned his back on violence. But there are other guns which could and should be pulled in the course of justice. It's a terrible danger to confuse spiritual fellowship with Christian political action.

Politically Cleaver's reached the point where he thinks things are on the right course. The efforts of the '60s have brought a righteous system about which just has to be used. There is no longer the "black problem" but the "All-American problem".

"It's a brand new ballgame and you miss the boat if you think in traditional terms of black and white. Black people still have a lot of problems but I don't think any longer that we're pursuing black solutions. We're pursuing all-American solutions and with all these various barriers falling down it's possible to work colour-blinded."

I tell him about the problems blacks face in Britain and he says he's aware of the conflicts here.

So what would he say to young blacks growing up in Britain, with much the same pressures that he had growing up in L.A.?

"I think they have to realise that they're challenged to be larger than the opportunities to which others would limit them and that they have to be wise in their dealings with the opposition otherwise they'll be destroyed, and it's not in their interests to be destroyed. You can strike out blindly with brute strength against that which oppresses you and you can feel really justified in doing it that way but the result is that you will be destroyed."

How will they be destroyed?

"By going to prison. By being shot down in the streets. By killing people and by giving yourself to violent expressions of resentment."

But isn't this simply capitulating to the system? Isn't this saying that they're going to lose so don't bother to start?

"No," says Cleaver. "It's changing the system. It's taking hold of the system. It's not playing the system's game. The system is well qualified to play the game of violent expression and violent resentment. It's really the only game the system knows and as long as you respond that way then the system has a long tradition of meting out punishment to rebellion.

"I think that's particularly true with the English system, more so than the American system. The American system has a long history of domestic slavery. England hasn't, but it has had a long tradition of suppressing and controlling colonial subjects and it's really playing into the hands of the prejudices and administrative techniques that the English have mastered by resorting to resentment and violent rebellion and so forth.

"So I'm saying that you disarm the status quo by refusing to play its game and by applying principles that judge and condemn the status quo. That's where victory lies. Certain defeat lies in playing the system's game."

EARLIER IN our interview Cleaver had admitted that his current attitude would have seen him working closely with Dr Martin Luther King in the '60s; King himself was both a Christian and believer in non-violent revolution.

"By holding the system to a standard of judgement, by applying God's law and God's principle to the system, you judge the system and condemn its shortcomings but if you play the game of frontal attack on the system then you lose your moral position. Then you become the same as that which you're up against."

I sense that this is the criticism he'd now level at the Black Panthers. He agrees. "The biggest mistake we made was to get ourselves in a position where they could characterise us as outlaws. Once we were characterised as outlaws then everything we had to say was nullified."

So they lost ground? "We certainly did. The principles we upheld prevailed. They've become a part of government practice. But as an organisation, and as individuals, we lost our salvation and many of us were killed. There's an open market for martyrs but we should be looking beyond that. We should be looking for victory for the principles we stand for and also for our individual and collective salvation."

There's something very sad about a political figure who no longer has any power. One minute they're calling the shots and changing history and the next minute they're bar-room philosophers. The words that once would have swayed events may sound the same, but circumstances have drained them of impact.

There's an even greater sadness about Cleaver because his current celebrity status emanates from the evangelical Christian community who are using him as a symbol, using him as a good story and a good condemnation of un-American politics, with no interest in him as a political speaker and writer, which is after all how he initially earned his reputation. He's just another good, spicey 'testimony'.

And unfortunately Cleaver has allowed himself to become a victim of all this. As a Christian myself, I'm glad that he has made his own personal commitment and I'm glad that his hostility has turned to love, but I'd like to see him using all that knowledge and political ability he has to expolore a spiritual politics that would make both Marxists and Republicans shake and quiver.

Very often the experience of becoming a Christian heals so many of the wounds in a person's life that their motivations change. Reading back through the work of Eldridge Cleaver I think that he came off best and shone the brightest when he was under the most severe oppression and when his life was full of doubt. Now, with much of this removed, I think he's lost his motivating force. Instead of fighting, I think he's resting.

"Ten years ago I would have thought it was an imposter. I did not believe I'd ever believe in God."

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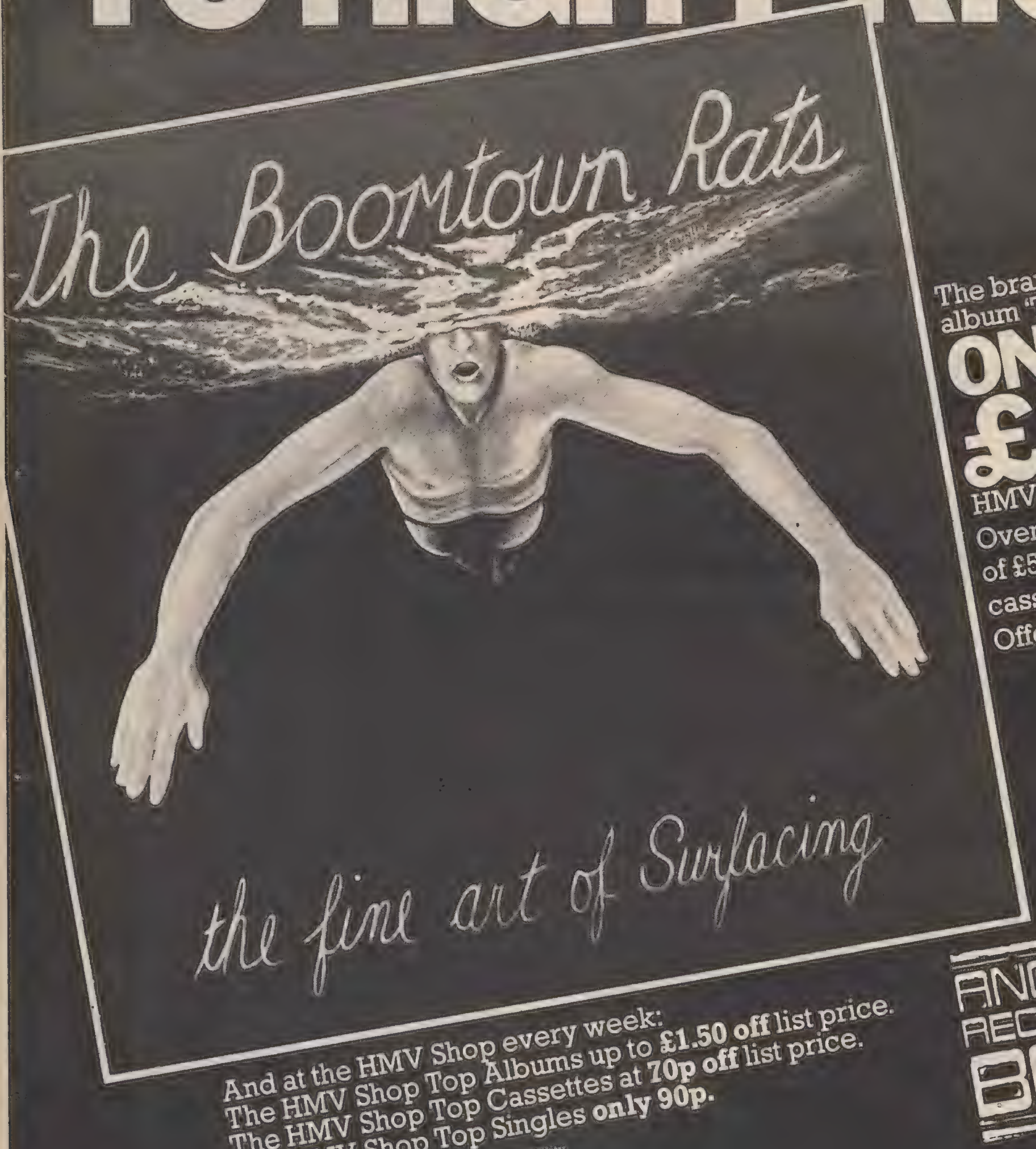
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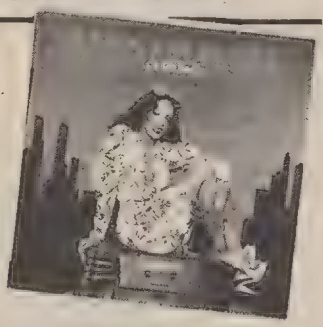


BEE GEES
Greatest *(RSO)*
DONNA SUMMER
On The Radio (Hits Vol I & II) *(Casablanca)*

AS with any party, there comes a time when all that's left are the stragglers. People sleeping on concrete settees, late gate crashers in ugly moods and insecure dorks who can't bear for the night to end. The air got heavy and stale hours ago, the room is littered with half-finished shorts and barely smoked cigarettes floating atop a water-flat beer, abandoned because there was so much of the stuff around at one point. Disco: dead as the dodo.

And so the next day you can talk about what a great party it was and run over some of the records played there and invariably they sound light and lacking atmosphere, missing the punch.

By the time The Bee Gees' last album rattled around the cage I was decidedly leaning towards the fingernails down the blackboard school of thought about the angelic Charlies. For the first time their divine whine overbalanced into slack parody. That LP was mainly responsible for the public's change of heart; the freshness and inspiration crashed down to just three millionaires taking liberties.

Well, in the short space of time since then The Bee Gees have become detached from fad and filmation, their old records have grown stronger than ever before. 'Greatest', by bunching the 45s and severely trimming the 33s, takes advantage of the breathing space and results in nothing short of exquisite listening. Time and again during my playing of this double set in the review room different heads would pop around the door to forgive and forget — the old 'enemy' now neatly neutralised and no longer playing 'them' to a fashionable 'us'.

Of the twenty tracks included only two — 'Love Me' and 'Rest Your Love' — are unnecessary.

The other 18 form a redoubtable trail of pop magic, champion records performed by the true pop answer to the late '70s rock revival.

It's irritating that some folk still feel the need to send up vocal work. "Cartoon mice" was one of the barbs. Funny how the Gibbs are silly cartoon mice yet the early Beach Boy singles are vocal gems and someone like Marvin Gaye soulful and sensitive. Still, I guess when Brian Wilson was making those records there were Dave Brubeck fans digging out the BB fans for not appreciating serious music. . .

Anyway, this review isn't going to put you through the assault course once again over something as obvious as good music. Even if you're not familiar with some of the titles, take it from here this set misses nothing that didn't deserve it; this is one of the few compilations where there can be no moans as to what is and what should have been.

'Greatest' puts a timely tin hat on disco's spent star. Even the most ardent hopeful of the genre must now realise that the spirit has flown, and in listening to the glory attack on this set appreciate that, for disco, all the great records have already been made.

Which is why Donna Summer is doing herself no favours by continuing to stand on the burning deck when all but she and Barbra Streisand have fled. (Incidentally, we are talking of the Sylvester/Gloria Gaynor/Dan Hartman strictly hoots disco. Chic and Earth Wind and Fire remain laws unto themselves and Lawd preserve them). The 'On The Radio' package is a blatant attempt by her company to build an album around her current dabblings with the funny girl Streisand. Included (in red lettering) is the almost 12-minute ramble of their joint effort single 'No More Tears', a terrible piece of work that obviously is the result of some board meeting where vehicles, product and markets were bandied about like a points system.

Coupled with this painful exercise is the 'On The Radio' track itself, which appears not once, but twice on this cynical jamboree bag. The other plate of the twin-set — course it's a twin set — is a cross section of mainly later hitlets like the turgid 'MacArthur Park' and the tame 'Last Dance' from the 'Thank God It's Friday' turkey the point at which this Indian Summer began to speak with forked tongue (good *Sun*speak eh?).

Last year GTO released a similar 'Greatest Hits', which I suspect has now been deleted — a single album that was a deal more satisfying than this and included most of this set's best tracks.

Out of the new additions, 'Dim All The Lights', flopped and 'Sunset People' was never even a single.

On the good side. . .well, the tracks are nicely segued together and the earlier ones still sound great. But knowing that you're hurtling toward that fourth side, featuring the duet with old Garbo Garbo Hey, is a terrible prospect and never lets you forget that 'On The Radio' has its hands firmly on the great public supermarket udders — Casablanca the milk sheik. Don't spoil your Xmas with it.

However when the '70s finally crawl out of the window, I'll be quite happy to be clutching the first Clash album, the upcoming Public Image album, an armful of Jam singles and a copy of The Bee Gee's 'Greatest'. That's a good balance. That's what you ears are for alright.

Danny Baker

CULTURE
International Herb
(Virgin Front Line)

IN a manner reminiscent of Peter Tosh's 'Legalise It', Culture's Joe Hill, Albert Walker and Ken Paley are pictured peering bleary-eyed through a lush thicket of the weed on the sleeve of 'International Herb'. The sense of deja-vu is an ominous one, and indeed the title track here is very much in the vein of the Bush Doctor's multifarious and banal paeans to smoking dope.

Generally, an all too cosy feeling of familiarity runs through this album, making it probably this extraordinary trio's most disappointing work to date — formularised with few surprises and, at times, even cliched.

'International Herb' is Culture's fourth album proper in a sequence which began with the seminal 'Two Sevens Clash', their sixth if you throw in the two unofficial platters, 'Africa Stand Alone' and 'Baldhead Bridge' which have surfaced from their days under the wing of Joe Gibbs. This, along with reggae's current eminence chartwise, would point the time being ripe at last for them to make a real breakthrough.

Regrettably, this is not the album with which they will achieve this end, their natural vibrancy failing to disguise a lame batch of songs. Though Joe Hill's languid voice is in fine fettle — I doubt if he could sing without genuine wit and feeling were he specifically instructed to do so — his rambling songwriting is a letdown. The album literally cries out for an 'I'm Not Ashamed' or a 'Natty Never Get Weary' to lift it, the only tune approaching this level being 'I Tried', a startling slice of sufferer's rock with an impassioned, tearful vocal performance from Hill: *"I tried and I tried and I tried and I tried to make them understand/The more penalisation is upon their backs, the more foolish they becomes."*

In fact, the album boasts (if that is the right word) only one other prime cut, side one's chant-like 'Rally Round Jahovah's Throne', while the one remaining song of note, 'Behold', is a vastly inferior cut to the version which appeared on 'Africa Stand Alone'.

The playing of The Revolutionaries is as impeccable as ever, if a shade on the predictable side, and the smooth, pastel harmonies of Paley and Walker are sharply counterpointed by the snappy, muted horns of Deadly Headley, Vin Gordon and Co, but producer Sonia Pottinger's bland mix has none of the edge of Culture's work with Joe Gibbs.

The real flaws in 'International Herb', however, must again be traced back to the threesome themselves. By Culture's own high standards, and particularly in the light of their remarkable gigs in this country earlier this year, this album is a manifest disappointment.

Adrian Thrills

Sly: Freshen The Funk

Stevie: Pass The Paraquat

SLY STONE
Back On The Right Track ***(Warner Brothers Import)***
Ten Years Too Soon ***(Epic Import)***

FILED side by side, those titles read like the bookends of a wasted decade. In their predictably loud, plain language they seem to say that the Prodigal has returned from the Wilderness. Not a bad pitch — it's almost a pity to let the truth interfere . . .

For the short era of Sly Stone's ascendency, his influence was radical and devastating. During the slow decline that followed, his music became even more radical, and also rather more personally devastating. Sly owned up to his own freaky superstar myth, and he's been playing the price ever since.

He was born Sylvester Stewart and raised in a large musical family in dry, dirty southern California. Before he formed the Family Stone he had already seen the insides of the business as a DJ and record producer in the struggling Bay Area scene prior to the explosion of '67, in the days when Motown and The Beatles ruled in High School and Bob Dylan held sway on Campus. Soul was a small cult amongst white British kids and Otis Redding and Jimi Hendrix had yet to play Monterey.

Fired by the expansive mood of the summer of luv'n'Haight, Sly took these threads and tied them all together to the hard, sweaty funk and militant racial pride of James Brown, except Sly's group was mixed and he made that pride a broader expression of a generation's fight for civil rights.

By the time Sly released his third album 'Stand!' with its 'Don't Call Me Nigger, Whitey (Don't Call Me Whitey, Nigger)' and the massive hit 'Everyday People', the shots were his to call. Otis had died and with him the soul era. The Watts and LA ghetto riots awoke a new sensibility that Motown didn't know how to keep stride with, and James Brown was too aggressively black. But Sly crossed all the cultural frontiers. His music was a fierce and simple assertion of the positivism of the time. He said: 'You Can Make It If You Try'.

'Ten Years Too Soon' is an attempt to rejuvenate this music, undoubtedly well-meant and born out of only respect as Sly's name won't sell peanuts nowadays, but ultimately a little futile. Four tracks from 'Stand!' — 'Everyday People', 'Stand!', 'Sing A Simple Song' and 'You Can Make It If You Try' — plus 'Dance To The Music', 'This Is Love' and 'High On You' from more recent albums, these have all been remixed with new drum, guitar and bass parts added by unnamed studio sidemen.

Sly in '73 — white suit, silver studs
Pic by Pennie Smith

The process is called "Disco-fied" on the cover and that about sums it up. The best that can be said is that makes you want to hear the originals all over again — and they can be found on a Greatest Hits album which, like all Sly's albums now out of print, is a staple of the second-hand bins. Incidentally, it's to Sly's credit, and perhaps to the detriment of the album, that he played no part in the remake.

As well as selling by the truck-load, 'Stand!' extended Motown's lease on the charts by inspiring Norman Whitfield's psychedelic soul productions with The Temptations. But the guileless rosy celebrations of successive hits like 'I Want To Take You Higher' began to wane with the decade; the message of imminent delivery from all the bad times grew stale when the '70s arrived instead of the new millenium.

'There's A Riot Goin' On' was released in '71 after two years of growing confusion, late showings, and last minute concert cancellations (one of which caused an actual riot in Chicago). The first copies of the album were returned to the shops because the title track was blank, and people must have felt somehow cheated.

The music on 'Riot', apart from drums, horns and brief contributions from Bobby Womack and Billy Preston was entirely the work of Sly, eerie, broken and disjointed, but utterly brilliant in every respect. Its innovations, which inspired artists as far apart as Stevie Wonder and Miles Davis, surpassed their time and sound as remarkable today as they did then, though at the time fans felt cheated and the critics were confused because the content was not what they had come to expect. They came to praise but Sly came to bury.

Though not the first record to reject the optimism of the previous decade and turn in on itself, 'Riot' was the only one to do it in a black context, with lyrics that mock the truisms Sly once exclaimed. He was trying to undermine a fraudulent myth, like John Lennon before him and John Lydon after, and like Lennon all he undermined in the long run was his own career. But what style! 'Riot' reflected bitterly and clearly the disappointments of its time — the Panthers crushed into exile, the ghettoes still the ghettoes — and acknowledged with harsh personal honesty the pervasive feeling of spiritual defeat. You could dance to some of 'Riot', but it was like trying to dance in treacle.

Stevie in '77 — white suit, black braids
Pic by Chris Walter

Two years later Bruce Lee died and the world craze he started was about to peak. Sly's kung-fu high kick on the cover of his next album, 'Fresh', was faked. If nothing else, 'Fresh' was notable for the playing of long-time band member and brother Freddie, Rusty Allen, and Andy Newmark; the slippery way Sly was trying to renew his appeal without conceding too much to his past.

Since then there have been three albums, 'Small Talk', 'High On You' and 'Heard Ya Missed Me, Well I'm Back', which sound like they were made increasingly more out of habit than compulsion. In '76 Sly was grateful for the chance to support his most obvious musical heirs Parliament, delivering hollow versions of his own inventions while they explored the possibilities.

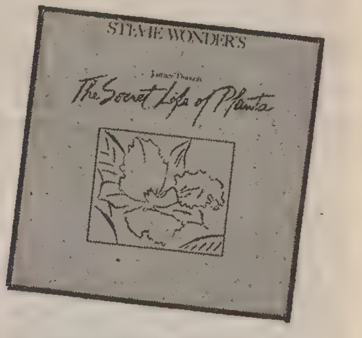
Three years on he's back in the ring with a re-vamped Family Stone featuring bro' Freddie on guitar and horn players Cynthia Robinson and Pat Rizzo from earlier line-ups, on an album produced by Mark Davis and Hamp Banks, the architect of much of his post-'Riot' career (such as it is), for a brand new label.

The title promises a lot and some of what it promises is delivered, though the right track in question seems to lead as far away as possible from the commercial folly of 'Riot', but that's to be expected. People don't make albums as superlative as 'Riot' more than once, and aren't given the chance to alienate their audience again once they have.

But Sly has picked the hard way to bounce back, avoiding the slick, easy formulas of disco, despite having made the music that was its forerunner, and opting for a dense, funky stew of a sound more redolent of his 'Stand!' days, with catchy lyrical platitudes inviting you to be 'real' to complete its marketable feel. Yet it has its moments, especially the sharper autobiographical words and deft arrangements of 'Who's To Say?', and it has the drop on most of what he's done since 'Fresh' — but a mere 25 minutes of music is not exactly what you'd call a bargain, nor is it evidence of burning renewed creativity.

If he is back on the right track then it's probably ten years too late. Sly once sang that *"Dying young is hard to take — selling out is harder"*. But the meanest trip of all is to get back where you started.

Paul Rambali



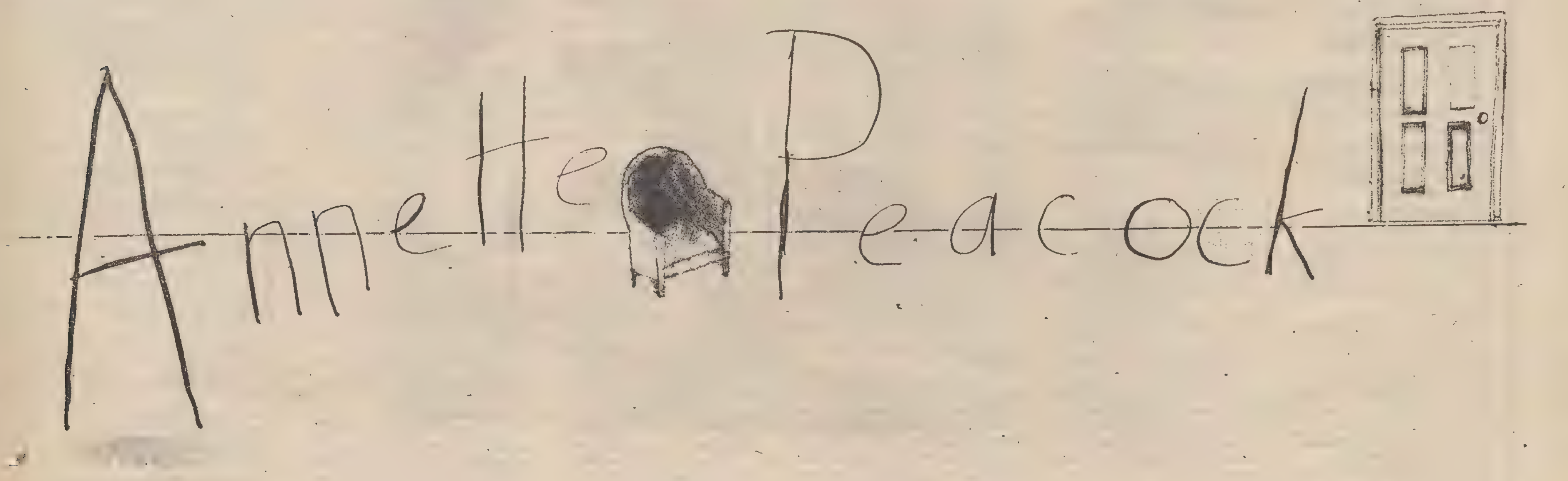
STEVIE WONDER
Stevie Wonder's Journey Through The Secret Life Of Plants ***(Motown)***

IT'S just as well EMI failed to make this smell, because only the sweetest, most sickly and nauseous whiff of rotting greenery would have suited 'Stevie Wonder's Journey Through The Secret Life Of Plants'.

Three years in the making (and, apparently, remaking — Stevie decided to do it all again on digital equipment), this £8.50 double album is a monument to an ambitious musician's self-indulgence and self-deception: a microscopic seed of an idea fertilised to monstrous, mutant proportions and an appalling conceit. Motown executives the world over must be huddled in dark corners, holding heads in hands, frantically kicking themselves and rueing the day they ever gave Wonder complete control over his recorded output.

It's probably too soon to write off Wonder, now 29, as a man who's reached the end of his creative tether, but the signs certainly point that way. 'Journey' makes even the flabby 'Songs In The Key Of Life', another double, seem positively to the point.

Wonder describes 'Journey' as "a serious career move". He *must* be joking — either that or the "famous sense of Wonder humour" so beloved of Motown press copywriters



is wackier than they imagine. All 'Journey' (which isn't even the 'official' soundtrack of the film of Bird and Tompkins' book of populist para-science, although it does contain "substantial portions" of same) indicates is that Wonder, like so many before him, has fallen victim to a genuinely pathetic fallacy, that of his own artistic invincibility.

Contrary to popular belief, musical megastars are *not* Renaissance men and women capable of turning their hands to anything, of metamophosing any old lump of mud into gold. David Bowie, for example, cannot actually act (as in 'serious' drama), and Stevie Wonder cannot actually compose (as in 'serious' music).

The seven or so instrumentals dotted across these four sides may be Wonder's idea of fearlessly treading where no great black popular artiste has trod before, but in reality they're little more than immature little squiggles, most of them sounding alarmingly similar to the sort of self-important pomp perpetrated by ELP and, worse still, by Todd Rundgren with his 'Treatise On Cosmic Fire', the incoherent and supremely pretentious babble of synthesised silliness that comprised the second side of his 'Initiation' album.

'Earth's Creation', 'The First Garden', 'Journey To India' (sitars an obvious optional extra here), 'Seasons', 'Ecclesiastes', 'Tree' and 'Finale' — the titles at least give fair warning, but this portentious, neo-classical point is one that Wonder doesn't need to prove to anyone, least of all himself or his audience.

Meanwhile evidence that the Wonder muse is AWOL, is encountering certain problems with 'reality', is omnipresent. 'Race Babbling' is the token disco shot. It begins promisingly enough but rapidly over-extends itself, thumping to an unvarying electronic beat, and Wonder's Vocoded vocals are a totally redundant exercise in use of studio technology for its own sake.

The album's other songs are, naturally, evergreen with lyrical references to plants, flowers, etc, etc. Both low-key ballads, 'Same Old Story' and 'The Secret Life Of Plants' attempt to collapse chunks of the book into song form, but fail miserably, Wonder's insistence on wrapping his voice around a stream of kindergarten metaphysics (eg *"And some believe antennas are their leaves/That spans beyond our galaxy/They've been, they are, and probably will be/Who are the mediocrity")* sounding if anything even more inane than it all reads.

An archetypal leaf of Wondermusic, 'Power Flower' is the album's prettiest moment, but even then its vocal seems oddly ineffectual. 'Come Back As A Flower', with lyrics and vocals by a breathlessly gushing Syreeta Wright, is its most absurd. 'Black Orchid', a coy little melody with a verse structure straight out of 'When I Fall In Love', and 'A Seed's A Star', a halfhearted funkout, scale unprecedented heights of lyrical idiocy. Both songs' 'cosmic' consciousness (eg *"Our ancestors have since long ago/Passed their wisdom down so we to know/Which since time began/Has been to bring truth to every man")* make Earth, Wind And Fire's similar escapades seem right off the street.

All of which leaves two versions, one vocal, one instrumental, of the single, 'Send One Your Love', the lighter than air 'Outside My Window', a trite paean to plantlove, these three Latin-fringed, 'Ai No, Sono', a token Japanese insert, 'Kesse Ye Lolo De Ye', a token African chant, and silliest of all, 'Venus' Flytrap And The Bug', a childish little cameo which has Wonder playing the part of a fly about to be gobbled up by a flesh-eating plant over a skittish, jazz-walking bassline.

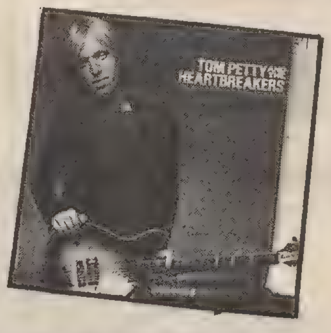
I suppose I like Wondermusic as much as the next Wonderfan, but I couldn't and wouldn't recommend one single item from this entire excursion. 'Songs' saw Wonder casting about in search of new directions and, failing to find any of any substance, falling back on tried and tested formulae. 'Journey' sees those same formulae wear even thinner alongside unnecessary departures into the realms of (ahem) serious composition.

No, none of this will do. Where's the weedkiller?

Angus MacKinnon

Tom Petty alone. Pic by Pennie Smith

Finding A Trim



TOM PETTY AND THE HEARTBREAKERS
Damn The Torpedoes *(Backstreet)*

IT'S been a good two years since Tom's last sortie into the vinyl jungle, but even then "You're Gonna Get It' was released to widespread critical apathy. The interim has been more remarkable for the divulgence of Petty's small holdings and a protracted lawsuit fought between Shelter and MCA (which finally resulted in T.P.'s being granted his own label, Backstreet) than for any substantial artistic output.

This inactivity hasn't done the man's career prsopects or temper a great deal of good: he's still surrounded by vindictive businessmen and the ever-present bevy of women, most of whom are not to be trusted. Tom really picks 'em — if only he'd settle down with a nice girl none of this would be necessary.

In between times Petty and the Heartbreakers have joined Bruce Springsteen and rocked against the nukes, an event which probably inspired the title of this set. Still, 'Damn The Torpedoes' is no peaceful protest collection since lyrically Thomas prefers not to enlarge his vocabulary or his frames of reference. Instead it's your expected refinement of Heartbreakers' style, heavily indebted to McGuinn via electric Dylan (his most fruitful period) and marked by the preponderance of Rickenbacker twelve-string melodies and the mainman's woodchuck twang. The effectiveness of the set depends on the listener's vantage point. Anyone who has tested the Petty approach and been satisfied will be easily persuaded, while the people who look on Petty as just another pretty blond hairdresser — well, they won't be disappointed either.

That isn't the whole story though because the Heartbreakers is a group. Principal guitarist Mike Campbell and keyboards player Benmont Tench are undeniably positive assets with the latter entering into some particularly spirited displays of taste and power on organ, piano and harmonium. 'Refugee' and 'What Are You Doin' In My Life' are several cuts above anything on the second album for sheer bellicosity while the wet and weepy 'Louisiana Rain' is sufficiently branded with Petty's melodramatic fervour and ability to transcend the hard rock cliche that made his debut album fresh without lifting him too far out of the commercial mainstream.

Co-producer Jimmy Iovine keeps the band in a tight line for the most part with a fat mix that rivals Springsteen for bruised bull melodrama on the album's one definite failure, 'Even The Losers,' where Petty's angst ridden soul bearing repeats a formula one too many times and ceases to ring true.

Tom scores heavily on the occasions that he feels confident enough to string together a few articulate sentences. 'Shadow of a doubt (A Complex Kid)' relies on the chorus to make its vocal point, but Tench's handling of the melody is extremely polished and wouldn't seem out of place on a Band album.

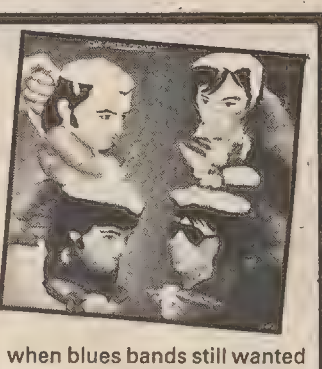
The best song is also the funniest. 'Here Comes My Girl' has Petty brooding and moaning his lot, but then it all comes out in the wash and she's there to warm his slippers and hide the bad reviews. If 'Chestnut Mare' brings a lump to your throat and a spring to your heel then this little vignette should please.

'Damn The Torpedoes' is no classic but it fills the gap, makes me want to see Petty and the Heartbreakers where they excel, on a stage. I could do without the 'spontaneous' fragments of tape running between certain songs but such abberations are minor. Tom Petty can cut my hair anytime he likes.

Max Bell

Dr. Feelgood together. Pic by Laurie Evans

Losing The Thread



DR FEELGOOD
Let It Roll *(United Artists)*

THERE have been some great Dr Feelgood album titles — 'Down By The Jetty', 'Malpractice', 'Stupidity', 'As It Happens' — but this isn't one of them. Which is not as irrelevant as it may appear, because to a band with a strong sense of identity an album title or sleeve can be as important as what's in the grooves.

Once upon a time, the Feelgoods had that. Their debut LP 'Down By The Jetty' was as important a 'statement' as 'Never Mind The Bollocks': black and white pictures of hard-faced men in Oxfam jackets and ties set in a grey English Oil City environment. Mono music, stark R&B — the overture for five years' tribal warfare. That band knew its business and did it right.

But no band has ever managed to maintain that initial adrenalised tunnel-vision innocence, be it the Stones, Who, Clash or Jam. The Clash can't play 'London's Burning' at the New York Palladium and, more's the pity, the Feelgoods long ago kissed the likes of 'Roxette' goodbye. Their mantle of sweatship R&B rests temporarily with The Inmates; for Dr Feelgood, everything since 'Stupidity' has been a question of "What next?".

Last year it seemed the search was over. 'Private Practice' was a renaissance album, a superb set of hard-edged mainstream rock'n'roll scythingly produced by Richard Gottehrer. The boys were back in town with a vengeance.

One year on and, well, the force hasn't exactly been dissipated, but this is a far less coherent LP. Perhaps after the rasp and roar of 'Private Practice' and their interim live set 'As It Happens', the band wanted to stretch out. Or maybe they've just lost direction . . .

If blame is to be apportioned, let it be laid with Mike Vernon — the legendary Mike Vernon, that is, orchestrator of the '60s blues boom through his production chores for virtually every UK blues outfit from John Mayall's Bluesbreakers onwards. At first sight it's an historic pairing, but whereas Gottehrer gave the 'Goods the surface gloss of a Black & Decker sanding machine, Vernon goes for that 'good' sound that was his trademark when blues bands still wanted to make Art. Consequently it's the Feelgoods' most easily listenable album, but there's no attack. When Mayo on 'Hong Kong Money' unleashes a solo that will probably rip your ears off live, it's mixed so low it becomes merely pleasant.

In this context, maybe it's only fitting that the best track is a pop song. 'Put Him Out Of Your Mind' is lightweight Vernon-Mayo boogie adorned with tinkling runs and shimmers by Mayo and an irresistible harp middle-eight from Billeaux. If Mayo's exhilarating fade-out finger exercies came earlier in the song it'd be a capital H hit single. Still might . . . Eight bars of piano, that man.

Elsewhere the eclecticism runs amiably rife. 'Bend Your Ear' is a curious little piece wherein Brilleaux knowingly portrays an array of tedious bar-propping posers through a haze of sinister riffs and Steve Gregory's sleazy sax.

'Keeka Smeeka' is similarly un-Feelgoodlike: it's John Mayo's instrumental slot, calculatedly atmospheric in the approximate vicinity of Peter Green, and ultimately pretty lame. 'Shotgun' on the other hand is white blues as pure as they come, slow and lucid, with Brilleaux adopting a rather strained bluesman persona and Pete Wingfield setting some excellent piano against Mayo's erratic Bluesbreakers-era Clapton pastiche. 'Riding On The L&N', the old Mayall-Paul Butterfield opus, has Mayo — no doubt coincidentally — adopting that classic over-amped Butterfield Band sound. Great stuff, but by now the guitarist is beginning to sound positively schizophrenic.

So it's a chameleon album. Well, that's largely in the nature of John Mayo's approach, and he's the one calling the shots on the music these days. Whereas before his shopping around was moulded into the overall band sound, on this album it's the band — or the sound — that does the adjusting.

Not, of course, that anyone would suggest that three such characters as John B. Sparks, Lee Brilleaux and the Big Figure were ever likely to actually take *orders* from anyone — but maybe they ought to put young Gypie a bit more firmly on the straight and narrow. Know what I mean, John?

Phil McNeill

THE PERFECT RELEASE

AURA

album AUL 707 cassette ZC AUL 707

Feather Report (Geddit? Oh, never mind . . :)

Annette Peacock checks cranium to ensure brain still in place. Pic by Pennie Smith.

ANNETTE PEACOCK
The Perfect Release
(Aura)

ANNETTE Peacock is, I am reliably informed, very well thought of in bohemian circles. This is unsurprising, the surprise being only that her work is not more highly regarded elsewhere. She reduces classifications and stereotypes to so much rubble, switching from speech to song and structure to free-form as most people move from sitting to standing, lectures and muses on sex, economics and survival in the some cool, caustic and loving tones, brings a formidable intelligence to bear on matters of the heart and loins and an equally formidable sensuality to topics cultural and political.

Her previous album, 1978's 'X-Dreams', found her splashing merrily in at the deep end with a varied crew of sessioneers, including no less than six guitarists who sounded as if they were overdubbing months apart with no two of them in the studio at the same time. The gold star went to Mick Ronson for his gleeful aid in the demolition of The Cheeseburger Deluxe's 'Don't Be Cruel', but too many cooks (including Chris Spedding, Bill Bruford, George Khan and Jeff Clyne) seemed to be spoiling the broth. This time around, Peacock has — in her capacity as producer as well as composer and performer — enlisted Max Middleton (keyboards), John MacKenzie (bass), Robert Ahwai (guitars), Richard Bailey (drums) and Darryl Lee Que (percussion) to supply a neutral, pastel-shaded, mentholated blues-funk which supports without intruding or distracting.

Annette Peacock has — to lapse into the vernacular — a bit of a voice on her. When she sings (which she does mostly on the first side), she sounds like one of Cordwainer Smith's cat-people turned lounge-bar chanteuse: sly, jazzy, lazy, acrobatic. When she speaks (most of the second side) she sounds like an adolescent male's idea of the ideal seductive phonecall. She is possibly the only performer I have ever heard who can recite, "Capitalism without a social conscience is dangerous and, inevitably, destructive, and all the existing systems are both idealistic and unrealistic; but when success is pursued so avidly and symbols are imbued with security and there's an obsession to be first rather than righteous, you make a lot of mistakes" and make it sound like a sexual challenge.

That's from 'American Sport', one of many pleas for compassion and cooperation which make up the album. On the opening 'Love's Out To Lunch' and its opposite number 'Succubus' on the other side, she bemoans the split between love (as in emotion, affection and a shared sensuality) and sex (as in Doin' The Thing), and demands that the circle be unbroken. The sexual *realpolitik* in which Peacock deals isn't the sort of strident bullshit which is commonly defined as 'feminism', but in this case the fault is definitely in the eye of the beholder: there are as many different sorts of feminism as there are intelligent women standing up for the right to define their own role, and Peacock does *that* with a vengeance.

Elsewhere, she toys with the notion of emigrating to outer space (on 'Solar Systems'), dismisses it as a trifle impractical and decides that as this is the only planet we've got, it's time to start making some sense out of it (or — to paraphrase LKJ — no matter what they say, come what may, we here to stay onna Planet Earth). She deals with the same theme at greater length on 'Survival', which takes up most of the second side.

Probably the piece least dependent on the others is 'Rubber Hunger', a catchy, jaunty trifle about a woman who finds solution and balm down at her local leather bar, but anyone wishing to be aroused spiritually, intellectually, emotionally or physically can sign on for the whole ride. ('Love's Out To Lunch' is the single, though. Trust me.)

Annette Peacock isn't doing things the easy way. The chronically serious may find her approach to her subjects a trifle too whimsical, while those who find the spoken word and the real world preferable at arms' length may find her 'heavy' and 'difficult'. Nevertheless, searchers after musical alternatives may well find 'The Perfect Release' to be the perfect release.

Charles Shaar Murray

CAPITAL LETTERS
HEADLINE NEWS
(Greensleeves Records)

THIS being Capital Letters' first album since they formed in '73, it's hopefully no more than a clearing of the six-year backlog of their unrecorded material. Whatever, it's a sketchy and disappointing debut from a band whose stage authority and vibrant last single, 'U.K. skankin' ', threatened to put their native Wolverhampton officially on the map.

Everything about the album — from its low-budget cover 'concept' to its outmoded ideology — reads like a virtual parody of the beliefs of black British born Rastas at the time when their hallmark was paranoia before it was organisation, a cocoon of biblical imagery before becoming realistic scrutiny, a tirade against their oppressors ('General Amin, police, etc) rather than an exaltation of their martyrs.

Letters approach their music with as little inspiration, tending just to explore single themes but never using the full textural potential of their varied eight-piece lineup. The backing vocalists, Pauline 'Dell' Spence and Paulette 'Lee' Hayden, cloak frontman Danny McKen with echo rather than, say, providing a Wailers-style interweaving melody, and the bass throughout is pitched cautiously low in the mix.

The less ambitious numbers are the most convincing: 'Fire', 'Run Run Run' and the appalling self-conscious 'Smoking My Ganja'.

The more elaborate structures, like 'Unemployed' and 'Rejoice', simply fall short of the kind of guitar/keyboard embellishments the band attempt to foist upon them.

I only hope it's premature to suppose that Capital Letters are as oblivious to music progression as they are to the pessimism and irrelevance of their own vision.

Mark Ellen

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JIMMY LINDSAY
Where Is Your Love

ROD STEWART
Greatest Hits *(Riva)*

PUT simply, this album tells the listener in ten songs how a once fine vocalist and lyricist once endowed with a gritty, honest and sharply focused ability to create great rock vignettes, autobiographical or otherwise, threw it all away and sold his muse short for the tinsel and trash of Hollywood glamour.

'Product' is the only appropriate word for 'Greatest Hits'. Just try playing the schmaltz-ridden gush positively dripping off songs like 'You're In My Heart', 'Tonight's The Night' and all too calculating 'hearts of oak' carousing of 'Sailing' alongside Stewart's earlier works, real love songs like 'Lady Day' or 'Jo's Lament' or, arguably Stewart's quintessential rocker, 'Every Picture Tells A Story' — the difference is horrifying.

The original Rod Stewart was a Jack The Lad working class mod layabout with charisma, a rough-hewn but totally original style, a big nose and a talent for great gutbucket vocalising to which his own creative output and superb taste in picking just the right non-originals were perfectly matched. He also had a great sense of humour, a cockiness tempered by insight and, most important, an ability to reach out and touch the listener.

After the Faces break-up, Stewart chose to take stock of his situation by gathering himself a slick, faceless (sic) band and, with the aid of producer Tom Dowd, resolutely turned his back on his previous band's style of dishevelled fire power in order to plant himself firmly in the middle of the road, with the result that what was once acutely affecting (most of 'Gasoline Alley' and large chunks of 'Every Picture') became instantly mere affectation.

The voice was still there but, surrounded by languorous strings and lush, impersonal backdrops, Stewart decided to redefine his persona, became a sort of romantic stud, a lover who'd break the heart of every debutante who'd ever lingered within the pagoda at Quaglino's. It all rang so false.

Virtually every note, every conceit, every stanza and every song here sounds unbearably calculated. There's 'Sailing', tailor-made for the football terraces, and the characterless raunch of 'Hot Legs' to show old fans that Rod is still a rocker even through the lyrics are straight out of 'Stay With Me' and the rock quota is severely diluted. 'The Killing Of Georgie' is merely condescending as it addresses a tale of homosexuality, even if Stewart isn't aware of it.

Meanwhile non-originals like 'I Don't Want To Talk About It' demand a bare intimacy, but Stewart and Dowd turn the song into syrup with massed strings. Cat Stevens' 'First Cut Is The Deepest' is similarly thwarted. 'You're In My Heart' and 'Tonight's the Night' are Rod Stewart as Don Juan — an absurd posture — whilst the mock-heroic 'Rod's Way' that is 'I Was Only Joking' is just painfully po-faced.

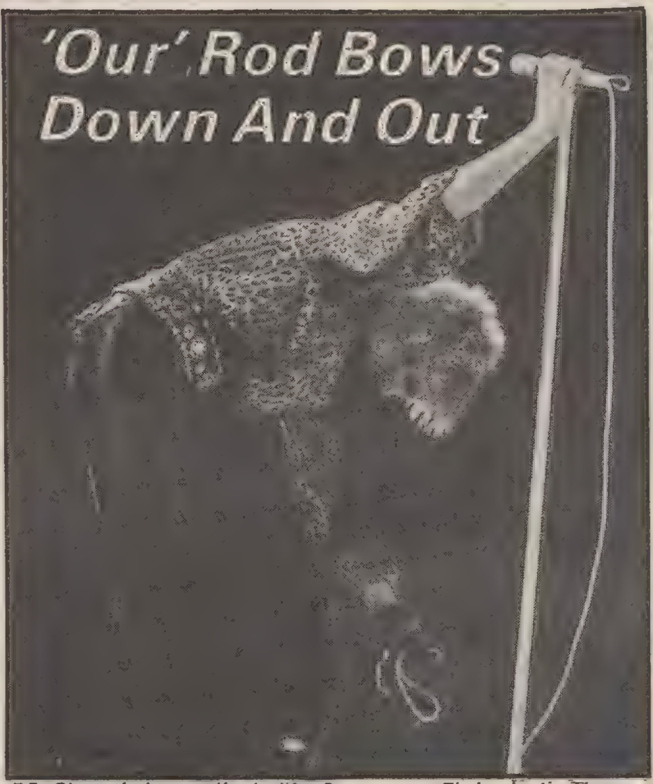
Only 'Maggie May' escapes, and that's because it's an excellent song, uniting Stewart's former lyrical candour with Martin Quinttenton's considerable talents as a tunesmith.

Whatever happened to Quinttenton, I wonder? Whatever happened to Rod Stewart?

I sometimes wonder if he still gets scared when he remembers too much — to paraphrase 'Lady Day' — and when he recalls how much he once had and how much he's lost. I doubt he does, though. And that's why 'Greatest Hits' is as sad as it's feeble.

Nick Kent

'Our' Rod Bows Down And Out



RS: Sheep in leopard's clothing? *Pic by Justin Thomas*

PAT BENATAR
In The Heat Of The Night *(Chrysalis)*

"A lot of women singers say 'If you love me and then hurt me, I'll die'. I say 'If you love me, then hurt me, I'll kick your ass'". Combine a quote like that with Chinnichap songs and Mike Chapman production, plus a suitably sultry cover, and it looks as if New Yorker Pat Benatar is aiming for something mid-way between Debbie Harry and Suzi Quatro.

And it's true enough that one track, 'We Live For Love,' replicates the brittle disco sound of recent Blondie, whilst much of the rest, such as a cover of Smokie's 'If You Think You Know How To Love Me,' bears all the hallmarks of classic English chart fodder circa the mid-'70s.

But it's also true that Pat Benatar posseses a fine rock'n'roll voice which, when applied to some of the better material on this album, results in the best and most beautiful light-metal pop I've heard in ages. The record's crowning glory, a sensuously pulsating version of Nick Gilder's 'Rated X', rips off T. Rex something rotten with a blatant Bolan impersonation, but with such style that I love it almost as much as its prototypes. A natural number one.

When not slogging through the mundane 'raunch' of 'Heartbreaker' or John Cougar's 'I Need A Lover', Benatar approaches her music with impressive vocal and emotional range. I don't know if she'll ever become a Serious Artist (not by writing songs called 'My Clone Sleeps Alone', she won't), but I do know that there's an indecent amount of fun to be had out of this LP.

Paul Du Noyer

IMPORTS

THE sleeve of **David 'Fathead' Newman's** 'Scratch My Back' (Prestige) tells all you need to know. For Newman and his alto sax are relegated to the back cover shot, while the obverse is adorned by a foxy lady whose couturier obviously believes that barbed wire shoulder straps are this year's in thing. Even without a check with the pathology lab, the most amateur sleuth can easily ascertain that this is just one more case of utilising a name musician in order to promote a routine album, a ploy all too prevelant in these days of whine and poseurs.

Newman, as you're probably aware, is a good if not outstanding R&B reedman who's thrown more than a few nifty Texan licks our way since his era as mainman with the Ray Charles band. But his work on 'Scratch My Back' is often quite minimal, sometimes consisting of a few pithy phrases edged in-between the breathalyser tests of chanteuses Bessie Ruth Scott and Tanyette, who, together with another brace of disco dollies, emotionally render such lines as *"Scratch My Back — can you dig it? Ooooooooooh!"*

Newman's fellow musicians in this venture all rank among those voted most likely to succeed at some point in time, namely Gale, Tee, Dupree, Carter, Bascome, Mason, etc. and accordingly 'Scratch My Back' edges above the plimsoll line as a disco shot. Nevertheless, it's ultimately a pure waste of musicians who could be doing something much more worthwhile if only the climate was right.

No such problems daunt 'Don't Ask' (Milestone) on which tenor titan **Sonny Rollins** swops licks with plectrum wrecker **Larry Coryell.** Then, Sonny's in love with his horn. He'd as soon see it wasted on commercial tat as you'd see your sister given to the milkman in exchange for a tub of yogurt. Not that 'Don't Ask' breaks any new ground or attempts to forge even mildly ahead. It doesn't. But it's well worth experiencing just to hear Rollins' gorgeous tunes and the way he rolls 'em around. Coryell too sounds a better man for his involvement, keeping the flash back in the bag for possible Eleventh House marketing, here being content to concentrate on feel rather than on pure speed of light technique.

His 'File' duet with Rollins, on which Coryell employs a 12-string, is intriguing stuff, a little like a Lang-influenced Kottke meeting a tenor-totin' Charlie Parker. And if 'Tai-Chi', a piece of Japanese silk featuring Rollins on lyricon, simply dreams into nothingness, then there are few other things to complain about. After all, how often do you get love, warmth, humour, bite and a plethora of fine musicianship on just one record? And just how often will you find someone cooking up a title like 'Disco Monk' for a track that's just plain undanceable.

I rest my case, M'lud.

Fred Dellar

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Nov 9	**Middlesborough**	Rock Garden
Nov 10	**London**	Chelsea College
Nov 13	**Huddersfield**	Polytechnic
Nov 15	**Bradford**	Princeville
Nov 16	**Newcastle**	University
Nov 17	**York**	College of Rippon & York
Nov 19	**Leeds**	University
Nov 21	**London**	L.S.E.
Nov 22	**Portsmouth**	Polytechnic
Nov 23	**Warwick**	University
Nov 24	**East Retford**	Porterhouse
Nov 26	**Gravesend**	Woodville Hall
Nov 27	**Cardiff**	University
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Nov 30	**Stirling**	University
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HENRY THREADGILL
X-75 Volume 1 *(Novus import)*

HENRY Threadgill's approach to the solo album dilemma is logical enough: as saxman for the ultrahot trio Air, indispensable purveyors of the new jazz fandango, his playing — gritty, jump 'n' go alto, lemony flute — is ruthlessly exposed. Here he's opted for the dense structures of a larger group and taken up the arranger's quill. But it's only patchily successful.

'Sir Simpleton' defines the extraordinary instrumentation: four reed players doubling elsewhere on flutes, four accoustic bassists plus Armina Claudine Myers on shivery wordless vocals. Solo passages are few; these are ensemble works in the line of Mingus and Sun Ra. "Simpleton" is immediate vindication of the formula, the saxaphones railing over massive forward propulsion from the basses. Not a note is wasted.

'Celebration's' long introduction by the bassmen mixes chamber music and pibroch in less than convincing fashion. Eventually a loping pulse emerges and the flutes crisscross with Myers' exhortations in a jubilant climax — could've done without the dodgy intonation on piccolo bass though. The tradition runs strong through 'Fe Fi Fo Fum' with the ensemble coming on like a big band cut through by Threadgill's prayer meeting alto. But the confused middle section — Myers scatting over walk bass, the saxes riffing away to themselves — drains off the tension.

'Air Song' is a total success. The multi-layered flutes and piccolo are complemented by Myers' chilling interpolations, here perfectly integrated into the flustered setting which captures some of the eerie drift of Coltrane's last recordings.

Nothing very new? Maybe not, but it would be foolish to demand rabid innovation every time, even from a movement rife with iconoclasm. If new world musics really are waiting in the wings it's only through experimentation like this that they can emerge.

Richard Cook

GALLAGHER AND LYLE
Lonesome No More
(Mercury)

THIS album is so cosy and sensitive that one feels as if one is committing a gross invasion of privacy by listening to it all. Benny and Graham croon delicately to the accompaniment of a varied selection of instruments which all come out sounding like acoustic guitars, all of which — bar drums — they played themselves on all but two of the tracks. How intimate! Sometimes Benny and Graham are happy and sometimes they are sad, but it doesn't make much difference to the way they sound. Let us leave them, then, hummin' and strummin' beside a 24-track hearth, making music for old folkies who grew up to be solid citizens despite their wild youth. I'd give this record away but I don't know anyone nice enough to deserve it.

QUANTUM JUMP
Mixing *(Electric)*

RUPERT Hine — Q Jump's front man and producer — looks like Donovan and sings like Ian Anderson, but despite all this has still managed to lead a rich and useful life. Along with his three colleagues, all of whom are Real Musicians, they combine lyrical ballads, jazzy funk and disco novelties into a confection as appetising as a half-eaten blancmange left by previous tenants to moulder under the sink. This album is in fact a compilation of tracks from two other Quantum Jump albums remixed to satisfy the demands of today's snappy pop public and includes 'The Lone Ranger' just to pull in the sophisticates. Presumably the tracks didn't sound half as good as this before they were remixed.

LITTLE RIVER BAND
First Under The Wire
(Capitol)

IT would be doing this herd of check-shirted Antipodeans a severe disservice to suggest that albums of this nature could just about be made by emptying the sweepings of The Eagles' editing-room floor into a Kenwood blender, but let's do 'em a disservice anyway. An immaculately

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dreary example of heavily Dolbied country rock with entire regiments of sensitive tenor harmonies, well-tuned acoustic guitars, soaring harmony leads and sweatless drumming, it comes fearlessly to grips with all the vital issues that normally face men with beards and cowboy boots, and come to the clear-eyed hard-hitting conclusion that when a man's got to get mellow, he's got to get mellow and that's what life is *rilly* all about. Isn't it?

ISAAC HAYES
Don't Let Go *(Polydor)*

MM-HMMM! Yep, old Ike sure knows how to get the foxes hot! One listen to those hustle-bustle body rhythms and the way that deep, super-macho voice flirts with those teasing back-up fillies and you know that there's some GITTIN' DOWN in the air! Never mind that his version of 'Fever' verges on outright farce and that Jesse Stone's title track gets turned into the legendary dog's dinner compared with the rumbustious good nature of the Jerry Lee Lewis version . . . whut d'hail? With albums like this, if you're forced to listen to 'em you can always make the best of a bad job by focussing on the bass player.

DAVID ESSEX
Hold Me Close
(CBS Embassy)

THERE are three David Essex tracks that are truly excellent and one of them ('Lamplight') is included on this album, the traditional act of revenge perpetrated by spurned labels. The rest of it is basic scenery as observed on the long journey from the East End to the London Palladium via *Top Of The Pops* and the ABC Edgware Road. A record which can be omitted from the time capsule with minimal regrets. What will the next civilisation have to say if we let them hear this?

GILLAN
Mr Universe *(Acrobat)*

CURRENTLY available for £3, 'Mr Universe' effectively demonstrates that older people cannot be relied upon to set a good example to the young. Mr Gillan and his colleagues are musical lathe-operators of considerable competence who aware of the need for juxtapositions of fast bits, slow bits, loud bits and soft bits, but tend to prefer loud slow bits to anything else. Gillan's view of human relationships is, perhaps, to be found in the couplet *"Keep your hands upon my lever/watch it while I stab your beaver"* (from a song called 'Roller') and the general attitude that it's alright for a man to screw women — preferably while drunk — but it's best not to talk to them because their wily ways can confuse a man no end. Bernie Torme's hyperactive lead guitar would be impressive if the music contained any short of clue as to what it was he was getting so steamed up about. The title track — a titanic dissertation upon religion and the very fabric of human existence — is especially recommended to depressed souls in search of a cheap (£3) laugh.

BILLY COBHAM
B.C. *(CBS)*

WITHOUT wishing to make invidious comparisons between the master clouter's current musical direction and the kind of music to which one is exposed in certain kinds of supermarket, it remains to be stated that half-way through the first side I awoke from a daze to discover that I had wandered into the kitchen and piled all the cans from the shelves into a shopping bag. Knowing the sort of twaddle these fusion chaps talk, I expect that this music is all about truth, spirituality and contemplation, but the fact remains that Billy Cobham should be under arrest for being boring and that this music has about as much to do with 'rock', 'jazz', 'funk' and 'soul' as a six-pack of Guinness has to do with dieting.

STYX
Cornerstone *(A&M)*

SLIPPED inside the staggeringly pretentious sleeve that houses this pompous little artefact was a short curt note from A&M's press office that stated in part: "Throughout the 1970s, a rock band called Styx has established itself as one of the era's premier musical attractions . . . what was and is unique about this band is that all of this has been achieved without massive media manipulation. Styx was and is the people's band. Their music like their audience taps into the mainline artery of dynamic musical energy. Its power is derived from an intuitive communication with the audience that is unequalled in the decade." Rousing stuff, eh? Imagine my disappointment when I discovered that the Styx labels had for some unaccountable reason been attached to an album by a bunch of complacent, soggy symphorockers unable to provide even a reasonable facsimile of an honest emotion or an original idea from one end of their tedious waxing to the other. Why is this?

THE THREE DEGREES
3D *(Ariola)*

NO doubt this latest waxing from our trio of exotic charmers can already be heard blasting from the cassette deck of HRH Prince Charles' automobile. One hopes that he will drive carefully and resist the temptation to tap his foot uncontrollably to the pulsating disco rhythms of the first side or to drift into a daydreamy haze inspired by the delightful lips and shoulders of the artistes while listening to the smooth but emotional ballads on the second. If Giorgio Moroder can be found to have contributed in even the smallest way to a motorised indiscretion by our future king, then we shall have no option than to make Jimmy Pursey Minister Of Defence and damn well steam in and sort these Eyeties out once and for all!

JACK-KNIFE
I Wish You Would
(EG/Polydor)

ONE day, a breathlessly waiting world will be made privy to the true facts behind EG's decision to allow John Wetton (former bassist of Uriah Heep, King Crimson, Mogul Thrash, Roxy Music and approximately 4,827,602 other groups of greater or lesser notoriety) to take a bunch of his friends into a Munich studio to record an absurd stew of tepid originals and hallowed classics from the pens of Sonny Boy Williamson, John Lee Hooker, Billy Boy Arnold and Willie Dixon. Performing in a style which combines the worst aspects of turn of the previous decade 'progressive rock', comatose HM and pre-Feelgoods blues-rock, Wetton and his colleagues effortlessly succeed in producing the most appalling versions of songs like 'You Can't Judge A Book By The Cover', 'Dimples', 'Eyesight To The Blind', 'Good Morning Little Schoolgirl' and the title track ever etched into vinyl. I wish they hadn't.

Charles Shaar Murray

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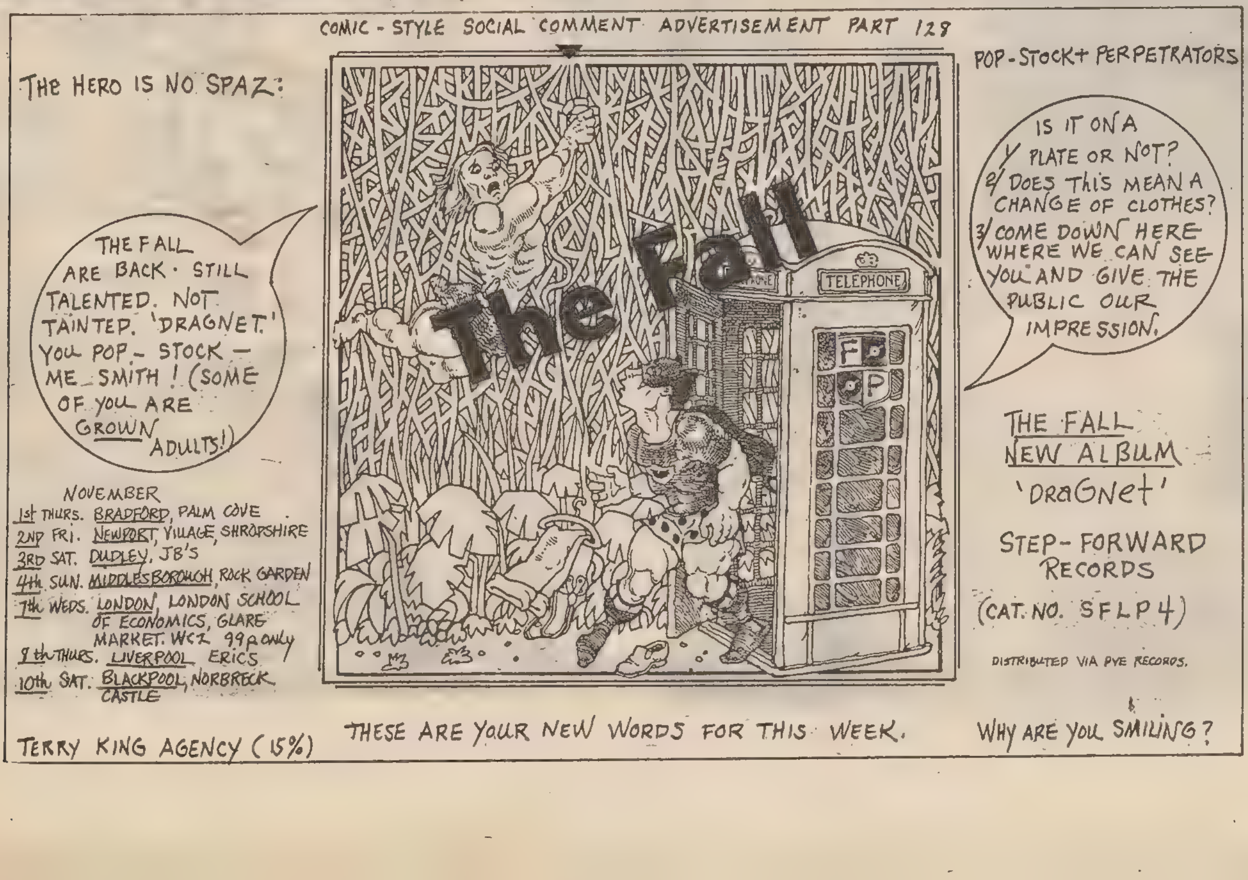
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THE FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS

The Fabulous Thunderbirds ***(Takoma)***

THE Fabulous Thunderbirds, out of the hip capital of the world — Austin — via a liberal dousing in the Mississippi delta, are a Texan band par excellence. They play the blues and all that entails with an understanding which can only be explained in terms of upbringing.

Their debut album, produced by Denny Bruce for Takoma, will tell you more about the form than a dozen text books on the subject. The F.T.'s are locked into the spirit of that ancient lore, and the results gush out like a newly discovered oil well, the most potent example of white boys hooked on R&B since Paul Butterfield's Blues Band cut 'East-West' and J. Geils first mooched into Atlantic's foyer.

The men with the modern mojo are vocalist and harpist extraordinaire Kim Wilson, a fat boy who promises to do the righteous thing and still seem as plumb enjoyable in the process as John Belushi. Wilson and his bassist Keith Ferguson are no spring chickens; they were listening to that big beat when technology was a milk shake. Drummer Mike Buck and secret weapon guitarist Jimmy Vaughan are young punky kids, all fetching smiles and youthful spontaneity. This band has the blues, but it makes them laugh.

They can shake the walls with a panache normally associated with B. B. King and they can crawl through the swamp like John Lee Hooker. Thunderbirds dig out priceless truffles, James Moore's 'Scratch My Back', Mullins and Vincent's 'Marked Deck', and slip 'em next to Wilson originals like 'Walkin' To My Baby' and 'Pocket Rocket' and you *cannot* spot the join, *cannot* fail to surrender to the simplicity of the emotion.

The Fabulous Thunderbirds play live in Austin and carve out the new renaissance. Cowboy rock is in the past, but they are not. People pack up to the rafters and sweat. There is no mystery in this experience because you can discover the blues with this group. They don't look back.

Max Bell

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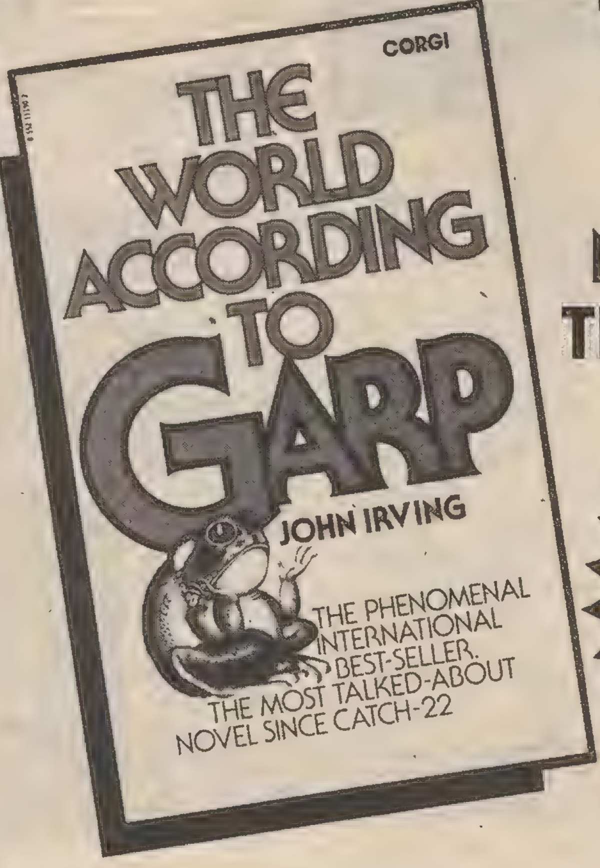
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Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

A YEAR ago, I happened upon Here and Now performing in a field, free of charge. I knew nothing about them at the time, and now, a year later, I still know nothing. Well, almost nothing. I know they did record with ATV live and they have also released the 'Dog In Hell' EP — but that's where my ominiscience blows a valve. However, I'm willing to learn. So do me a favour, O Sage Oracle, and tell all — about the band's members, releases, etc. **EADWEARD KOBB, Barker's Bridge, East Sussex.**

● The members of Here and Now like to shroud themselves in mystery (especially where the taxman's concerned) but currently the band's a four-piece in which the members answer to the names of Steffy Sharpstrings (guitar, vocal), Keith Da Missile (bass, vocal), Gavin Da Blitz (synthesiser, vocal) and Rob Boogie (drums). Here and Now originally emerged from the West London squat that spawned Prag-vec, the 101-ers, The Passions, The Derelicts, etc., and unleashed themselves on an unsuspecting public at the Watchfield Free Fest in the Summer of '75. In early '76, the Mark II version of the band materialised (in Bath, of all places) original drummer Kif Kif Le Batteur then leading a unit which comprised Sharpstrings, synthesiser man Twink, and various bassists, one of which was Da Missile. During 1977, they played a tour of France, turned down an offer from Island Records and accepted one from Daevid Allen to appear as backing band on his 'Floating Anarchy' tour. At this stage, Twink headed off to become a roadie for Steve Hillage and Da Blitz came in to take over the controls on the Allen tour, during which the band recorded as Planet Gong and had a live album released on the Charly label. A further Planet Gong trip around the UK was arranged for 1978, but at the last moment Daevid Allen fell ill, so the band reverted to being Here and Now and did their own five-week free tour, supporting Patrick Fitzgerald at several gigs.

Other free tours followed, including the one with ATV which resulted in the cassette-recorded 'What You See Is What You Are', while a second found them in the company of The Fall and The Table. Between tours, Kif Kif and Co. bundled down to Wales to cut 'Give and Take', a low-price album, for Charly. Batteur then decided to move on to form the 012 and Fuck-Off Records, being replaced by Rob Boogie and guitarist Bernie Elliott, the latter feeling so out-of-place in having a proper name that he too soon departed from the fold, leaving Here and Now with their current line-up. During '79, the band have continued on their erratic way, playing a plethora of free gigs, also cutting a live album, titled 'All Over The Show'. A studio single, 'End Of The Beginning' has also materialised, and both the single and the album are to be released this month to coincide with the start of Here and Now's sixth free U.K. tour.

Zimmie shows artistic integrity by stifling a yawn during Renaldo and Clara.

CAN you tell me where I can obtain a copy of *The Complete Bootleg Checklist And Discography* (Babylon Books) as mentioned in *NME* recently? **B. ATKINSON, Reigate, Surrey.**

WHILST on holiday, I came across a Rolling Stones' bootleg called 'Bedspring Symphony'. Regarding myself as something of a Stones connoisseur, I was surprised to find this album, which is totally obscure and not even mentioned in Roy Carr's biography/discography. So just how rare is it? Also — was it recorded from the mixer? **K. J. SHERWOOD, Rainham, Kent.**

● The address for Babylon Books, who publish *The Complete Bootlegs* (price £2.25 plus postage and packing) is 19 Welby Street, Manchester M13 0EL. The 'Bedspring Symphony' album, a TAKRL release, is listed in the tome and therefore would appear to be reasonably well-known, the authors stating that it's recorded in excellent stereo "surpassing even the official releases" — which suggests that someone did plug in at mixer level. Incidentally, Babylon Books point out that they just don't know where any of the discs mentioned in their tome can be obtained — so don't ask!

COULD you list all the songs performed in the film *Renaldo and Clara* and also tell me which are to be found on the official bootleg? **SIMON SHAW, Swindon, Wilts.**

● Our man in the stalls reports that during the couple of decades or so that he watched the movie, he heard 'Harmonium Improvisation', 'When I Paint My Masterpiece', 'What Will You Do When Jesus Comes?', 'It Ain't Me Babe', 'She Belongs To Me', 'It Takes A Lot To Laugh, It Takes A Train To Cry', 'Isis', 'If You See Her Say Hello', 'One Too Many Mornings', 'One More Cup Of Coffee', 'Sara', 'Patty's Gone To Loredo', Sad-Eyed Lady Of The Lowlands', 'Tangled Up In Blue', 'Little Moses', 'Kaw-Liga', 'People Get Ready', 'Hurricane', 'Romance In Durango', 'House Of The Rising Sun' (all performed by Dylan), 'Just Like A Woman' (Dyland and Ronnee Blakley), 'Never Let Me Go' (Dylan and Joan Baez); 'Knockin' On Heaven's Door' (Dylan, Blakley and Baez), 'Diamonds and Rust', 'Suzanne' (Baez), 'Kaddish' (Allen Ginsberg), 'Need A New Sun Rising' (Blakley); 'Mama's Lament', 'God and Mama', 'Cucurrucucu Paloma' (Mama Maria Frasca), 'Fast Speaking Woman' (Anne Waldman), 'Knockin' On Heaven's Door', 'Chestnut Mare' (Roger McGuinn), 'Salt Port, West Virginia', 'Mule Skinner Blues' (Jack Elliott), 'Ballad In Plain D' (Gordon Lightfoot), 'Time Of The Preacher' (Willie Nelson), 'In The Morning' (Hal Frazier), 'Hollywood Waltz' (The Eagles), 'Catfish' (Rob Stoner), 'In The Pines' (Huddie Ledbetter) plus numerous others. The four Dylan tracks appearing on the official bootleg 12" EP are 'People Get Ready', 'Isis', 'Never Let Me Go' and 'It Ain't Me Babe'.

SOME months back, one channel or another screened *In The Heat Of The Night* as the Monday film. In one bit, Sidney Poitier, hot on the trail of the killer, goes to a truck-stop. And as he and Rod Steiger approach the place, the guy who eventually turns out to be the murderer is fiddlin' with the juke-box and puts on a record that goes *"There's a bow-wow on the prowl"* or something to that effect. So who's the record by, and how can I get hold of it? **T. McCOURT, Exeter, Devon.**

● First — the bad news. The batteries in your hearing aid have blown. The song's called 'Foul Owl On The Prowl' and has nowt whatsoever to do with capering canines.

Second — more bad news. The track's by a duo known as Travis and Boomer and is only available on the 'In The Heat Of The Night' soundtrack album (UA LA290), which is an import job and therefore heavy on the moolah.

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+ WASTED YOUTH

Sunday November 4th — 60p
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Monday November 5th — 50p
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Aberystwyth University: **American Blues Legends 79 Tour**
Aylesbury King's Head Hotel: **Tundra**
Basildon 66 Club: **The Trendies**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ricky Cool & The Icebergs**
Birmingham Mackendown Hotel: **Dynamite**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Clinic**
Birtmingham Railway Hotel: **Orphan**
Bradford Palm Gove: **The Fall**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Whitesnake/Marseille**
Braunston George Hotel: **Peter Bellamy**
Brighton Centre: **Blue Oyster Cult**
Brighton Hungry Years: **Tokyo Rose**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Steve Hackett Back**
Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: **Scissor Fits/The Dials**
Bristol Stonehouse: **The Force**
Bristol The Berkeley: **The Desperate Bicycles/Juan Foote 'n' The Grave/Art Objex**
Burntwood Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Carlisle Market Hall: **Lene Lovich/Jane Aire & The Belvederes/The Meteors**
Chatham Central Hall: **Billie Jo Spears/Bobby Bare**
Chesterfield Fusion: **The Psychedelic Furs**
Chippenham RAF Hullavington: **Nightmare**
Colne Union Hotel: **Wolfrace**
Coventry Lady Godiva: **The Accelerators**
Dundeee Caird Hall: **Leo Sayer**
Dundee College of Art: **Mainline**
Eastleigh The Crown: **Disco Students**
Edinburgh Astoria: **Patrik Fitzgerald**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Steve Hillage Band**
Edinburgh University: **Not Quite Red Fox**
Gloucester Leisure Centre: **Gallagher & Lyle/Judie Tzuke**
Guildford Civic Hall: **The Buzzcocks/Joy Division**
Halifax Civic Centre: **Hot Chocolate**
Hanley The Place: **Hunter (for three days)**
Harrow King's Head Hotel: **Urchin**
Hayes (Middlesex) Adam & Eve: **Dolly Mixtures**
Hull University: **The Ruts/The Flys**
Hull Wellington Club: **UK Subs**
Leeds Fan Club: **Toyah/Dangerous Girls**
Leicester De Montford Hall: **Mike Harding**
Leicester Haymarket Theatre (lunchtime): **The Speedy Bears**
Lincoln Odeon: **The Spinners**
Llandudno Penryn Hall: **Twisting Ferraris**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Rave**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Regulars/Black Volts**
London Chelsea Country Cousin: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Reluctant Stereotypes**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Brainiac Five**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Vitus Dance**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **AC/DC and Def Leppard**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Beast / Horrible Man**
London Hounslow Red Lion: **Romantix**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Monitors**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Second Nature**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Lacey's Allstars**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
Londn Kensington The Nashville: **The Photos**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Ike Isaacs Duo**
London Marquee Club: **The Original Mirrors/The Pretty British**
London Oxford Street 100 Club: **Black Slate**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bobby Rosengarden Quartet**
London Southall White Swan: **The Injections**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Flying Saucers**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The O.K. Band**
London Strand King's College: **Cowboys International/Joe Public**
London Victoria The Venue: **John Hiatt**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Wembley Arena: **Supertramp**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Roaring 80's**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Manyana**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Big Chief**
Macclesfield Krumbles: **Zamathus**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **The Specials/Madness/The Selecter**
Manchester Polytechnic: **I.Q. Zero/Units**
Margate Guildhall: **Darts**
Middlesbrough Reflections: **Gonzalez**
Newcastle University: **After The Fire**
Norwich Boogie House: **Lew Lewis Reformer**
Norwich Samson & Hercules: **Landscape**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Ultravox**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Hormones**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Sledgehammer**
Oxford New Theatre: **Cliff Richard**
Poole Arts Centre: **The Four Tops**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Squire**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Ray Stubbs/Stan Ellison**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Punishment Of Luxury**
Southport Theatre: **Charlie Daniels Band**
Staffored Bingley Hall: **The Moody Blues**
St. Albans Adelaide Wine Bar: **Shoestring**
Stratford-on-Avon Green Dragon: **Money**
Taunton Camelot: **Bruce Woolley & The Camera Club**
Wakefield Unity Hall: **The Tourists/The Monos**
Worthing The Balmoral: **Lynx**

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

FRIDAY

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Leo Sayer**
Bath University: **Caravan/Corkscrew**
Birmingham Aston University: **The Pirates**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Bright Eyes**
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: **The Traitors**
Birmingham Odeon: **Hot Chocolate**
Birmingham The Underworld: **Toyah**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **The Small Hours**
Blackburn King George's Hall: **Mike Harding**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **Iron Maiden**
Bournemouth The Stateside: **Rokotto**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **The Buzzcocls/Joy Division**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Gallagher & Lyle/Judie Tzuke**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Spider**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Same**
Brighton (Hove) The Adur: **Tokyo Rose**
Brighton Lewes Road Inn: **Heinz & The Wild Boys**
Bristol Trinity Club: **Matchbox**
Bromsgrove Stars Night Club: **Orphan**
Camberley Civic Hall: **Maddy Prior**
Cardiff Grassroots: **The Injections**
Cardiff University: **American Blues Legends 79 Tour**
Chalfont St. Giles Bucks College of Further Education: **Little Bo Bitch**
Cheltenham Tythe Barn: **The Psychedelic Furs**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Coventry Theatre: **Whitesnake/Marseille**
Coventry Warwick University: **Ricky Cool & The Icebergs**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Writz**
Derby Talk Of The Midlands: **Del Shannon**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Squire**
Dundee University: **The Ruts/The Flys**
Exeter Routes: **Bruce Woolley & The Camera Club**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Steve Hillage Band**
Harrow College of Higher Education: **Pressure Shocks**
Hatfield Polytechnic: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Hayes Alfred Beck Centre: **Georgie Fame & The Blue Fames**
Hucknall Miners Welfare: **Strange Days**
Inverness Eden Court Theatre: **Boxcar Willie**
Keighley Downtown Club: **Agony Column**
Kettering Windmill Club: **The Bearshank Band**
Kingston Grove Tavern: **D-Notice**
Kirklevington Country Club: **The 45's**
Knavesborough Folk Club: **Fiddlers Dram**
Lancaster University: **The Specials/ Madness / The Selecter**
Leicester Phoenix Theatre: **Wendy Tunes/ New Age**
Liverpool University: **Penetration**
London Acton King's Head: **Paz**
London Camberwell Art College: **The Piranhas/The Act**
London Camden Brecknock: **Urchin**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Borich/The Untouchables**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **The Revillos/The Crooks/The Photos**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Central Polytechnic: **Airmail/ Time Flies**
London Chalk Farm Roundhouse: **Mike Westbrook Beass Band**
London City Polytechnic: **Samson**
London City University: **The Original Mirrors**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Soft Boys**
London Finsbury Town Hall: **Total Attack / Bloodshot / The Door And The Window**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **AC/DC and Def Leppard**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Distractions**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Manyana**
London Kensington Queen Elizabeth College: **Sta-Prest**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Brakes/The Nurses**
London Leicester Square Notre Dame Hall: **The V.I.P.'s/The Mods**
London Lewisham Odeon: **Darts**
London Middlesex Hospital Medical School: **Chas & Dave**
London New Barnet Duke od Lancaster: **Lammagyre**
London New Cross The Royal Albert: **Rubber Johnny**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Tsafrika**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Billy Karloff Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Chris Farlowe**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Greig & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night**
London Queen Mary College: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
London Rainbow Theatre: **The Skids**
London Royal Lancaster Hotel: **National Youth Jazz Orchestra**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Yank Lawson Quintet**
London Southwark College: **Dotty Crotchet**
London Tottenham White Hart: **Bop Street Kids**
London Victoria The Venue: **Charlie Daniels Band**
London Waterloo The Wellinggton: **The V.I.P.'s**
London Wembley Arena: **Supertramp**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Dials/Scissor Fits/The Details**
Maldon Labour Hall: **The Accidents/Anorexia**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Shirley Bassey**
Manchester (Stalybfidge) Commercial Hotel: **Insizor**
Manchester The Funhouse: **Dangerous Girls**
Manchester UMIST: **After The Fire**
Margate Winter Gardens: **Richard & Linda Thompson**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Vardis**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **UK Subs**
Newport Harper Adams College: **Le Argo**
Newport The Village: **The Fall**
Norwich Cromwells: **Kandidate**
Orpington Civic Hall: **Flying Saucers**
Oxford New Theatre: **Cliff Richard**
Oxford Polytechnic: **The Tourists/The Monos**
Penzance Gulval Meadhouse: **The Stop**
Peterborough Wirrina Stadium: **Wild Horses**
Retford Porterhouse: **Gang Of Four/The Accelerators**
Salford University: **Lene Lovich / Jane Aire & The Belvederes / The Meteors**
Sheffield City Hall: **The Spinners**
Stafford New Bingley Hall: **Blue Oyster Cult**
Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic: **Cowboys International**
Stubbington Hammond Hall: **Chinatown**
Sunderland Annabels: **Gonzalez**
Swansea The Heathcliffe: **Disco Students**
Taunton Market House: **Sledgehammer**
Torquay 400 Club: **Central Line**
Treforest Wales Polytechnic: **The Screen Gems**
Truro Punchbowl & Ladle: **Metro Gliders**
Usk Stardust Club: **The Four Tops**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **Andrew Matheson & 20th Century Saints**
Walsall Town Hall: **Jameson Raid/Ocean Boulevard**
Watford Mercury Motel: **Nightmare**
Wath Montgomery Hall: **The Diks**
Warwick Red Lion: **Scissor Fits**
Weybridge National College of Food: **The Teenbeats**
Winchester Tower Arts Centre: **Tours/The Martian Schoolgirls**
Wolverhampton The Merry Hill: **Phil Beer**
York University: **The Chords/The Name**

BLUE OYSTER CULT arrive this week for their eagerly-awaited sell-out British concert tour, bringing along their latest spectacular stage show. If you're a ticket-holder, catch the pyrotechnics and the music at Brighton (Thursday), Stafford (Friday), Leeds (Sunday) and London Hammersmith (Monday for four nights).

SATURDAY

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Steve Hillage Band.**
Bangor University: **American Blues Legends 79 Tour.**
Banwell Old Bell Inn: **Dave Cousins.**
Basingstoke Magnums: **Chinatown.**
Bedford College of Higher Education: **Flying Saucers.**
Birkenhead Gallery Club: **Urchin.**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Ezra Pound.**
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **Misty / Eclipse / Phase One / Mystic & The Israelites.**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **The Mods.**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Strider.**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **School Sports.**
Birmingham Underworld: **UB 40 / Vitus Dance.**
Birmingham University: **Tours.**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Racing Cars / Hibiscus.**
Bradford Palm Cove: **Squire.**
Brighton Arts Centre: **The Piranhas / The Chefs.**
Brighton Buccaneer: **The Molesters.**
Brighton Centre: **Manhattan Transfer.**
Brighton Portslade Town Hall: **Yakety Yak.**
Bristol Brunswick Club: **The Injections.**
Bristol Granary: **The Psychedelic Furs.**
Brockworth House Club: **Dynamite.**
Bude Headland Hotel: **Metro Gliders.**
Cardiff Grassroots: **Apartment / Stingrays.**
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: **The Buzzcocks / Joy Division.**
Carlisle Market Hall: **Boxcar Willie.**
Carlisle Twisted Wheel: **Not Quite Red Fox.**
Carshalton St Helier Arms: **Johnny & The Jailbirds.**
Chelmsford Odeon: **Billie Jo Spears / Bobby Bare.**
Colchester Esssex University: **Caravan.**
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: **Modern English.**
Coventry Warwick University: **The Original Mirrors.**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Kandidate.**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Fall.**
Eastbourne Kings Country Club: **The Four Tops.**
Edinburgh Usher Hall: **Leo Sayer.**
Farnham Art College: **The Small Wonders.**
Feltham Footbáll Club: **The Jets.**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **The Ruts / The Flys.**
Greenham Common RAF: **Cissy Stone**
Haddenham Village Hall: **Hugh Rippon.**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Steve Hackett Band.**
Kingston Polytechnic: **Chas & Dave.**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Landscape**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **The City Limits.**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Side Effect.**
Leeds University: **Lene Lovich / Jane Aire & The Belvederes / The Meteors / The Revillos / Lew Lewis Reformer.**
Lincoln RAF Swinderby: **Strange Days.**
London Brixton Abing Centre: **The Regulars.**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Billy Karloff Band.**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **Penetration / Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark / Local Operator.**
London Camden Music Machine: **Gonzalez.**
London Chiswick John Bull: **The Flatbackers.**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Stickers.**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Paris**
London Fullham Greyhound (matinee): **The VIP's.**
London Hackney Adam & Eve: **Gina 'n' The Rockin' Rebels.**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **AC/DC and Def Leppard.**
London Hampstead Westfield College: **The Smirks.**

London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Cygnus.**
London Kensington Imperial College: **Zones.**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Eton Rifles / The Nips.**
London Leicester Square Notre Dame Hall: **Back To Zero.**
London Marquee Club: **Pinpoint.**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Embryo.**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Richard & Linda Thompson.**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House:

Saturday gigs continue over the page

MORE GIG GUIDE

*A good week for MOTR freaks, with the arrival of **ABBA**, who open a string of five nights at London's giant Wembley Arena on Monday. And **MANHATTAN TRANSFER** (inset) begin the second leg of their UK tour at Brighton (Saturday), Coventry (Sunday) and Manchester (Monday to Wednesday).*

REMAINING GIGS FOR

Saturday

Andrew Frank & Mike Maun.
London School of Economics: **The Photos.**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bill Le Sage Quartet.**
London Southall White Swan: **The Attendants.**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief.**
London Wembley Arena: **The Moody Blues**
London Victoria The Venue: **Charlie Daniels Band.**
London W.C.1 Drill Hall: **Belt & Braces Band.**
Looe Jolly Sailor: **Peter Bellamy.**
Loughborough University: **Gang Of Four.**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Shirley Bassey.**
Manchester Mayflower: **I.Q. Zero.**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Cowboys International.**
Manchester University: **Wild Horses.**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Gallagher & Lyle / Judie Tzuke.**
Newcastle University: **Borich.**
Northampton County Ground: **The Tourists / The Monos.**
Norwich Talk Of The East: **Del Shannon.**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Eric Bell Band.**
Oldham Tower Ballroom: **Jameson Raid.**
Oxford College of Further Education: **Beast / Institution Isis.**
Oxford New Theatre: **Cliff Richard.**
Peterborough Wirrana Stadium: **Penetration.**
Reading Bulmershe College: **Andrew Matheson & 20th Century Saints.**
Redruth London Hotel: **Sledgehammer.**
Scarborough Floral Hall: **Mike Harding.**
Sheffield Broadfield Hotel: **Disco Students.**
Sheffield University: **The Pirates.**
Southampton University: **The Angelic Upstarts.**
Stockton Teessider: **Carol Green & The Scene / The Cassettes / Dave Barbarian.**
St. Austell New Cornish Riviera: **The Mechanics / Bunk Dogger & The Dogs.**
Stirling West End Bar (lunchtime): **FK9.**
Stowmarket Mid-Suffolk Sports Club: **Nightmare.**
Tonypandy Naval Club: **Quartz.**
Torquay The Pelican: **Bruce Woolley & The Camera Club.**
West Bromwich Coach & Horses: **Freebird.**
Winchester Tower Centre: **Lip Moves / Thieves Like Us.**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wolverhampton Brinsford Lodge: **Dangerous Girls.**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **Carol Grimes & Sweet FA.**
Worthing The Monteque: **The Same.**

Sunday

Bath Tiffany's: **Central Line**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Prima Donna**
Birmingham Shirley Red Lion: **The Crack**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Tracks**
Bradford Alhambra Theatre: **The Spinners**
Bradford College Students Union: **One Adult**
Bradford Royal Standard: **UK Subs/Disco Students**
Brighton Buccaneer: **The Blades**
Bristol Colston Hall: **The Buzzcocks/Joy Division**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Cardiff Top Rank: **The Skids**
Carlisle Border Terrier: **Jameson Raid**
Chelmsford City F.C.: **Matchbox**
Chelmsford Odeon: **Steve Hackett Band**
Coventry Theatre: **Manhattan Transfer**
Croydon Greyhound: **The Jets**
Doncaster Granby Club: **The Diks**
Dunfermline Kinema: **The Ruts/The Flys**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Lene Lovich/Jane Aire & The Belvederes / The Meteors**
Exeter University The Pit: **Metro Gliders**
Glasgow Pavilion Theatre: **Boxcar Willie**
Horsham Capitol Theatre: **Richard & Linda Thompson**
Huddersfield Coach House: **Squire**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **Raised On Robbery**
Jacksdale Grey Topper: **Nightmare**
Leeds Bar-Celona: **The Realistics**
Leeds Queen's Hall: **Blue Oyster Cult**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Leicester Phoenix Theatre: **Landscape**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Whitesnake / Marseille**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Little Roosters / Terminal Snack Blues Band**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Piranhas**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **White Rabbit**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **The Four Tops**
London E.3 Bow Triangle: **Belt & Braces Band**
London Finchley Torrington: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **AC/DC and Def Leppard**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Badlands**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Trendies**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **The O.K. Band**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Philip Rambow / Viva**
London Palmers Green Intimate Theatre: **The Family Brown**
London Peckham Montpelier (lunchtime): **Blue Moon**
London Rainbow Theatre: **The Boomtown Rats / Protex**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bill Le Sage**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Tourists / The Monos / Dolly Mixtures**
London Victoria The Venue: **Charlie Daniels Band**
London Wembley Arena: **Moody Blues**
Lowestoft Sparrows Nest Theatre: **Del Shannon**
Maidenhead Cippenham Alexandra's: **Arrogant**
Manchester Royal Exchange Theatre: **American Blues Legends 79 Tour**
Middlesbrough Empire: **Carl Green & The Scene / The Cassettes / Dave Barbarian**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **The Fall**
Newbridge Memorial Hall: **Samson / Urchin**
Newcastle City Hall: **Gallagher / Lyle / Judie Tzuke**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Mortals**
Nottingham Theatre Royal: **Billie Jo Spears / Bobby Bare**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **The Act**
Portsmouth Centre Hotel: **Dave Cousins**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Bob Davenport / The Leeds Band**
Purfleet Circus Tavern: **The Barron Knights (for a week)**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **Wild Horses**
Salford The Willows: **Kandidate**
Sheffield Crucible Theatre: **Dave Brubeck Quartet**
Sheffield Top Rank: **The Specials / Madness / The Selecter**
South Petherton Bell Inn: **Peter Bellamy**
Torquay The Pelican: **Bruce Woolley & The Camera Club**
Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Watford GPCH Hall: **The Tea Set**
Weymouth Gloucester Hotel: **Lip Moves**
Winchester Tower Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Sphere**
Wollaston Nags Head: **The Accelerators**

Monday

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Boxcar Willie**
Aberystwyth Queen Mary College: **Samson**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Freebird**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Cerebus**
Boston Folk Club: **Gay & Terry Woods**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **The Skids**
Bradford College Students Union: **Oral Sex**
Brighton Alhambra: **Midnight & The Lemon Boys/The Tonix**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Steve Hillage Band**
Carlisle Market Hall: **Gallagher & Lyle-/Judie Tzuke**
Cleethorpes Winter Gardens: **Wild Horses**
Coventry Climax Club: **Disco Students**
Coventry Warwick University: **Cowboys International**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Richard & Linda Thompson**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Steve Hackett Band**
Dundee Teezers: **Squire**
Edinburgh Tiffany's: **The Ruts/The Flys**
Guildford Civic Hall: **Lene Lovich/Jane Aire & The Belvederes/The Meteors**
Hanley Victora Hall: **Hot Chocolate**
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: **The Buzzcocks/Joy Division**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Leeds Heaven & Hell: **The Butterflies/Performance Anxiety**
Leeds Mexboro Arms: **Best Friends**
Leeds University: **American Blues Legend '79 Tour**
Leeds Warehouse: **Kandidate**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **The Specials/Madness/The Selecter**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **AC/DC and Def Leppard**
London Battersea Sparkfords: **The Now**
London Bermondsey Apples & Pears: **Stan's Blues Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Bad Manners / The Clones / Plain Characters**
London Camden Music Machine: **Iron Maiden**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden **The Balloons**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Blue Oyster Cult**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Classix Nouveaux**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Penetration**
London Marquee Club: **The Pretenders**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The O.K. Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Davey Graham/Earl Okin**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Rainbow Theatre: **The Boomtown Rats/Protex**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Marian Montgomery/Buddy Tate Quartet (for two weeks)**
London Victoria The Venue: **Ramsey Lewis Trio**
London Wembley Arena: **Abba**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Manhattan Transfer**
Manchester Ashton Tameside Theatre: **Dave Brubeck Quartet**
Manchester The Funhouse: **Little Bo Bitch**
Newcastle The Cooperage: **The 45's**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Party**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Oxford open-air bonfire concert: **Urchin**
Plymouth Woods Centre: **The Tourists / The Monos**
Preston Polytechnic: **Caravan**
Reading Cherry Wine Bar: **Chinatown**
Shrewsbury Drum & Monkey: **Nightmare**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Whitesnake/Marseille**
Southend Zero 6: **Musicians Workshop**
St. Albans Adelaide Wine Bar: **Folk Workshop**
Stockton The Talbot: **Carl Green & The Scene / The Cassettes / Dave Barbarian**
Taunton Camelot Club: **The Psychedlic Furs**
Totnes Civic Hall: **Bruce Woolley & The Camera Club**
York Theatre Royal: **"The Rocky Horror Show" (for a week)**

Tuesday

Aberdeen Ruffles: **Squire**
Bath Tiffany's: **Whitewing**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Killer**
Birmingham Odeon: **Cliff Richard**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **The Outsiders**
Brighton Centre: **The Moody Blues**
Bristol Granary: **Bruce Woolley & The Camera Club**
Bristol Locarno: **The Skids**
Chatham Central Hall: **Richard & Linda Thompson**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Steve Hackett Band**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Humphrey Lyttelton Band / Joe Lee Wilson**
Derby Olde Bell Hotel: **Disco Students**
Dunstable California Ballroom: **Ramsey Lewis Trio**
Durham University: **American Blues Legends 79 Tour**
Edinburgh Usher Hall: **Gallagher & Lyle / Judie Tzuke**
Exeter Jolly Porter: **Peter Bellamy**
Exeter Routes: **The Tourists/The Monos**
Farnborough Tumbledown Dicks: **The Vapors**
Gateshead Progressive Club: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **Sledgehammer**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Whitesnake / Marseille**
Ipswich Tracy's: **The V.I.P.'s**
Keele University: **Pierre Moerlen's Gong**
Leeds Fan Club: **Fumin'**
Leeds Polytechnic: **Andrew Matheson & 20th Century Saints**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **AC/DC and Def Leppard**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Books**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Bogey Boys**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Flying Colours**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Blue Oyster Cult**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Lene Lovich / Jane Aire & The Belvederes / The Meteors**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The Valentines**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Vitus Dance**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Deke Leonard's Iceberg/Limited Edition**
London Marquee Club: **Little Bo Bitch**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **Stan's Blues Band**
London Rainbow Theatre: **The Boomtown Rats / Protex**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Kathy Stobart Quartet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Strand King's College: **Silas**
London University: **The Crooks**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Sta-Prest**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Albion Band**
London Waterloo National Theatre Foyer: **Holly Tannen & Pete Cooper**
London Wembley Arena: **Abba**
London W1 Maunkberry's: **Duffo**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Manhattan Transfer**
Manchester Free Trade Hall: **Steve Hillage Band**
Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic: **Carl Green & The Scene/The Cassettes/Dave Barbarian**
Newbury Cadet School of Military Survey: **Nightmare**
Norwich Cromwells: **Chas & Dave**
Nottingham Outlaws Bar: **The Drug Squad**
Plymouth Clones: **The Psychedelic Furs**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **After The Fire**
Preston Guildhall: **Leo Sayer**
Salford University: **Samson**
Southend Talk Of The South: **Kandidate**
Stoke Tiffany's: **Gonzalez**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **The Piranhas**
Walsall Dirty Duck: **The Amazing Dark Horse**

Wednesday

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Gallagher & Lyle/Judie Tzuke**
Bath Arts Workshop: **Dangerous Girls**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Brujo**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Vienna**
Birmingham Hen & Chickens: **The Family Brown**
Birmingham Odeon: **Cliff Richard**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Rainmaker**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Here & Now**
Bradford College Students Union: **Shaft Drive**
Bradford University: **Bruce Woolley & The Camera Club/The Original Mirrors**
Brighton The Centre: **Shirley Bassey**
Brighton Top Rank: **Gang Of Four/The Red Crayola**
Cardiff Top Rank: **The Specials / Madness / The Selecter**
Carlisle Border Terrier: **Carl Green & The Scene/The Cassettes/Dave Barbarian**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **CSA**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **The Buzzcocks/Joy Division**
Derby Assembly Hall: **Steve Hillage Band**
Dundee University: **American Blues Legends 79 Tour**
Glasgow Technical College: **Squire**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **The Skids**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Little Roosters**
Liverpool University: **Samson**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Charlie Ainley & The Misdemeanors**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Piranhas/The Dodgems**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **The Bumpers**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Pack**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Stan's Blues Band**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Belt & Braces Band**
London E.3 Earl of Aberdeen: **Ronnie Scott Quartet**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Blue Oyster Cult**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Limousine**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Free Beer**
London Marquee Club: **The Lurkers/The Carpettes**
London Peckham Montpelier: **Blue Moon**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Dana Simmonds & Greig's Folk and Blues Showcase**
London Queen Elizabeth Hall: **Julian Lloyd Webber/John Dankworth**
London School of Economics: **The Fall**
London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: **The Act**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Velvet**
London Victora The Venue: **Robert Hunter**
London Waterloo National Theatre Foyer: **Mighty Honky Band**
London Wembley Arena: **Abba**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Thieves Like Us**
London W.1 Maunkberry's: **Duffo**
Loughborough University: **Chas & Dave**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Manhattan Transfer**
Manchester The Phoenix: **Insizor**
Manchester University: **Andrew Matheson & 20th Century Saints**
Newcastle-under-Lyme Arts Centre: **Roaring Jelly**
Newton Abbott Seale Hayne College: **The Tourists/The Monos**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **The Speedy Bears**
Plymouth Circus Tavern: **Flying Saucers**
Plymouth Clones: **Cowboys International**
Rayleigh Crocs: **Little Bo Bitch**
Reading Target Club: **Urchin**
Reading Univeristy: **The Pirates**
Redditch Tracey's: **The Mods**
Sheffield University: **A Teardrop Explodes/Echo & The Bunnymen**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Swinton Duke of Wellington: **The Trend**
Walsall Town Hall: **Kandidate**
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **Mike Harding**
Wolverhampton Lord Raglan: **Disco Students**

THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS are undertaking the most important tour of their career, to mark their signing with Epic Records and the release of their debut single 'We Love You'. Catch them this week at Chesterfield (Thursday), Cheltenham (Friday), Bristol (Saturday), Taunton (Monday) and Plymouth (Tuesday).

HOT SPOTS AROUND NEW YORK NEXT WEEK

MONDAY (5): Avery Fisher Hall — **James Galway**; Max's Kansas City — **Coma Teens/The Minx**; Spectrum — **Grateful Dead** (two days); Emerald City N.J. — **Talking Heads**; Bottom Line — **Sonny Rollins**; Hurrah — **Nervus Rex** (two days).

TUESDAY (6): Bottom Line — **Yellow Magic Orchestra**; My Father's Place — **Laughing Dogs/Yankees**; Kenny's Castaways — **Brigid St John** (three days); Max's Kansas City — **Gary Wilson & The Blind Dates/Sick Dick & The Volkswagons**; Fat Tuesday — **Airto.**

WEDNESDAY (7): Palladium — **Southside Johnny & The Asbury Jukes**; Carnegie Hall — **Makem & Clancy**; Max's Kansas City — **Manhattan Project/Science/Microwaves**; Fast Lane — **Uncle Floyd Show**; Zappa's — **John Cale**; Pennsylvania Hall — **Bob Marley & The Wailers**; Stars — **The Rattlers.**

THURSDAY (8): Hurrah — **Lounge Lizards**; Emerald City N.J. — **Sinceros**; Fast Lane — **Mitch Ryder & The Detroit Wheels**; Bijou Cafe — **Ramsey Lewis** (three days); Radio City — **Diana Ross**; 7th Ave, South — **24th St Band** (four days).

FRIDAY (9): Hurrah — **Merton Parkas** (two days); Carnegie Hall — **Spyro Gyro**; Beacon — **B. B. King/Bobby Bland**; Palladium — **Billie Thorpe**; Stars — **Canned Heat**; Minskoss — **Engelbert Humperdinck**; My Father's Place — **Maria Muldaur**; Showplace — **John Cale**; Kenny's Castaways — **Rob Stoner** (three days); Fast Lane — **Carolyn Mas.**

SATURDAY (10): Carnegie Hall — **Ravi Shankar**; Palladium — **Jean Luc Ponty/Maria Muldaur**; Capitol — **Bonnie Raitt**; Tower — **Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers/Fabulous Poodles**; Stars — **John Lee Hooker**; Public Theatre — **James Blood Ulmer.**

SUNDAY (11): Nassau Coliseum — **Fleetwood Mac** (two days); My Father's Place — **Ultravox**; Alexander's — **Arlo Guthrie**; Palladium — **Tom Petty/Fabulous Poodles.**

THE LIVE PAGE
to advertise
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TERRY KING PRESENTS

The Enid

+ Jon Benns

Friday NOV 9th FREE TRADE HALL MANCHESTER
Saturday NOV 10th DIGBETH CIVIC HALL BIRMINGHAM
Sunday NOV 11th RAINBOW THEATRE LONDON
Thursday NOV 15th PAVILION HEMEL HEMPSTEAD

TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM BOX OFFICE & USUAL AGENTS
New album SIX PIECES now available on Pye Records

ALUMINIUM MANAGEMENT *PRESENT*
PINK TRIANGLES AND A DIARY ON MICROFILM

DISCO STUDENTS

Thursday November 1st
CROWN, EASTLEIGH
Friday November 2nd
HEATHCLIFFE, SWANSEA
Saturday November 3rd
BROADFIELD, SHEFFIELD
Sunday November 4th
ROYAL STANDARD, BRADFORD
Monday November 5th
CLIMAX CLUB, COVENTRY

Tuesday November 6th
OLD BELL, DERBY
Wednesday November 7th
LORD RAGLAN, WOLVERHAMPTON
Thursday November 8th
FAN CLUB, LEEDS
Friday November 9th
FFORDE GREEN, LEEDS
Saturday November 9th
ROCK GARDEN, MIDDLESBRO'

SINGLE OUT NOW — ON YEAH, YEAH, YEAH RECORDS
SOUTH AFRICA HOUSE / KAFKAESQUE
AVAILABLE FOR £1.00 (including postage) from
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MARSHALL ARTS PRESENTS

Paco de Lucia

• Accompanied By Ramon de Algeciras & Dolores

DOMINION THEATRE
TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD
SUNDAY 11 NOV at 7.30pm

TICKETS 1.50, 2.50, 3.50, 4.50
from BOX OFFICE – 01-580 9562
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS – 01-439 3371
PREMIER BOX OFFICE – 01-240 2245
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THE PORTERHOUSE

20 Carolgate, Retford, Notts.
Tel. 0777 704981.

Friday November 2nd
GANG OF FOUR
+ Delta 5 + Au-Pairs
Saturday November 3rd
ULTRAVOX

FINAL SOLUTION PRESENT

THE POP GROUP

SCRITTI POLITTI + GUESTS
UNIVERSITY OF LONDON UNION MALET ST, WC1, 7.30PM FRI. 16TH NOV.

NEW SINGLE 'WE ARE ALL PROSTITUTES' RELEASED 2/11/79 ON ROUGH TRADE

TICKETS £2.00 ON THE DOOR OR IN ADVANCE FROM SMALL WONDER, ROUGH TRADE, HONKY TONK + LUIGI & THE BOYS (HANWAY ST W1) RECORD SHOPS. CHEAP TWO BEDROOMED FLAT MAIDA VALE AREA WANTED BY FINAL SOLUTION + CATS, RING COLIN 286 3459 AFTERNOON.

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WIRE

Friday, Saturday and Monday
9th, 10th, and 12th November
at the JEANETTA COCHRANE THEATRE,
Southampton Row, Holborn, E.C.1
Tickets: £2.50 available only in advance from Theatre Box Office

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

CHELSEA

SLAUGHTER AND THE DOGS
The Books
ELECTRIC BALLROOM
184 CAMDEN HIGH ST. NW1 (NEAREST TUBE CAMDEN TOWN)
FRIDAY 9th NOVEMBER at 7·30
TICKETS £2·50 (INC.VAT) ADVANCE ELECTRIC BALLROOM BOX OFFICE, TEL. 485 9006
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE. TEL. 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL. 240 2245
OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD. NW1, TEL. 485 5088

Rampant Music
Presents
Rock At The Angel
THE PIED BULL
1 Liverpool Road, N1.
Thursday 1st November at 8.30 pm

SECOND NATURE

+ Impact
Admission 60p

THE Venue

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Food, Drink, Live Bands, Dancing 7pm-3am.

Wednesday 31st October £3.25
R.E.O. SPEEDWAGON

Thursday 1st November £3
JOHN HIATT
For 3 nights £4.25 each night

Friday 2nd, Saturday 3rd & Sunday 4th November
CHARLIE DANIELS BAND

Monday 5th November £3.75
RAMSEY LEWIS

Tuesday 6th November £3.50
ALBION BAND

Wednesday 7th November £3.25
ROBERT HUNTER
(2 shows 8.30 & 11.15)

Thursday 8th November £3.00
CHARLIE DORE
and her Back Pocket

Friday 9th November £3.50
ROCKET '88
Featuring Charlie Watts, Dave Green, Dick Morrissey, Don Weller, Bob Hall, George Green, Ian Stewart, Colin Smith, John Pickard, Malcolm Everson

Saturday 10th November £3.50
ROGER CHAPMAN

For 3 nights
Monday 12, Tuesday 13th, Wednesday 14th November
£3.00 in advance
£3.25 on the door
STEEL PULSE

Thursday 15th November £3.00
MADDY PRIOR

Friday 16th November £3.00
ANDREW MATHESON

For 3 nights
18th, 19th, 20th November
£4.00 in advance
£4.25 on the door
BILL HALEY & THE COMETS

THE BALLOONS

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MON NOVEMBER 5th
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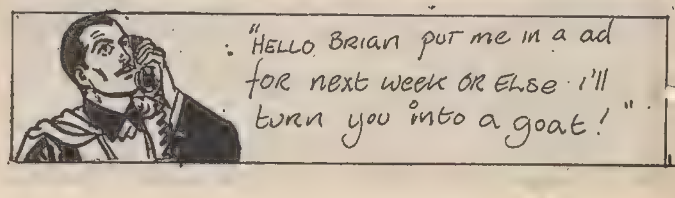
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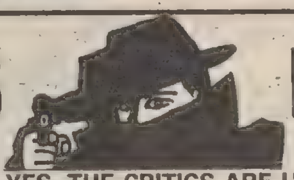

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Sham 69
The Drones

Birmingham

Bingley Hall is a vast, pillared barn. At the entrance bouncers root through your pockets and your personal effects; inside, the cold slams up from the stone floor at the listless people who stand shivering in the soulless, concrete squalor.

There is not enough of an audience to generate any extra heat.

The Drones try very hard to fill an enormous, empty void. There are some interesting songs with a hint of good-humoured [illegible], a tinge of well-toned-in pop sensibility and a definite whiff of pretty, played-down HM; the lead is inventive, even assertive, but it holds out over everything else.

Still, my left leg twitches and one frozen set of toes tap and it can only be to The Drones' credit that they get a section of the crowd ricocheting around in the open space.

Then background blasts of drumming break open the theme of *2001 A Space Odyssey*, flares erupt at the side of the stage, light explodes over the audience and the sound of Sham 69 comes clawing and tearing at the cold, grey air.

Nothing in the set lives up to the brilliance of its beginning.

Back within a few weeks of splitting, the group stand beneath a banner which says "No Surrender", and although they have a good go at battling and blazing, you can't help feeling that their hearts aren't in the fight.

They struggle and scream for only half an hour, excluding two short encores.

I can't speak for the sound. Turn sideways and you get an action replay, one second delay, in the echo that bounces off the back wall then rolls and thuds into the far corners with each wall adding its own anguished voice. The volume's so loud that my ears ache, my eyes water and my brain protests at the pointless damage I'm doing to my senses.

Sham's songs boil down to the person of Jimmy Pursey — whether he's howling, fists clenched, with impotent fury, fleetingly uplifted by a spurious sense of solidarity, or remembering he's human and trying hard to be humble.

Don't look for subtlety or insight, you won't find it.

He tries more than most, but he's clumsy, almost criminally naive and he has no resources, no solutions, not even specific targets at which to aim the blame for his outraged sense of decency. Thus he's incapable of participating in a constructive calm after the storm; not because he can't think straight, but because he's so scared of compromising his injured innocence that he prefers to keep his contradictions intact.

But he's still wonderful to watch.

There's a free, fluid energy in his dancing, a molten [illegible] when he crosses [illegible] [illegible] knees [illegible] offering himself.

And although the audience is depleted by Sham standards, they still revere him as the Head Boy, the perfect Prefect who's reluctant to relinquish his lonely position, torn between enjoying the role, denying its existence and not knowing which way to lead them.

Tonight he takes us through some of the better anthems ('Tell Us The Truth', 'Borstal Breakout', 'Rip Off') and several of the worst. 'Voices' is preceded by verbal violence to the music press; during 'Money' he showers armfuls of bank-notes (fake, I imagine) over the audience and he mimes jamming a needle in his arm while delivering a paean to poor old Sid and then singing a 'Day Tripper' which I swear I didn't recognise until the noise stopped and someone told me what it was.

We also get an allegorical explanation of 'Give A Dog A Bone' and a mawkish 'You're A Better Man Than I' which sees a proportion of the thin audience trickling out of the exits.

"If you want to go and see some smaller band down the road then that's OK with us," Pursey had said earlier in the evening.

It looks as if, for once, he may be taken at his word.

Lynn Hanna

Jimmy Sham. Pic: Al Johnson

The moody Miss Hynde poses. Pic: Sante Basson

Look at that snooty girl

The Pretenders
Roy Sundholm

Marquee

If you're partial to old rock styles intriguingly wrenched into a forward-looking station, these two bands make a near-perfect coupling, the Roy Sundholm Band laying out a rock-solid foundation for the slightly precarious deviations of The Pretenders.

Sundholm, a virtual unknown, gives the impression that he's been lurking round the edges of the circuit in 'unrecognised songwriter' guise for a good many moons.

He's clearly had enough experience to have swept his decks clean of all but the most direct, compelling means of getting his songs across. The result is a satisfying, whittled-down sound that initially ('I Was Robbed') smacks of a Parker/J. Jackson formula sieved through the momentous hard-edged force of a Phil Rambow arrangement and yet somehow — no mean feat — contriving to sound fresh and explosive with every turn of phrase.

Visually, the Sundholm Band are a disconcerting bunch, so diverse in looks that despite an authority that can only stem from weeks of rehearsal, they still seem like a scratch band, hastily glued together as Sundholm's backline.

They comprise a lanky, powerful drummer, a token mod on guitar; token moderne on bass, Roy — a thick-set vague approximation of Andy Summers — and a guitarist whose moustache, peaked baseball cap, boiler-suit and immense girth suggest he's fresh from The Atlantic Rhythm Section's road crew.

As you can image, they're hardly a 'unit'.

Nonetheless, they deliver a volatile and immaculately paced set, lavishly textured with vocal harmonies, and even knock the mothballs out of that standard rock figurehead — the twin lead break.

'A Place In The World' is power R&B, as is 'Did You Ever Have A Heart' but with crisp off-beat rhythm chords propped back from a coasting bassline. And somewhere there's a tasteful crack at a white reggae number (compulsory these days, it seems) whose strained, treated guitar, poised bass and overall compressed-spring rhythm again suggest a width and perception that deserves to be kept under close observation.

The Pretenders already enjoy this (dubious) privilege, but until such time as an album appears there's only two excellent — if undeniably revivalist — singles and an unpredictable live act by which to assess their relative merit.

Chrissie Hynde's on stage, but her enthusiasm is still in the dressing room. Her 'aloof' demeanour and apparent contempt for all those who've shelled out to witness it, recalls the last time I saw Costello, though on Hynde's part it's all so blatantly contrived.

Throughout the set she wallows in cultivated indifference, ably reflected by her Patti Smith ghostly pallor and Liza Minelli sneer.

"I've got nothing to say, and I'm not going to say it," comes the inter-song invective, accompanied by an elaborate glance at her wristwatch.

Thanks, but no thanks.

Keeping the performer/audience link at its most tenuous seems to exaggerate the acid flair of the band's approach. Martin Chambers lays into his kit with the most ferocious determination, sending bodies literally recoiling from the stacks with his opening roll, Pete Farndon stakes out a plain, precision bass, and Jim Honeyman-Scott gives a set of old phrases a new lick of gloss paint.

The set unfolds, swaying between shrewdly intelligent versions of mediocre songs such as the garbled R&B of 'The Wait' and the heavily re-wired "old Beatles' number" 'Stop Your Sobbing', and flashes of sheer brilliance — the frenetic 'Tattooed Love Boys' (Lou Reed devoured by strained time signatures), the supremely elegant reggae lope 'Private Life' and the '60s beat fusion 'Kid', one of the most under-rated singles of the year.

Right now, The Pretenders have all the ideal ingredients for cracking The Big League. What they lift — '60s beat, Lou Reed, Iggy Pop, reggae — they revise, remodel and incorporate into their own clearly defined terms.

As for Chrissie Hynde, the gap between the recognition she's got and what she reckons she deserves isn't getting any smaller right now.

Something better change — and fast.

Mark Ellen

The Inmates

Electric Ballroom

"Ain't it great," exults Garrie Lammin from the Roosters, "that all different sorts of people can come to a gig without wanting to kick each other's heads in?"

Finger on the pulse, Gal. R&B functions cross-tribally, its raucous energy, dishevelled warmth and street vitality transcend cliquishness and its ace-taste drawing-card is the straight, simple fact that it's the best rock and roll dance music going. A five-band smorgasbord at the Ballroom, then: problem and solution.

In strict chronological order, the evening commences with The Bogey Boys, an Irish three-piece just logged onto the books of the famous Chrysalis record caompany.

They seem oddly anachronistic; as if they'd spent the last decade incarcerated with a load of old Cream and Fleetwood Mac (Peter Green variety) records and a few photos of Thin Lizzy. The guitarist played mounds of expert spaghetti on his Les Paul and the bassist held his Fender in the approved Phil Lynott firing position. But it seems a trifle pointless to reproduce the period when British blues went 'progressive' and then started to turn into heavy metal unless your ambition is to support on the US stadium circuit, where that kind of thing is still reckoned the knees of the bees and the nightwear of the felines.

Next up were Red Beans And Rice, who'd have walked away with the 'Best Band Of The Night' accolade if their lead singer — an effortlessly funky soul brother with a better set of pipes on him than the Albert Hall organ — had managed to rub some of his vitality and good humour off on the rest of the band. During the opening portion of their set, when they ran the changes on some classic old Stax and Motown rabble-rousers, the band did little more than go through the motions: clean but stiff.

A Red Bean . . .

. . . cuts up Big Bill Hurley. Pix Tony Maclean.

When they got onto playing the blues and the guitarist came to life with some stinging Telecastering on Albert King's 'Oh Pretty Woman', they started refreshing the parts in fine style with a version of 'The Walk' that should've thrown a scare into The Inmates, and a ridiculously good reading of Joe Turner's 'TV Mama'.

Potentially, Red Beans And Rice are a seriously satisfying platter of soulfood, but they need a keyboard player, a second sax or a second guitar (preferably all three) and a little more lotion in their motion. Plus the lead guitarist, whose somnolent demeanour belies the classy sharpness of his playing, could use a shave, a haircut and a wake-up call but *soonest.*

The evening's only major debacle was provided by The Little Roosters, who muffed an excellent chance to take their rough, soulful R&B pop to the assembled company.

The barracking that Lammin's haircut elicited was beginning to subside by the third number, but his discomfiture at the lack of that all-important microphone transmitting his amp to the PA caused him to curtail the band's set by exiting after a lengthy jam on their slow blues 'Roostering With Intent'.

A bad case of bottling out, one fears, because the Roosters solid neo-Small Faces pop-soul and Lammin's fiery, emotional singing should have made them a welcome variation on the basic R&B fare found elsewhere on the menu.

Back to normal with Lew Lewis.

By this time the assembled company had sufficiently little blood in their alcohol streams to react appropriately to what was being played. As soon as Reformer hit the stage the evening took off like a rocket, mass berserk-outs down the front, bar staff collapsing from overwork, all the trimmings . . . . rhythm and blues!

And they're off! The standard opener with 'Watch Yourself' and a set that demonstrates that even a little below top form, Lew and his spiky sidekicks have their stuff down cold. 'Boogie On The Street' was a predictable cue for much mass foolishness. Peter Green's 'Long Grey Mare' (say it loud: Mac and proud) and Little Walter's 'High Temperature' (with a stellar showing from Rick on the guitar) were especially pleasing to the by-now battered eardrums.

Seven bottles of Pils into the game and on come The Inmates.

Standards and standouts alike spat out like red-hot rivets with a touch of extra firepower provided by The Rumour horns . . . ! listen! The Inmates prowl their turf like tigers and they're responding to their success by actually improving — they look all set to be the first of the current British R&B crop to follow the Feelgoods into the mainstream.

Red Black

Their position at the top of the bill tonight was right and proper even though Red Beans' lead vocalist managed the difficult feat of cutting Big Bill Hurley in public.

But . . . if UK R&B is going to be anything more than a sideshow to the rock and roll circus, it's going to have to do three things.

First some real songwriters are going to have to come out of the field to give Wilko a run for his money as Britain's only real R&B songwriter, and also to prove that there's more going on than simple revivalism.

Second, the R&B bands are going to have to get into the mainstream and use everything that's been learned in the last few years in the service of *their* music, try new licks and new tricks.

Third — and most important of all — R&B has to blow away that locker-room whiff of boys'-night-out music, get

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Anti-Climax blues. Pic Graham Stewart.

And Blooze

some songs written that refer to women as something other than quarry and get a few more girls coming to the gigs.

But if a band did all that, would it still be R&B?

This scene is a groove as far as it goes, but it doesn't go far enough. It's time for a modern R&B that means more to more people and still retains everything that gives it its unique character.

Watch yourself!

Charles Shaar Murray

Climax

Marquee

With ten solid years behind them, and at least as many albums, the Climax Blues Band must qualify as some sort of institution. Above everything else they're reliable: skilled and comfortable inside the confines of their formula. They'd never let you down if it's just plain good ol' funkaboogie that you're after.

In the same way, you'll get no surprises either. While they like to keep the sound vaguely contemporary, there isn't too much in the way of innovation or individuality.

It's easy to see why their career has been a case of steady, respectable success, but nothing more spectacular.

In appearance they're quite possibly the most desparately unfashionable band the Marquee has seen in ages. They exude an air of casual enjoyment and easy professionalism. It was one of those sweaty, unpretentious gigs where people come to dance more than to look, and the bassist plays with a ciggie sticking out of his grin.

Slowly the set builds in intensity, but still within its limited ambitions. It's an amalgam of vintage English Blues-boom and latterday US funk, enlivened now and again with some harp or slide guitar, a lot of it from the 'Real To Reel' album plus a few old faithfuls like their lonely chart success 'Couldn't Get It Right'.

They played fine and I got a bit bored and everyone seemed pretty happy to be there and I'm sure one day the Climax Blues Band will be back to do it all over again.

Paul Du Noyer

The Cimarons

Rainbow

A great British reggae institution bade farewell to their adopted mother-country in fine style last week just off the Seven Sisters Road. But London hardly gave The Cimarons the send off they really deserved, and now they are returning home to Jamaica — possibly for good — after 12 years at the forefront of the UK Rockers scene.

The five live Cimarons turned in a performance as heartfelt and sprightly as any I've seen from them, though their parting shot was distinctly soured by the measly, pitiful audience turn-out.

The Cimarons have slipped from the limelight since last year's ill-advised, quickly-terminated flirtation with an unsympathetic Polydor, but they have been far from inactive musically in that time. Their Rainbow set was laced with new material; a far more attractive proposition than what I'd feared the night might have become — a perfunctory procession of hottest hits.

I went half-expecting a requiem: What I saw was more like a rebirth.

They began, naturally enough, at *The Beginning* with 'Civilization', their re-write of the ancient history books: *"Civilization started in Ethiopia and drifted down The Nile into Egypt"*.

From there on, it was new stuff all the way, the songs displaying a distinct shift of emphasis from the occasionally rambling, plodding workouts of last year's 'Maka' setback to the melody and simplicity of their earlier years. Although, like Aswad, there are a few twists which veer closer to the pastures of modern jazz.

Youthful-looking Winston Reid is an engaging vocalist, bounding exuberantly across the lip of the stage in a track suit and trilby — and if anyone has the right to cash-in on the current hat chic, it should surely be these original Harlesden rudies!

Bassist Franklyn Dunn takes the mike for his own 'Don't Hide Under Your Locks, Baldhead' while guitarist Locksley Gichie authoritatively handles the vocal on his composition 'Destruction', a song dealing with the way the psychologists and sexologists of the world "stop you from finding your true self".

They finish, appropriately enough, with Jimmy Cliff's 'Freedom Street', encapsulating their own prime lyrical concern — a proud assertion of the basic human rights — in one of their rare cover versions.

While The Cimarons remain harder than the rock, female Lovers Rock trio Brown Sugar are as meandering as The Nile delta and probably as tepid.

Taking the role of 'seductive', teasing temptresses in silks and satins, they wheeze their way unimpressively through extended versions of their debut single 'I'm In Love With A Dreadlocks', their new single 'Dreaming Of Zion' and sundry others, the inevitable concessions to Disco, such as the irritating whooping warcrys serving to jarr rather than gel an already painful process.

Is there life beyond the discomix? In Brown Sugar's case, it appears not.

Adrian Thrills

Seen and gone Cimarons. Pic David Corio.

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A TV Advert stoppage. Pic Tony Maclean.

The Adverts

Marquee

Apart from the fact that it was to be The Advert's last appearance on a London stage, this was something of a non-event.

The kiss of death had already been planted on their new album by the most unsympathetic production imaginable, and their losing streak accompanied them to the stage of the Marquee where the final throes of their corporate demise were enacted before a crowd of exuberant onlookers.

Only two of the band's original stalwarts were present: gangling brainchild and master of ceremonies TV Smith, and the sultry bassist-in-waiting Gaye Advert. A posse of eleventh-hour recruits had been gathered for the occasion: an incognito drummer who kept the beat unobtrusively; Gaye's brother (Guy Advert?) replaced Howard Pickup on guitar and did a passable impersonation of Keith Richard's grandad; and Tim Cross, who featured on 'A Cast Of Thousands', flailed at the keyboards.

If ever there was a five-sided mismatch of individual intentions it was onstage here tonight.

As main visual foils, TV and Gaye merely re-inforced each other's vulnerability — a case of one's indifference off-setting the other's narcissism. TV entered the spirit of the occasion with a great deal of derring-do, even ripping his pants into the bargain. Despite the overt pomposity of his lyrics and his modest capability as a singer, he cut a genial, if helpless figure.

But Ms Advert's aloof, impassive stance hardly disguised her contempt for the whole affair. She remained, to all intents and purposes, decidedly out-to-lunch.

Meanwhile, some kind of music was of course taking place, although it would seem futile to classify it beyond shambolic light entertainment.

It was a precarious situation, largely because TV's high-flown, self-conscious songs deserved a more sympathetic treatment than the musicians were generally able or willing to muster. The result was a shoddy pantomime in which TV was left to cope with the unenviable role of Principal Boy. Even their most stirring songs 'Gary Gilmore's Eyes' sounded effete and unconvincing.

Fluctuating from sporadic excitement to tedium, it really depended on where you chose to focus your attention. The wilder excesses of TV's stage histrionics were, for the best part, matched by Tim Cross' *physical* approach to the keyboards — which entailed all manner of Svengali-esque posturing and over-dramatised affection towards his instrument. Nonetheless, his elegant swirling touches proved to be the most refreshing element of this sluggish recital.

Although the gig attracted the customary scenarios of dive-bombing and stage-mobbing from the audience, it was altogether too inauspicious and average to inspire an in situ obituary.

As the Adverts clambered back onstage for an encore, they announced their decision to knock it on the head and go their separate ways. For a brief spell they were showered in gob and glory as befitting a band that was destined to be the soft underbelly of progress.

They ain't resting, they're just dead.

Rick Joseph

Fife

The Skids Fingerprintz

Liverpool

In the University foyer, a stall was set up for promotional trinkets to celebrate the release of 'Days In Europa', The Skids' hand-carved Nietzche in the stone-wall of silence and stasis that passes for today's Rock Scene.

It's an example of the blundering, fetid proboscis of record companies trying to locate and inundate the 14-17 year-olds who make up 90% of this audience, with instant relics. The joke is that most of 'em don't want to know.

They know what they want and they've paid out to get it. Granted, they have to tolerate the Trumton-beat pop of Fingerprintz, four young clerks from Scotland spearheading the soya-bean power pop boom. The songs are just flower-arranging; crafted, snappy ditties that

Richard Jobson. Pic Justin Thomas.

Landscape

Music Machine

A chill wet Wednesday night and the music inside the Music Machine is as miserable as the weather out.

Landscape will be termed "jazz-rock", but they don't play jazz or rock or jazz-rock so much as an instrumental form of power-pop — a barren, curtailed music built around

To catch a thief

The Boomtown Rats
Protex

Hammersmith Odeon

Thursday night at the Hammersmith Odeon demonstrated Neil Young's recent lyrical contention that *"The King is gone but he's not forgotten"*: The Boomtown Rats Utilised an ingenious neon naughts 'n' crosses design based on Elvis Presley's *Jailhouse Rock* scenery (white neon strips replacing the iron bars in the original flick); support band Protex's logo was a black silhouette of a vintage Elvis shot, legs astride, guitar slung low, hands caressing the microphone.

But any further cross-reference to late '50s Presley are strictly out to lunch.

Protex, a Belfast four piece recently signed to Polydor, have as much to do with classic Presley as this review has to do with the collected works of Anais Nin. They're a professional punk outfit who know their power chords, who whack out one fast, feisty song after another and who get well mouthy when the habitually 'cool' London audience refuses to dance to their unoriginal, one-dimensional repertoire.

Not wishing to trounce down too hard on a young band who've probably not got their creative bearings checked, I'll diplomatically note that certain numbers did make themselves distinguishable above the ultimately turgid rota of speedily paced hard rock.

Otherwise, I can't say I was over impressed.

The bass player's obnoxious exhortations to get the punters on their feet was simply dim witted because anyone dancing at the Hammersmith Odeon is usually thrust back into their seats by sour-headed bouncers. Strangely, those who did bop weren't manhandled; and this was the same throughout the Rats' set.

So Protex leave the stage after an encore. The safety curtain comes down bearing a gargantuan 'Surfacing' album cover. Startime begins in darkness with the earstrafing sound of a blizzard; a sound similar to the disorientating sonic whirlpool that introduced Bowie's 'Station To Station' tour.

Geldof. Pic Kevin Cummins.

First, the merits of The Boomtown Rats as a live band.

Number one: they're a hyper-professional unit who leave no niggling holes in their sound, which is thick, abrasive with its agreeable pot-pourri of myriad influences.

Number two: they pace their set — regardless of quality — exceptionally well, not merely relying on Geldof's buoyancy for maintaining a structured whole, but effectively juxtaposing numbers. 'Wind Chill Factor', the opener, is performed abruptly before going into the irritating tick-tock, fifth-rate Talking Heads conceit of 'Like Clockwork'. But you never get chance to realise the songs are plagiarised piffle as you're carried along with the motion.

The pace — leaping from new songs like 'Nothing Happened Today' and 'Having My Picture Taken' to old 'Tonic For The Troops' graft like 'Eva Braun' and 'Me And Howard Hughes' and sharply spliced with each of their six golden greats at perfectly conceived moments — is nothing short of brilliant.

Geldof is also a first rate trouper — the proverbial life and soul of the party, cracking jokes, full of self-effacing bluster, relentlessly trouncing the boards in a manner that very cleverly cons the audience into thinking he's just a mouthier version of themselves whilst always maintaining that edge, that "I'm the star mate, and don't forget it."

Sometimes Geldof's presence is too strong — to the point where he introduces the band so brusquely that you wonder if he just views them as a chummy backing group. Frankly it's down to the members themselves to stamp their own personalities on the music. Gerry Cott's lead guitar playing certainly makes him a force to be reckoned with, but drummer Simon Crewe is probably the best musician of the bunch.

So, superficially we have a good rock / pop group presenting a mixed, young, cautious audience with a very professional, non-condescending performance that should satsify any *Top Of The Pops* viewer.

To more worldy eyes and ears, however, The Boomtown Rats are seen in a different light.

From the Bowie 'Station To Station' plagiarism right at the outset, through the plethora of clever swipes from innumerable acts, Geldof and the Rats are thieves clever enough to dilute stronger brews (Talking Heads, Costello, Springsteen, The Stones) just enough to make them appetising for these young innocents.

On one level Geldof is such a jerk. An obviously intelligent man, he still wants *everything* — all the success that comes from these all-too-calculating ploys, *plus* the same strain of artistic credibility that the likes of Springsteen, Byrne and Costello deserve.

Geldof's such a funny, gangly oddity, ape-necked but with a solid sense of his own potential. One minute he moves like Bowie, the next flanking the mike with Garry Roberts in classic Mick 'n' Keef style. Once, he even swipes a move from Bowie that the latter nicked from early Presley. Talk about joker!

But enough of the side-swipes. Paul Rambali did a fine job dissecting the Rats' upstart pretensions and plagiarism in his album review, and I'll second his contentions. However, as a live show, the Rats do deliver. Simple as that, and rather them than Lena Martell. Or Gary Numan.

It's a money's worth show for kids who'll hopefully use the band's diluted punch as a stepping stone to the sources of the thefts.

Nick Kent

and drum buffoons

geriatric scribes world-wide pretend is Pure Pop.

'Tough Luck' is an example of the directionless pap that their cohorts The Records' and The Members consistently ejaculate, more cheeky, taut rock 'n roll with the characteristic stench of decay on it. The 'instrumental' they play is abusively twee, with glistening bass-runs and artificial-limb drumming, happy and glorious rhythm guitar cliches smeared all over it like rancid icing.

They're throatily acknowledged until they give up and leave. The Wait begins: circles of squatting, vaselined suedeheads form.

The Skids' ascendancy is due to the raunch, the guitar. It lacks the sickening K-Tel mentality of Jones, Cook and Branson and appears to have some fun and integrity going for it. It's killed stone-dead by the anaesthesised, vacuous sheen that Bill Nelson Productions spread like mail order bubonic plague.

Strobe lighting and droning synthesizer herald the imminent Thunderbirds Are Go signal, and then Richard Jobson is on stage, bounding about like a centre-forward fresh from the team bath.

The bracing guitar on the early singles and some of 'Scared To Dance' brings positive bile to the back of your throat. The drums pound and the beat keeps dancing, dancing. 'Working For The Yankee Dollar' and 'Pros and Cons' reduced the air-punching, aggressively joyous audience to a photo-finish, being formularised, elevated bilge, garrotting natural progression and settling for flatulent virtuosity.

But 'Into The Valley', 'The Saints Are Coming' and 'Charles' made my flesh tingle and the sight of a seething mass of young, energetic kick-shankers moving in style made me grin like a Mister Man.

That guitar can bite like a starving shark. It's got roots, a folkiness that's a billion bards away from the angst-wracked, anthraxed bearded hags you see in *Melody Maker's* backpages.

Unfortunately, the lyrics are grotesque, allegorical fife-and-drum buffoonery, which combines with the Jet Age Osmonds threads to betray timidity and escapism.

Hermetically sealed in this para-hippie concept, they're toeing the Noddyland "Free their minds and the arseholes'll follow" company line, a financier's dream that's a real shopping scheme.

Don't deal with mythology, Skids; check with antiquity and you're Instant Product. You can smoke your boss's cigar through a link in your chain when you're old and bankrupt.

If you really want to, that is.

Kevin Fitzgerald

---

an inflexible rhythmic backbone and those brief, bouncy horn riffs beloved of aging crossover merchants for their supposed "commercial potential."

Landscape have no sparkle, space for swing. They plod. They labour through their changes, they play it safe 'n' cut 'n' dried. Their songs are indistinguishable contrivances of a "pop-jazz" formula — simple beat, jolly horns — which misdirects their energy into a ferocious, blunting repetition of banal phrases and exchanges.

No one stretches, nothing is delivered. They go through their motions without emotion. They plug their upcoming album. They play their latest single twice. They depress me entirely. I have the music and the idea behind it — that jazz, or rock, can be gutted, trimmed and bundled up for mass consumption.

Who could care less about a music of such cynicism, of such little faith in people's ability to respond?

Landscape are high-rise flats, carparks and *Radio One* afternoons: bleak, neat and thoroughly trivial.

It was a relief to get out and walk in the rain.

Graham Lock

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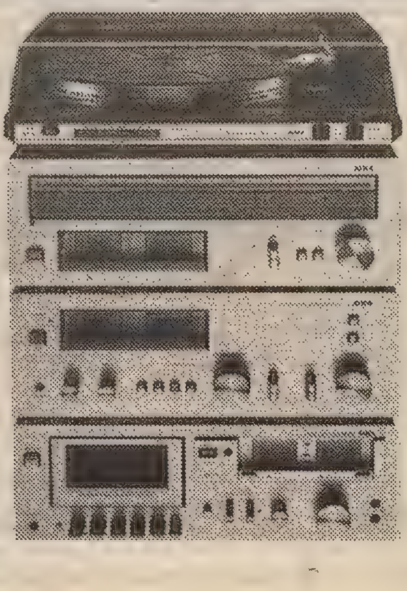

DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL!

Rack Systems are not just a form of torture. Jeff Hill and Bernard Futter cock an ear.

WITH THE ever increasing popularity of rack systems in the market place, the choice now being from Micro's to Maxies, I thought we would try a middle of the road system kindly supplied for review by Eagle.

This set-up which Eagle call the X-2 comprises of an Amplifier, Tuner, Turntable/Cartridge, Cassette Deck and Rack, selling for approximately £400, leaving the choice of speakers to you. The units come in a brushed aluminium silver finish with a choice of ebony or walnut for the rack, which has a record storage space beneath the units.

The heart of the system is the A-7400 amplifier, delivering ·50 watts per channel rms, total harmonic distortion less than 0·7 per cent and S/Noise ratio of 65 dB for the phono input. Facilities include two tape inputs plus a dubbing facility, loudness and subsonic (20 Hz) filter, also a useful Mic/Mixing socket. Inputs are all of the RCA phono type with an alternative Din socket for tape.

The tuner section is the T7400, which apart from the normal FM/AM wavebands, has the useful addition of LW for you Radio 4 listeners. Features include an output level control, FM muting switching to kill the noise between stations plus a Hi-blend filter which helps rid of the high-frequency noise (hiss). Quoted sensitivity for 30 dB quieting is 1·9 uV, signal to noise ratio of 60 dB and a capture ratio of 1·5 dB. A separate signal strength and tuning meter are fitted.

The C7800 cassette deck comes with all the buttons and knobs required by todays selection of different tape types, excepting of course the new metal tape. Its features include a memory rewind for finding your way back to the beginning of a recording. Dolby, of course, is included for noise reduction plus separate Record level controls, VU meters plus a single peak reading LED for your record levels and a well damped cassette door complete this decks features.

Frequency response is quoted at an incredible 25—18,000 Hz using Fe Cr tape, but plus or minus how many dB, Eagle?

Signal to noise ratio using Dolby is 58 dB, now and flutter 0·07 per cent wrms, distortion rated at 1·5 per cent maximum. Line sockets at the rear are RCA phono with a Din alternative.

Coupled with the D7500 turntable is the P750 E cartridge, to complete the system. Turntable is belt-drive, semi automatic with a two speed synchronous motor. Wow and flutter quoted at 0·05 per cent wrms, rumble — 60 dB; static balanced tubular tone arm with dangle-weight bias compensation.

The cartridge has an elliptical diamond stylus with a recommended tracking weight of two grammes.

On test the amplifer certainly has no lack of power, lots of punch and plenty of reserves for high level listening. The loudness control, although effective was a little too prominent at the bottom end, bass notes tended to be boomy. The overall sound was well liked with a very crisp top end and plenty of mid-range detail.

The tuner for some reason is of a different type of silver finish, being a matt rather than brushed aluminium, however that doesn't detract from the overall performance which with a few reservations was good. FM waveband had an above average sensitivity, with a very low noise level. The Hi-Blend filter was a little harsh, reducing the top end more than necessary. The tuning knob was not particularly smooth and a certain amount of back-lash was experienced, but this of course does not effect the sound, which on the whole was above average.

The C7800 cassette deck was a reasonable performer with a good bass response. The top end was a little disappointing especially after a quoted frequency response of 25—18,000 KHz using Fe Cr tape, I used Maxell UDXLI. which seemed to suit this machine admirably. A timer/pause switch is fitted which is useful for making recordings with the aid of a timer while you're away from home. The Bias/Eq./Dolby switching was annoying in the respect that the positions are written on the slant with guide lines pointing upwards to show which position to use, difficult to read unless the deck is close to eye level.

Finally to the D7500 turntable and P750E cartridge which complete the system. The cartridge is already fitted to the headshell, which saves the fiddly job of mounting and the deck is comparatively simple to set up. The arm is fairly typical of the type fitted to budger belt-drives, being tubular S-shaped with a standard headshell mounting.

The tracking weight was fairly accurate, but the bias weight was a trifle crude and a bit fierce, suggest setting a notch lighter than recommended. Earth hum was experienced when setting up and as no earth wire is supplied on the phono leads, a separate one has to be fitted between amp and deck, or alternatively try disconnecting the earth on the mains lead — this worked in my case.

Continues over

Goodmans XB 35 speakers.

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Don't Touch That Dial!

■ From previous page.

The cartridge tracked quite well, having a fairly high compliance, but the top end wasn't particularly smooth, strings were strident and thin, also the bass could have been a little smoother, I suggest at some stage a change to either an ADC QLM 36 III or Ortofan FF15E would have an improvement in this area.

So there we have it, a reasonable well-matched rack system for about the £400 mark with plenty of power to drive a decent pair of floor-standing speakers if need be. T.S.P. £419.00 including VAT.

Further info from:
Eagle International
Precision Centre
Heather Park Drive
Wembley HA0 1SU
Telephone 01-902 8832

Speakers that you could give more than a little consideration to go with the rack system aforementioned are the Goodmans XB 35, one of a new range of three speaker systems that I am told are now available in the shops.

The XB series consists of three cabinets XB 25, XB 35, XB 45 and amplifier matching has been simplified as the same bass and HF units are fitted throughout; all three systems suit amplifiers rated at 10—60 watts rms and prefer 4—8 ohm load impedence. Typical shop price will be approximately £120 for the XB 35 and I strongly recommend use of the available stand, which will set you back another £20 — money well spent.

On test these speakers performed well, having an exceptionally good image and overall sound quality. The bass response extended well down, handling low organ notes fairly effortlessly without being sloppy. The power handling was no problem, the image stayed constant on high or low volume, The top end was a trifle screechy on strings and voice had a rather nasal effect when compared to other speakers, but on the whole these speakers can be recommended and represent good value for money, they also carry a three year guantee to boot!

Further info from:
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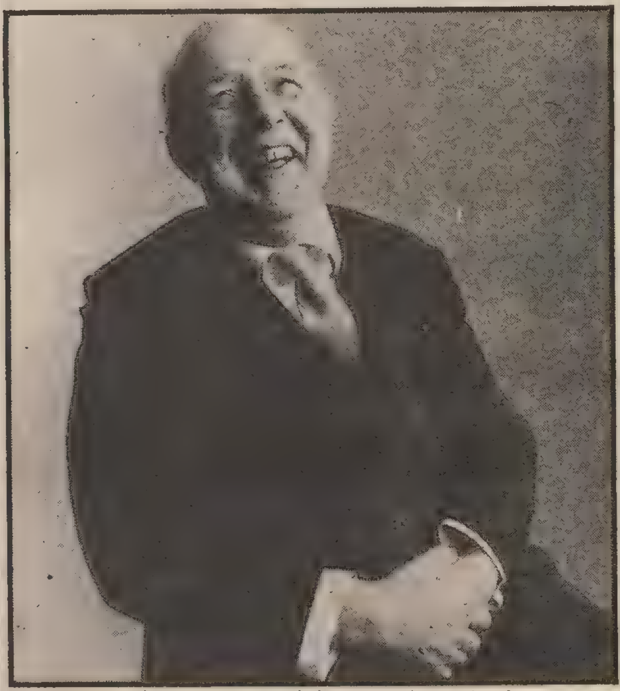

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LIVE! Extra

The homeguard retreat into pubrock wastes. Pic Santo Basone.

Throats and dead flesh

Sore Throat

Liverpool

An evening of rock 'n' roll, lotsa soul, 't ain't nuthin' but a wake, y'all . . . if y'hear any noise, 's just me an' the boys trying to die.

Yeah, the sole legionnaire left alive in Fort R'n'B Utopia refuses to lie down and admit he's dead, because the Pub Rock Spirit is the easiest to sustain. All you need to be is a mess. Full stop.

The walking terrified like Rockpile appear on *TOTP* in leather jackets, looking rootsy and honest. Veteran grafters, they mumble their groggy horror stories about the lifestyle and their sacrosanct cave-painting lyrical vision in interviews, inspiring bands like Sore Throat.

Sore Throats' lobotomised Roxy Music presence and bootsole boogie guarantees leg-pumping punters, because a song such as 'Seventh Heaven' (a single to avoid) has all the ingredients — 'soul', 'danceability', 'dignity'. It's like a stew, a bubbling pot of dead flesh.

But this cosy flatulence has been tampered with, and Sore throat's album bares all the stretch-marks and wrinkles caused by their secret desire to be Ultravox. The set is divided into the sub-Jankel stale percolations with arthritic Chinnichap lyrics, and the Sore Throat Future Legend: their own goofy 'Be First At The Door In '84' concept.

The music doesn't change, but songs like 'Routine Patrol' and 'Battery Humans' are condescending, submissive doomjive, more James Burke Is The New Dylan timewasting. Its incongruity adds exasperation to the implosive boredom that the music produces.

All the instruments, particularly the keyboards and saxophone, are used like a toolkit. Nothing alters the sound: keyboard fills are precisely that, poppy ripples or moody blue ponderous hammerings. Almost every song solos to a halt. Harmonica wheezings get the G-Plan rocking chairs squeaking, although on 'Sooner Than You Think', *something* gels and it sounds OK.

The Rock Till You Rot 'atmosphere' is the jumpin' joint murkiness that Stones, Feelgoods and Radar Records kid themselves is the Marquee 1963, or the Railway '65.

This Valhalla-in-a-canister vibe translates visually as a herd of ageing young buckoes clutching their Asterix The Gaul magic potion lager, acting like the Home Guard listening for the sound of Fury and Bitterness on the horizon that'll overwhelm them.

They got it wrong the other week: spell that Booze, Sweat 'n' Fear.

Kevin Fitzgerald

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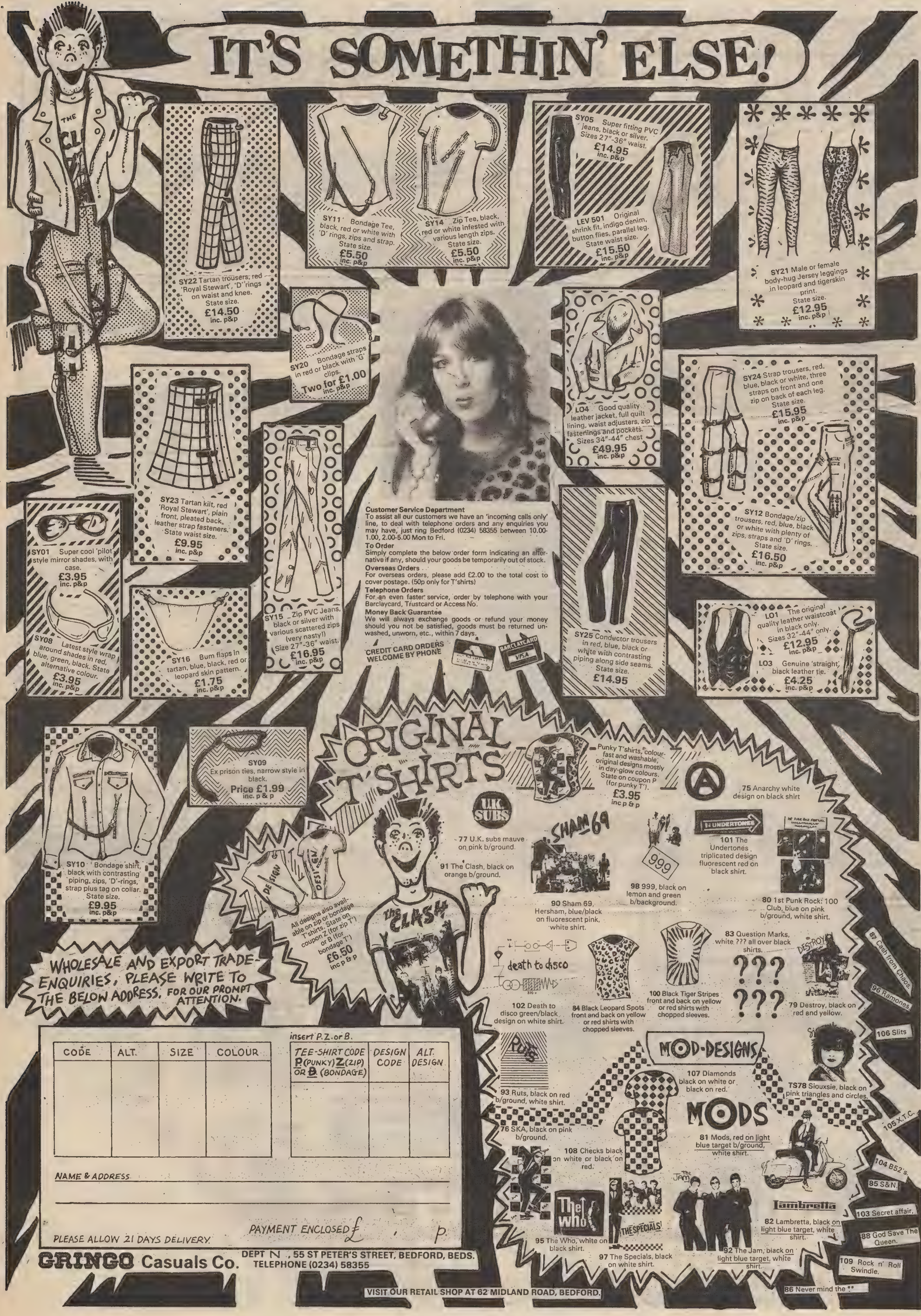

IT'S SOMETHIN' ELSE!

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MODS

81 Mods, red on light blue target b/ground, white shirt.

82 Lambretta, black on light blue target, white shirt.

95 The Who, white on black shirt.

97 The Specials, black on white shirt.

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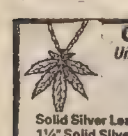

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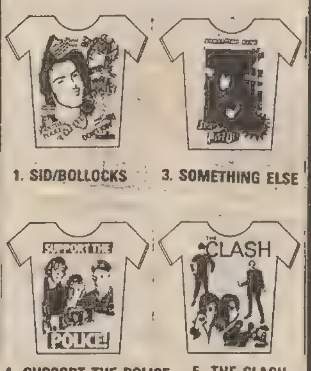
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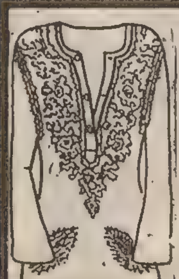
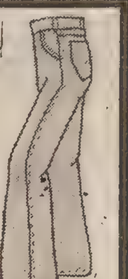

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7	(14)	CLASH	(logo)
8	(8)	SID VICIOUS	(pic+logo)
9	(15)	TEENBEATS	(logo)
10	(17)	CHORDS	(logo)
11	(7)	MADNESS	(logo)
12	(9)	JOE JACKSON	(pic+logo)
13	(4)	PISS OFF	(logo)
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15	(11)	THE SELECTOR	(logo)
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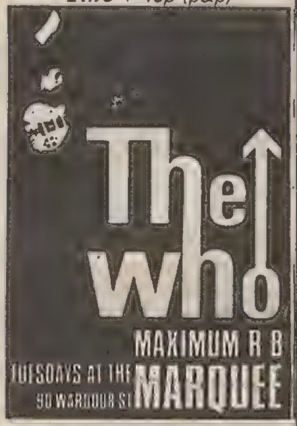

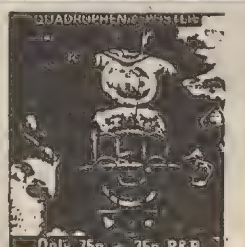

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5 Only Ones-Serpent
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7 B52's
8 Specials-Gangsters
9 Pretenders
10 S.L.F.-1)Fingers
11 S.L.F.-2)Flame
12 Quadrophenia-Scooters
13 Iggy-Top [illegible] stage pic.
14 Gary Numan
15 Sid-Cowboys
16 N.Y. Dolls
17 J Thunders
18 Lonesome No More
19 CO2
20 Children On Stun
21 Bowie-Low
22 Bowie-LP Graphic
23 Clash Gun
24 Sid and Nancy
25 Ian Dury
26 Johnny Rotten
27 Cash Pussies
28 Siouxsie
29 Motorhead
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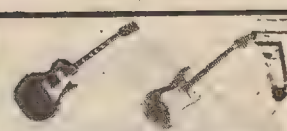

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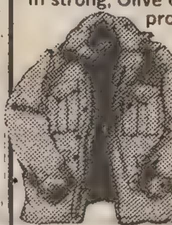

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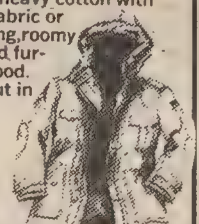

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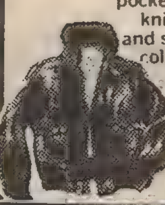

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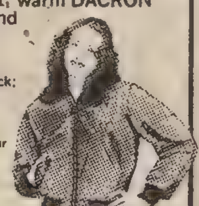

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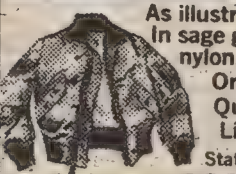

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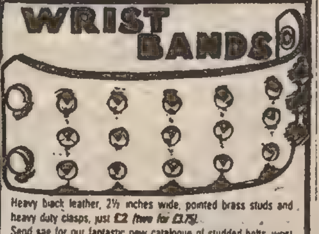

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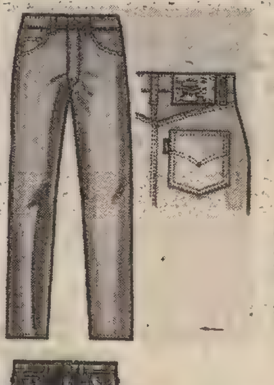

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EXTRA LIVE!

The Mo-dettes. Pic David Corio.

Love Sex Hate Students

The Mo-Dettes
Angletrax
The Au Pairs

University Of London Union

There is one great disadvantage to holding gigs in a student union and that is, not surprisingly, that the place tends to be full of students.

What is it about students that is so offensive? Perhaps it's that jovial smugness which can only come from a total ignorance of the real world. Whatever, here am I showing my prejudices at a Rock Against Sexism gig admirably designed to break down such things.

And as student audiences go, this lot weren't bad. The bands did deserve a warm reception, as did the organisers for a gig which offered a good cross-section of current rock music with poppy, 'progressive' and no messin' bands. In other words, likeable, rotten and bloody good.

In order, The Mo-dettes, Angletrax, and The Au Pairs.

The Mo-Dettes' stage personalities are pleasing, only their music is unmemorable. Sadly and significantly their best two numbers were standards — 'Twist and Shout' and 'My Favourite Things' (you know, the one about kittens and mittens and brown paper packages covered in string).Great song very well treated. I wish the band well, more in hope than in expectation.

Angletrax are an unashamedly political band.

But they don't sing about dole queues; more about the insidious effects of advertising and such like. These songs would be fine by me *if* I could see the point in singing about something which is supposed to have a populist appeal but backed by avant-gardish music which can only ever appeal to a tiny minority. (Avant-garde: French word meaning excrement or inability to keep time.)

The politics of bands like The Clash may be less idealistically pure but at least they're reaching the people they're supposed to reach. Angletrax were technically good, lyrially good and visually good.

All things considered, they were awful.

No such problems with The Au Pairs. Cynics might say they were "stuck in '76" but since nothing really worthwhile has happened in rock music since then, that is not a crime. They were fast, raucous rough and ready. They were angry and they were having fun. And so was I.

They gave the audience a welcome opportunity to go a bit daft. A special mention for drummer Mike, who delivered the most driving, oomphy drumming I've heard since Terry Chimes on the first Clash album. There's something about a drummer, you can always tell when he's really enjoying himself. This boy was enjoying himself so much so that when the rest of the band couldn't manage a second encore he stayed and played by himself. And, glory be, it was the first enjoyable drum solo I've ever heard. What higher praise can there be?

Rock Against Sexism can be fun.

Stuart Johnston

Cuban Heels
Dream Boys

Glasgow

"Do you know whose *birthday* it is today? It's BELA LUGOSI'S birthday! And this one just happens to be called 'BELA LUGOSI'S BIRTHDAY'!" And the Dream Boys (formerly, I'm told, The Bastards From Hell) stumble into another flailing din haunted by horrors of extinct HM from times past.

Out front we have Peter Capaldi, sort of a drunken Valentine Dyall reduced in circumstances to a Telethon host:

"I try to be like "Gary Numan", he leers, "but I like lager too much."

Aside from guitarist Roddy Murray, who looks about 12 and has the permanent aspect of a kitchen-scullion, haughty and dumb-insolent after inheriting a million, Peter is their main asset.

It would be even better if he could sing.

Despite the frequently unlistenable shambles, it did improve. Three songs were promising and funny. Towards the end lots of us were smiling., That must be worth something.

A year ago the Cuban Heels were, comparatively, what is now mod (though they couldn't afford sharp suits); short, melodic rock songs, mainly about gurls and fun (*not* power pop), but often with undertones of sociological analysis (!). If the available section of current singles is a fair indication then the Heels could've outplayed any new mod band.

Since then they've continued to improve, expanding in scope and ambition without losing their rare pop sensibility.

I remember singer John Milarky trying to blow his larynx out through his nose while singing as Johnny of the Self Abusers (since renovated into Simple Minds). In the interceding two years he's developed gradually but tangibly, first into an outstanding stage performer and now, having forsaken all the hair-pulling, skilful smoking between staccato phrases and hi-speed imaginary gunslinger tricks, to an assured, capable vocalist.

Most songs are by guitarist Laurie Cuffe, who plays like an angry Hank Marvin, discarding tremelo, and looks like a young '50s rock star, even down to the arrogant sneer.

Bass player Nick Clark and drummer Ali McKenzie perform with their customary skill, and the crowd in the packed hall respond as ever, with loud enthusiasm.

They won't change anything, but most people will be happy to have the Cuban Heels around, at least after they've seen them — a prospect which finally seems possible.

It won't be before time. They have been a secret for too long.

Glenn Gibson

Darts

Hammersmith Odeon

The safety net raises to display bumbling roadies in search of The Darts. Disconsolately they trundle off and, lights dimmed, silhouettes hover into position. Seconds later Darts are underway but Hammersmith Odeon hasn't noticed. There's no movement, hardly any cheering and no rushing to the front.

Someone's switched on the TV.

The Darts have transcended flesh-and-blood and they're a familiar, cosy embodiment of their screen and vinyl figures. They're household property and can no longer demand or expect instant mayhem because their freshness has worn and homogenised.

For many they're not the type of band to put a ferret down your trousers but provide a hearth of glowing, relaxing warmth.

Their battle is to slice through and carry an attacking edge. Where cabaret is a complacent, defensive maintenqnce of exaggerated roles, Darts fight to break through the glossier boundaries of their show. They aren't a voyeur's desert island and if the audience don't participate they've failed

For three quarters of tonight's show that was the exact problem. But they seemed to sense that much was at stake.

Bob Fish, improbably bigger and rounder than his TV image, grew in desperation and his face contorted in strained effort that aged the sweet sixteen extremities of his vocals. He was unable to stop the rich and creamy 'Don't Let It Fade Away' from embarrassing its title and floating straight to the ceiling out of reach from the audience.

Too much perfection and too little spirit was the diagnosis. The Darts hadn't yet started to be themselves.

'Don't Say Yes' saw Griff Fender strolling into his swoony, swinging vocals. "Cuckoo' failed to impose despite Horatio Hornblower's last-ditch Stax sax and a faithful 'It's Raining' was diverted by an absurd slide projection of, I think, a river bed. Anyone with any curiosity was busy grappling with its identity and 'Raining' came and went.

There should've been a party going on but no-one had brought one.

The latest single, 'Can't Get Enough Of Your Love' fell into a groove too easily and carelessly sidestepped Darts' essential melodic highs. Rita Ray punched the air with elbows, thighs and knees and smiled as wide as the stage but still the ice remained suspended. They sounded rushed, awed by the size of the venue and struggled to permeate.

Hammersmith Odeon and Darts, despite their ability to fill it, still reeks of contradiction.

Their aggression muted, new man and grizzly bass voice Kenny Andrews breaks apart from fellow Darts and aims an intentionally hollow note into the heart of the audience. There's laughter, Hornblower cavorts with his sax like a frustrated hen and collapses into Hammy Howell's electric piano. Everything then leaves Howell to tinkle some boogie. They return with a cake littered with candles. It's Howell's birthday.

The noose is broken. Accomplished acappella charts the upswing and they dive into 'Duke Of Earl' on greased wheels. It's all movement onstage, heads bobbing, fingers scratching the air and careering duckwalks that boggle the eyeballs. Madness would squirm at the syncopated chaos.

'Boy From New York City', with Darts in sudden belligerent mood, can be nothing short of sensational and the evening is at last disposed of with an impudence that gyrates the hall. Rita Ray twists herself into the ground and there's Fish conducting a confetti fight with lucky fans.

They got there in the end, but they needed to scratch through the polish to bare their grit and even that was a late measure.

In Darts I saw two bands, one responsibly catering for prefabricated expectation and the other leaping for the jugular. I opt for first blood.

Pete Archer

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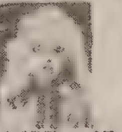

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From page 39

about the repercussions that might come about a year later or summat. You either make a statement at that time and stand by it or you move on . . . I mean there's been a lot of stuff that we've moved on from."

He turns round and looks at the strange lady from Polydor press office, "Exciting innit?" he mock sighs. Bruce Foxton smashes a ball into a corner pocket. Weller sticks the cassette of the new record into the pool room machine. I turn the tape over in mine.

HE SITS DOWN opposite again and tells me above the noise of a lively new Jam riff why they've stuck a couple of 'pure pop' songs into the record. "Most of the songs we do are pretty pessimistic, we had to lighten it up a bit."

Don't you feel comfortable moaning?

"Noooh! Otherwise people might think I'm a manic depressive or something. I'm not really, I'm sort of up. I'm not pessimistic in a certain sense. Just with making records, that's a start . . ."

He asks me what I think of Buzzcocks new LP. It's very introverted, I say.

"Yeah, that's another thing. It's hard to listen to something like that . . . it's a bit selfish, innit, yeah, introverted . . ."

I shout about the thick and dry Jam surge, and ask him how he feels the new LP is different from the previous three.

"More personalised. It's just something that happened . . . The songs have become more directly about myself. Just one of those mental stages I went through . . .

"The sound is a lot stronger. 'All Mod Cons' had a fairly thin and weedy sound, I think this is a lot stronger. I think my voice has improved a lot more."

'War And Hate' rumbles to a close. If he feels there is nothing new in terms of music, does he think The Jam borrow from the past effectively?

"It's not just from the past. I borrow from everything. Like 'Private Hell', after I saw Joy Division on that TV show we did with them I sort of worked out this bass and drum bit — they've got one song which starts off with bass and drum, so I sort of nicked that a bit, but after it goes through loads of different stages it becomes ours y'know, you don't really notice it. And also there's a bit in 'Strange Town', the vocal part, which is nicked off Buzzcocks' 'What Do I Get?' People don't notice cos they're all looking for The Who and The Kinks and The Beatles."

A friend that had talked with Weller a few weeks ago had suggested that he really disliked new groups like Joy Division. Is Weller perhaps jealous of some groups, which melts into admiration?

"Not jealous, it's just admiration. I respect them. I'm not really jealous of anyone . . . maybe, no . . . nothing at all really. Maybe they'll inspire me, but there's no jealousy."

Do you feel that The Jam make new music?

"Like the LP is new to me. As far as I'm concerned it sounds like October 1979 or whatever . . . it's new. People go on about the sound of the '80s. Well this is the sound of the '80s to me."

You don't feel it's going to be electronic or anything?

"No. People are always going to want physical music."

'Eton Rifles' comes over the speakers. Weller gets a little worked up about class — of course — Look at his roots.

"It's the old adage of everyone's equal but some are more equal than others. That still exists. I think that everyone should be given the same chance as soon as they're born. I don't think that just because your old man is so and so it should mean anything. I think everbody should be . . . not Utopia . . . er, what's the word? . . . world without boundaries . . ."

He gropes for the word. This is getting acutely idealistic.

"Did you see *Question Time* with Enoch Powell? They were talking about a multi-racial society and some person in the audience said you've got to remember that it's a multi-racial world and he's right. I think the days of race and class in the '80s after the world wars and everything shouldn't exist, y'know. I don't see why there's gotta be sums, I don't see why there's gotta be unemployment. I don't think there should be . . . like fucking Jimmy Carter's show of strength in Cuba. It's just not necessary. The whole world should have realised that the only way to get over the problems is to work together . . . Yeah, it is idealistic."

Perhaps Weller has to control himself in interviews because if he didn't he'd never stop talking. Is your fight to write songs?

"That's a bit naive."

It works for you. It's your escape.

"I never view it as that. You might be right. I dunno. I don't think the group have got any power at all, even if a million people buy our records and listen to each word it's not going to do anything."

But for you individually . . .

"Maybe so. I don't feel that it is. But then I'm not naive enough to feel that it's going to make a difference." The old standard 'Heatwave' starts. "Yeah, maybe it's my way of saying fuck the lot of you."

Do you feel that including pop songs like 'Heatwave' will upset the tone of the LP.

"People might see it as a cop-out, I don't know. It's like we were saying before, after all the argument and discussion, it's like let's go for a pint and a dance."

Is that how you see it?

"It wasn't intended as that but it's one way it could be interpreted."

The LP finishes. Weller wanders off to retrieve the tape. He puts on a tape of mixed new music. Public Image's first single starts it off. I ask him how he feels about Lydon's attitude to the business and the fans.

"I don't admire it at all. If he can't get off his arse . . . I don't know, maybe he doesn't feel a need to prove himself, he's done it already . . . but if someone's buying your records . . . I dunno, there's two schools of thought. One is you don't owe 'em nothing. I think I come from the other way. In a sense you don't owe 'em nothing but in a sense you've got a responsibility to go out and play for them. Let's put it this way, you're nothing without them. It doesn't matter how good a band you are, like us, without the fans we wouldn't be able to make the records.

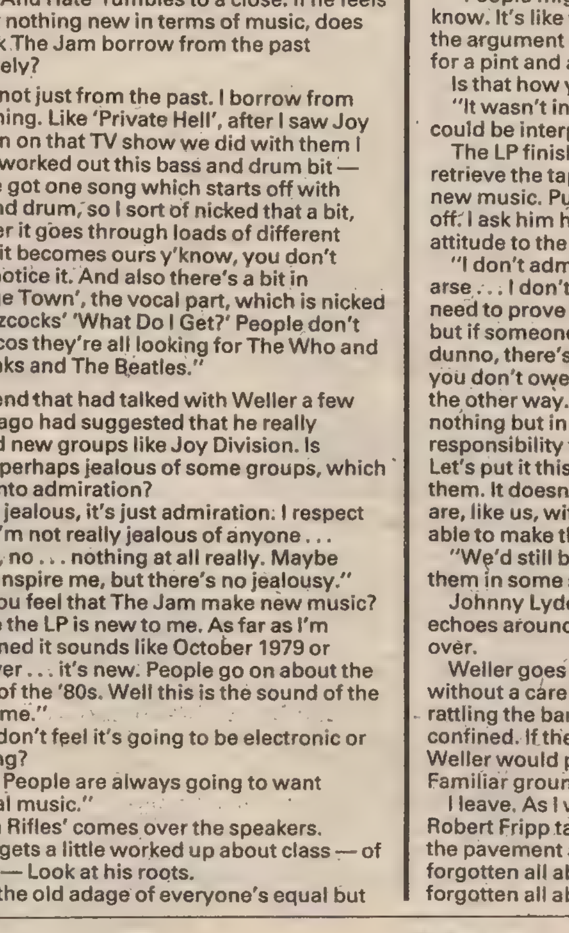
"We'd still be writing the songs and playing them in some seedy clubs, though."

Johnny Lydon sneers his *"Goodbye"*. It echoes around the room. The interview is over.

Weller goes to play pool with Foxton, without a care in the world. A caged animal rattling the bars half-heartedly, comfortably confined. If the cage doors burst open, I think Weller would prefer to stay where he is. Familiar ground.

I leave. As I walk out of the studio I see Robert Fripp talking over a phone. I step onto the pavement and hear afternoon traffic. I've forgotten all about Paul Weller, and he's forgotten all about me.

Benyon



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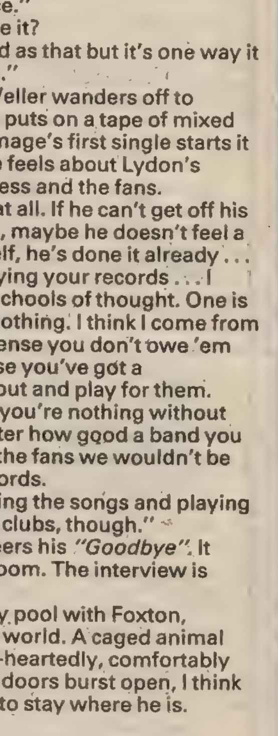

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THE CRYPT-IC CORP(SE)

■ *From page 8*

"You're lucky then," mutters Cornwell. " 'Cos most everyone else gets their articles cut to shit."

No more, I counter, than people like yourselves. Bands have producers and big record companies calling the shots on *them*. You're evidently successful so your company lets you go on with what you want to do. But if you weren't successful, your bollocks would probably be in hock. God knows, I've seen more bands totally compromised than journalists.

Cornwell mutters words of disbelief. The Stranglers, after all, are warriors. Journalists are just voyeurs to him.

The hilarious thing is that many of The Stranglers' song lyrics are just fifth-rate puerile sneering attempts at some kind of journalistic overview on 'current issues', weighed down by a rock-slide of splenetic bilge and tossed out with a sneer, a boot-boy swagger and a total absence of humanity.

A simple question about The Stranglers' future plans makes Cornwell turn downright rude. "I'm not telling *you!* I want to keep you guessing," he retorts in what I presume he considers to be a mischievous tone of voice.

You want to keep me guessing? Listen, mate, do you think I really give a toss what you do next? Two years ago, you were doing a Roundhouse concert against Mick Jagger, because he said you were "dreadful" or some such belittling adjective. Now you're sounding just like him!

"Well, I just want to keep you on your toes!"

Hugh, old son, I'm afraid to tell you but I frankly don't give a fart in a tunnel about your future projects, because, give or take a couple of new riffs, it'll be the same-old-same-old in a new wrapping; music for people who're trying to learn how to sneer with sincerity.

Back to the crypt, old son. Dawn's coming up and the light's too fierce for your transparent supercilliousness.

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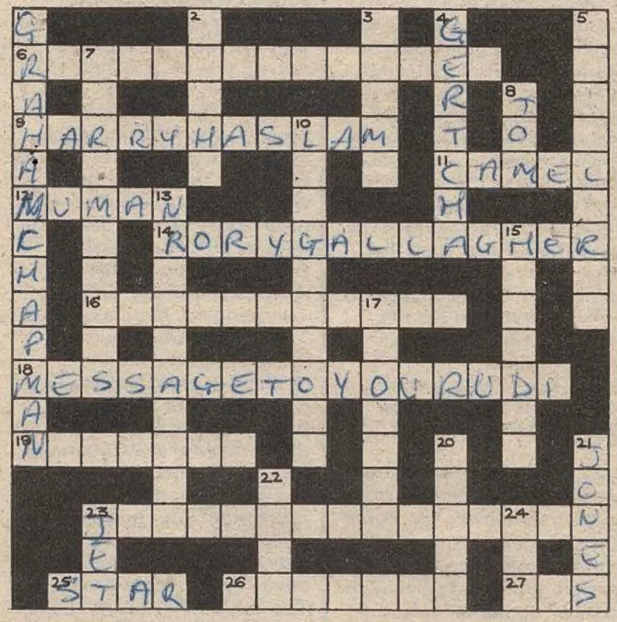

ACROSS

6 She's been called a female Tom Waits (In fact it was my mate Kev 'oo said it) (6,3,5)
9 Sheffield's Great White Hope for promotion by 1980 (5,6)
11 Rock group / dromedary / exotic fag
12 Gary's extra!
14 Roger Gary Hall rearranged as a guitarist (4,9)
16 Poco singer who became part of a short-lived CSN&Y surrogate with J D Souther and Chris Hillman (6,5)
18 2-Tone toon originally by Dandy Livingstone (7,2,3,4)
19 & 20 1975 Wailers cut, the live-at-the-Lyceum version was their first big UK hit (2,5,2,3)
23 Chairman John Tan rearranged as nutty tunesmith (8,7)
25 EW&F's current climber
26 See 3
27 Positive proof of pomp-rock senility?!

DOWN

1 Second-tallest Python (6,7)
2 Almost a ruckus over George!
3 & 26 Red Tory (anag 2 words)
4 Chas & Dave's Cockney one-off
5 & 17 A 1964 Rolling Stones 45 from the repertoire of Sam Cooke (6,3,7)
7 Seaworth Motown combo?
8 & 21 Wet dream of the blue rinse kind, all the way from Pontypridd to Vegas
10 Leeds' (and EMI's) Great White Hope for promotion by 1980 (4,2,4)
13 Former Raspberries frontman turned hairdressers' delight (4,6)
15 Surname of singing legend moviefied by Diana Ross
17 See 5
20 See 19
21 See 8
22 US stadium where The Beatles played their last gig
23 Wings tribute to Freddie Laker?!
24 Queen Brian of Pretty Phil

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACRSS: 1 'Pleasure Principle'; 8 Drifters; 9 'Rumours'; 11 Alvin Lee; 13 'I Can't Explain'; 14 Sham (69); 15 Ringo Starr; 18 Robert Johnson; 21 Squeeze; 22 'Horses'; 24 Ayers; 26 Tammi (Terrell); 27 'Layla'; 28 Thomas; 29 Steve. **DOWN:** 1'Pop Muzik'; 2 'Every Day Hurts'; 3 'Summertime Blues'; 4 Rufus; 5 Rod (Stewart); 6 Neil Innes; 7 Lurkers; 10 'Sailin''; 12 Linda Ronstadt; 16 'Ooh What A Life'; 17 (Rod) Stewart; 19 (Lou) Reed; 20 Joe Boyd; 23 '(Ooh What A) Life'; 25 'Ram'.

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MORE LETTERS ABOUT VIOLENCE AND CONFLICT

I feel that it is time that someone should write in and speak about violence at gigs. i.e. 30 punks getting trashed at a Secret Affairs gig at the Marquee. Ian Page should remember that he was in a punk band not so long ago and that lines such as "we hate the punk elite" are bound to cause trouble as well as being hypocritical. What does it matter whether you wear bondage trousers or mohair suits, you go to a concert to hear music, not to get the shit kicked out of you.

When punk first started, there was violence. 99·9999. . .%of mods were former punks so why do mods beat the punks up? Mods should remember that when the 'next wave' arrives, they might be the people on the receiving end of a Doc Marten. Why don't bands at gigs stop the violence or at least try to prevent it, instead of doing an 'Uncle Malc' and raking in the money? So, Page, keep the music flowing and keep your mouth shut. Do we all have to be Glory Boys to enjoy the music? Yours, till the next ambulance case,
HUGO, no address given
I reckon this bloke's got a point — CSM

Every time a new "youth cult" crops up, managements of discos, dance-halls, etc. come up with spurious rules to bar them from entering. For example; skinheads were kept out by a "no boots" rule, rastas were excluded by "no hats". Now that the mod revival is so well under way that it is hip to slag it in the rock press, I wonder if we shall see signs at the nation's discos saying: "No suits and ties"?
PAUL 1966 THOMPSON, Southport, Merseyside.
Nah, wouldn't work. You'd get people sporting tribal markings on their underwear, outbreaks of random violence, Tufty Club briefs by Hom of Paris, Glory Boy Y-fronts, RAR collar-studs and . . . 'ang on a tick. — CSM

Can I be the first to start the Aztec revival?
IAN, Halls Of Montezuma, Shoreham, Sussex.
Not unless you want a good kicking you can't. — CSM

What the hell are live gigs coming to? I paid £2 to see Madness play at the Electric Ballroom and I expected to hear the three groups that were billed. However, the skinheads present decided that I wasn't going to and who was I (a mere human being) to argue? They prevented an excellent group — in the shape of Echo and The Bunnymen — from playing, not caring that probably half of the audience wanted to see them. So the lead singer with Madness came on, smiling sweetly at the audience and asked in a half-hearted sort of way for everyone to give The Bunnymen a chance but he was so bloody concerned with 'keeping in' with the skins that his request had very little effect.

A friend of mine, a girl, was given a black eye and a broken nose by a skin for absolutely no reason. Two punks, also friends, were done over very seriously by about ten skins for the simple reason that the skins didn't like them. My trilby was kicked off my head while I was dancing, by some other Nazi bastard who thought it was clever to take advantage of a girl.

All round the bars the British Movement was being discussed and it made me feel so sick that I eventually left. After watching all those Nazis saluting Hitler's memory and shouting 'Skinheads' at the tops of their voices like a load of brainwashed morons, I wondered what the hell I was doing in that audience. Why were they at a Madness concert when so openly a bunch of racists, since without the influence of Jamaican music, groups like Madness wouldn't exist?

I think the one person present who had any sense at all was the lead singer with Echo and The Bunnymen, when he said to the moronic mob below him — "See you back in '68". I only wish to God they'd stayed there.
A PISSED-OFF GIG GOER, Twickenham, Middlesex. P.S. To the sod who stole my trilby. I hope it doesn't fit.
You speak great truths pal. It's unpleasant and humiliating to get shaken down on your way into a gig — or even refused entry — but when you go out you don't want your evening wrecked by aggressive clowns with a grudge against anybody who ain't like them. The solution is elusive: peace cannot be imposed. Everybody: are you part of the problem or part of the solutions? — CSM

I read your article on Bob Geldof and The Boomtown Rats "The Rat Who Would Walk On Water", in which he said: ". . . Springsteen brought his kid sister and his fokkin' mother onstage with him . . ." Well, maybe he's jealous of Bruce Springsteen (he must be to make such an attack of a personal nature). Okay, so Springsteen isn't everyone's cup of tea but has he ever slagged any other artist in the media? Perhaps he's too much of a nice Jewish boy for that?! If Geldof can't find anything better to say than "Springsteen brought his fokkin' mother onstage with him . . ." then Bob Geldof should "leave it out" as the saying goes. If and when he comes over here, Bruce can bring the entire Springsteen family with him and bring them all onstage as long as he lives up to his records — and he's better-looking than Bob Geldof as well — Rats!!
MARIA FOREMAN (A nice Gentile girl), Gravesend, Kent.
It's a ratbag, Maria, and you've been conned. Bruce is a good Cat'lic boy, and all Bob was saying was 'Howcum he gets away with it?' Jazus, oi donno . . . — CSM
Next Rat-letter please, Boy Wonder — RATMAN

I work in the Post Office.
SEAN EDWARDS.
No, not that one. *This* one. — CSM

I think it's about time you found somebody else to use as a verbal punch bag! I am fed up with reading your abuse concerning the Boomtown Rats and The Undertones. If you don't like them don't listen to them. It's obvious that millions of people do like them by their chart response so have you felt there is something wrong with your boring self. Also tell Paul Morley Liverpool loved The Rats even if he didn't and having met Bob Geldof I can honestly say that he isn't like any of these nasty things you write about in your *'comic'*. *(Gosh, that smarts — Ed).*

I do hope you print this as it is about time there was something in print that isn't written by you pointing out what you like and what you don't like. So keep off writing nasty abuse about The Undertones and The Boomtown Rats.
JUNE BUCHANAN, Liverpool.
I don't understand. Have we done something to offend you? — CSM

St. John Ambulancemen move in amongst the mod debris front stage.

Correct me if I'm wrong but I thought that Paul Rambali's piece in last week's (October 20th) issue titled 'The Boomtown Rats, The Fine Art Of Surfacing' was a review of that particular record. Instead, we were treated to his extremely fashionable, mature views on that particular group until half way through the piece when somebody woke him up and told him he was supposed to be doing a record review.

Would you ever stuff the bullshit about The Rats' music being directed at the 'Pop Kids' of today. Every bleeding 'critic' is saying the same thing at the moment and it's getting boring. Be *original*. In future review the record and leave Morley to do a hack job on the group.
DECLAN GAVIN, Dublin, Ireland. P.S. I don't like Paul Rambali! P.P.S. If this letter seems stupid it's because Irish pigs aren't very good writers!
'Ang on! Paul Rambali doesn't have an anti-Irish bone in his body (or an intact one if no-one believes this). — CSM

Colin Moulding's claim that XTC 'are not liked' in their home town of Swindon is, I, feel, a misinterpretation of the local attitude towards the band. Swindonians have never been the most extrovert of creatures, and any fires of passion that do flare up from those Wiltshire hearts are soon tempered by the functional, down-to-earth nature of the town and its collective outlook. Earlier in the article, Nick Kent describes Swindon as 'a bastion of apathy', which, although an exaggeration, goes some way towards diagnosing the symptoms which Moulding has perceived.

The average inhabitant of the town would probably prefer to sit at home and watch XTC on *Top Of The Pops* (a fact amply demonstrated by the behaviour of the Chambers' household) rather than get up off his/her backside and actively support the band, form an XTC fan club or spray the band's initials in aerosol on shopping precinct walls. Swindonians *are* proud of XTC, yet too modest, too retiring, to even think about elevating the band to local cult status. If Swindon is, as your man suggests, 'a shabby, nondescript town', then it has the people it deserves. Just because four local kiddies have hauled themselves out of the morass of industrial dullness that is Swindon does not provide sufficient justification for 100,000 others to do likewise.
RICHARD TOMKINS, Swindon, Wilts.
Vat iss zis 'Svindon', pliss? — ANDRZEJ WAJDA

Fashion faddists can forget the Beatnik Revival and the Tiller Boys. We have moved on to: "listening between the stations". For example, in London, tune in to Capital on VHF then immediately switch to medium wave. You will hear a pop station and a classical station simultaneously, together with various radio-type noises. Listening to blank tapes is very nice too.
A. WARTHOG IS BACK, Hornchurch, Essex.
As long as you don't play 'em too loud. More sophisticated types prefer watching blank videos. — CSM

It's a fair cop — but society's to blame.
VIDEO (Ex Chart — now at The Scrubs).
How true. Collect bootlegs do you? — CSM

I would like to enquire whether or not possessing a bootleg LP is illegal or not. I think that only selling them is illegal and that the pigs can't do you for having one. Am I right? I'm probably wrong but never mind. Also I would like to say that the SLF interview was brill.
CHRIS (SLF fan) Bond, Truro, Cornwall.
Even knowing what a bootleg is renders you in contempt of several laws so serious that we can't even tell you what they are. Your full address has been forwarded to the Director of Public Prosecutions. See you in 25 years. — CSM

Can anyone explain why Lou sent his big brother Oliver on stage on Wednesday.
PERPLEXED. P.S. Perhaps I should have gone on Thursday or Friday. Maybe I should've stayed at home.
Lou who? — SOMEONE WHO STAYED AT HOME.

Since the demise of *The Times* I have noticed an improvement in the quality, humour and style of the letters printed on this page. If this observation is true could you then assure me that your excellent publication will not be taken over by a bunch of old Conservative colonels and journalists. It would be a terrible reflection of today's society if such a journal as yours was allowed to go down the drain, so to speak. Thus, I must insist that your editorial staff remove all such offending correspondence, and any correspondence that could be construed as offending, from the hallowed pages of your music paper. Thank you.
SIR CYRIL BINDER, V.C., D.S.O., F.U.2, Vauxhall Manor.
P.S. I have observed recently a lack of classical music. Please rectify this immediately.
Certainly, sir! Immediately! (Just humour him and he'll go away and write to somebody else.) — CSM

The Times is back; cornflakes are back, ITV is back and *you're* back. Aah . . . . but you never went — pity.
PETE DONALDSON, Cheshire.
Sure we did. Between last issue and this one, no new *NME* was published. — CSM

I hope Gary Numan isn't rechargeable.
PIPPIN AND TOG, The large oak, Pogles Wood.
Only with American Express. — CSM

My friend's mum works with the mum of one of Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark's members. My cousin used to go to school with Paul McCartney's cousin's daughter. I have been passed in the street by Bruce Foxton. I have spoken to the manager of Liverpool Express. Give me a recording contract.
UNCLE STANLEY, Birkenhead.
Forget it. You've got enough connections to start your own label. — CSM

Hey Arn. there's women + children out there !
Yea? You got the napalm

Letters edited by CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY — "Why not shake hands, have a beer and forget this senseless life of human waste?"

T-ZERS

NOT EOR the first time, nor doubtless for the last, *T-Zers* finds itself in a bit of a pinch and is forced to ask the musical question: will disco make a come-back?

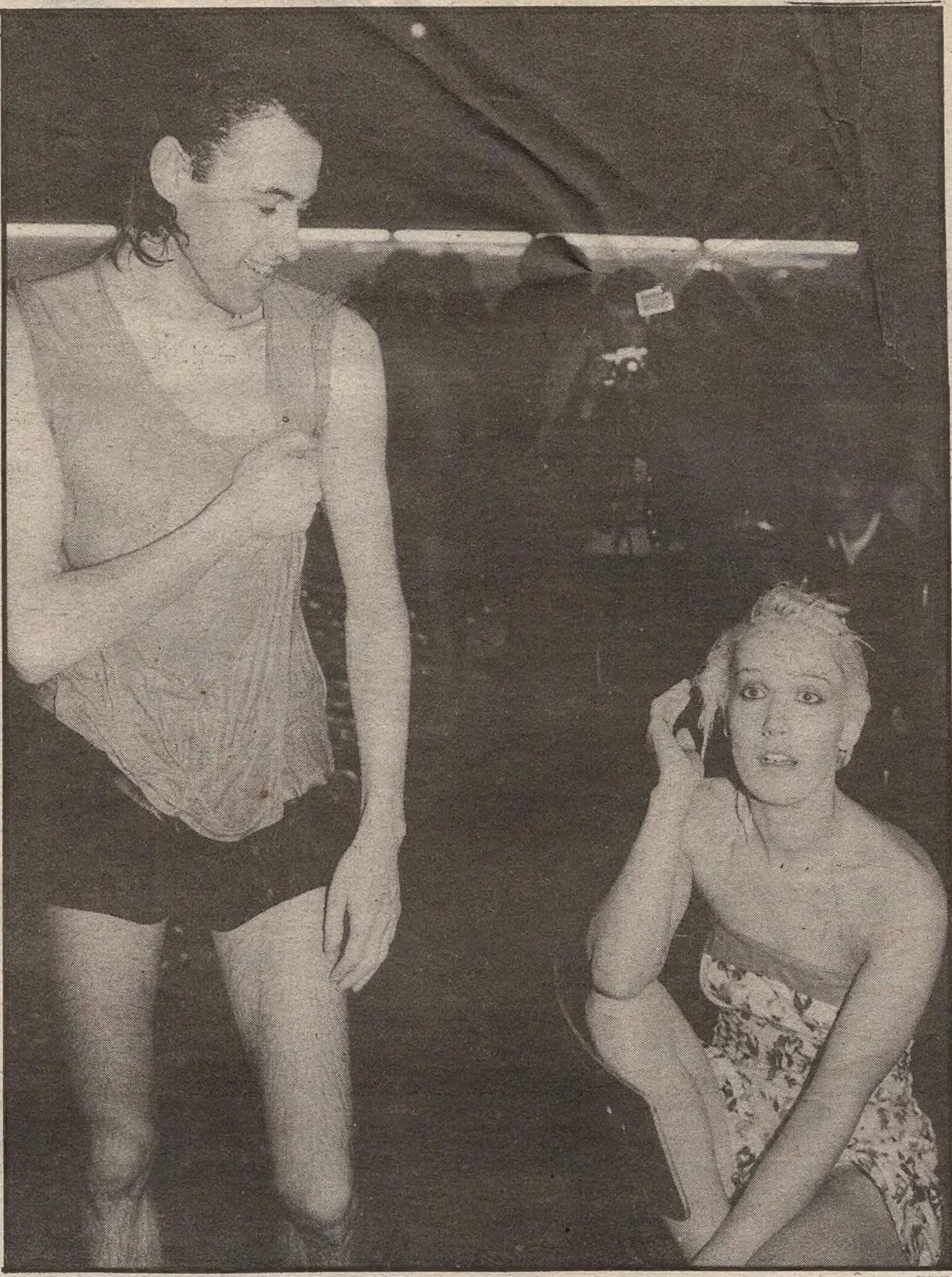
We asked a number of freeloaders at the **Boomtown Rats** post-Hammersmith Odeon show party to raise their noses from the trough for a moment and offer their thoughts on the subject. However due to the advanced state of leglessness that had descended on the throng, most guests felt the best way to answer this question was to allow themselves to be thrown into a nearby pool. The pool was in fact Putney Swimming Baths, chosen as the venue in a moment of conceptual genius. (Hint: the new Brats album is called 'The Fine Art Of Surfacing').

Guest of honour **Billy Idol** climbed out after his dunking and meticulously dried his clothes and himself, carefully returning his hair to an upright position before returning himself to the still swinging party to offer his opinion. But before the punk sage could speak, some wag decided to throw him in again. *T-Zers* surmised that this could go on all night, and went home instead to await the **Muhammad Ali** *Greatest Hits* hour, where none other than the loquacious **Johnny Fingers** was espied doing his best to help **Bob Geldof** feel comfortable in the agonisingly unglamourous role of studio audience . . .

Not content with causing **Loose Windscreen** to make a fool of himself in front of several thousand fans (see last week's *T-Zers)*, **Lyn Goldsmith** — a photographer and former female companion of the New Jersey Chump — is sueing for $3 million for public embarrassment and a threat to her career. Ms Goldsmith is a rock photographer . . .

The Ramones new **Phil Spector** produced album should be out in the early months of 1980 and is called, appropriately enough, 'End Of The Century'. **Joey Ramone** promises that "It's the best album we've ever made. All the songs are *over* three minutes long." On hearing this, several members of **Genesis** called it "a major breakthrough", though sources closer to the group point to the album's lack of a disco cut as proof of The Ramones' ability to remain in the commercial wilderness whatever the cost . . .

If and when (and **Gawd** help us if they do) *they* ever decide to get it together (as the expression goes) can we look forward to a new line up of **Joan, Paul George** and **Ringo?** Well . . . what's a **Dot** supposed to think when Ringo rings up an LA radio station and babbles on about how he'd recently been on the line to **Joan Baez** and how we should all look forward to 'something special' around Christmas 1980? That the pair are working on the world's first disco protest Xmas single for grand-parents? The mind boggles . . .



Immodestly attired in vest and knickers, Bob Geldof and his fiance Paula Yates (above) demonstrated the fine art of surfacing at Putney Baths last week to celebrate the end of the B. Rats tour and to announce B & P's acceptance on TV's Mr and Mrs quiz show next month. Also in attendance at this most lustrous gathering were Billy Idol and Helen Wellington-Lloyd (left), Midge Ure, Phil Lynott, Caroline Coon, Chrissie Hynde (below left, with a strange trophy in her mouth), Paul Cook and his mum (below), Reg Groynehall, Ruanda Pudenda and, of course, Ray Stevenson and David Thorpe, who took these jolly snaps. Everyone got wet.

America's Women Against Violence Against Women kicked up a big enough fuss to get **Jan Hammer,** well known macho jazz keyboardist, and WEA to replace the sleeve of his new album, which depicted "a woman with her back against a door that's being broken in by a claw hammer, and looking horrified but sexually excited at the same time." Though just how many perverts there are around who will buy an album by Jan Hammer to fantasise claw hammers scaring women remains open to speculation . . .

Elvis Costello, Linda Ronstadt, Waylon Jennings, Willie Nelson, Emmylou Harris, Johnny Paycheck, Tammy Wynett and others are amongst the fabulous top line stars who make cameo appearances on the new **George Jones** album titled, opportunely enough, 'My *Very* Special Guests'. . .

It's official: punk is not dead! Contrary to reports in other papers, **Adam And The Ants** have not split up, they've merely reached a point of temporary set-back in the wake of their guitarist and bassist going on permanent leave. Replacements are being sought. Adam remains undaunted . . .

Yet more news from the front lines of the revolution: former **Eater Andy Blade** and his new band were offered a contract and a promise of a "sure fire hit" by **Mickie Most,** but had the offer withdrawn the next day when Most discovered graffiti on the wall outside RAK studious casting doubt over the sexual preferences of his son **Calvin** . . .

Public Image are heavily rumoured to be leaving for New York sometime soon. This is only a rumour mind you, and witty remarks to the effect that no-one actually saw that much of them while they were here anyway must be treated as premature . . .

Clash guitarist and former Leeds United centre forward **Mick Jones** spotted on his first public appearance since returning from the States. He was soaking up the R&B night at London's Electric Ballroom **(Inmates, Lew, Roosters).** Jones was heard to mutter about "not being a newcomer to this sort of music" and was generally cooling out, hey dig it . . .

Although they still bear grudges apparently against Australia, Japan and the US of A **Fleetwood Mac** still have a soft spot for the Old Country. They've decided to miss Great Brit right out on their upcoming 'world' tour and thus prove their hearts're in the right place . . .

But some people still try: **The Merton Parkas** pulled out of their planned Venue date 'cos they doubted if they could fill the dang place. **The Teenbeats** stepped in only to be told they'd have to go on at twelve — a move that would have ensured the band would miss their bus home. No go said the TB's. Breach 'o' contract said the management but the band carried on and went on early in any case and that was that. I mean is that a wimp's last straw situation or a what? . . .

Following the demise of both **The Runaways** and **Venus and The Razorblades,** self-styled American twit **Kim Fowley** is making a further bid to corner the jailbait market he likes to think he invented with a group called **The Orchids.** The lead singer **Sindy Collins** (very witty Fowley, very witty . . .) has already fulfilled the first obligation of Fowley's dreams and scored herself a role of an upcoming movie . . .

Talking of which, **Brooke Shields** turned down an offer to add the final adolescent reprobate touches to a track called 'Teenage Jail' on the latest **Eagles** long playing sedative . . .

Putting an end to two years of heated speculation amongst cognescenti of regurgitated hard rock licks, **Aerosmith's** guitarist **Joe Perry** has decided to quit and form a new band called the **Jimmy Page Lookalike Revue.** Sorry, the real name of Joe Perry's group is in fact **The Joe Perry Project** . . .

Belated bouquets to **Rick Joseph,** whose name dropped off the bottom of an album revue last week, and to the drawer of the excellent **Lunchie Bunsworth** cartoon that graced last weeks *Gasbag,* **Martin Fieber,** ex lyricist with **Laszlo Congreaves' Fish Dinner and The Incredible Kevins** . . . .

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New Releases:— 20p. Antmusic, Police A & M, Undertones B/W, Piranhas 2, Back to Zero, Speedball, Unknown Pleasures, Cabs (Mix-Ups), Earcom, U.K. Subs (Yellow), Playground Twist, The Fall, Glass Torpedoes, Leopards, Essential Personnel, Bauhaus, The Urge, Tear Jerkers, Mad Virgins, Penumania, Guns for Hire, Escalators, Dead Kennedys, Fad Gadget, Materialschlacht, Inner City Unit. 25p, Cravats, The Nips, Sex Beatles.

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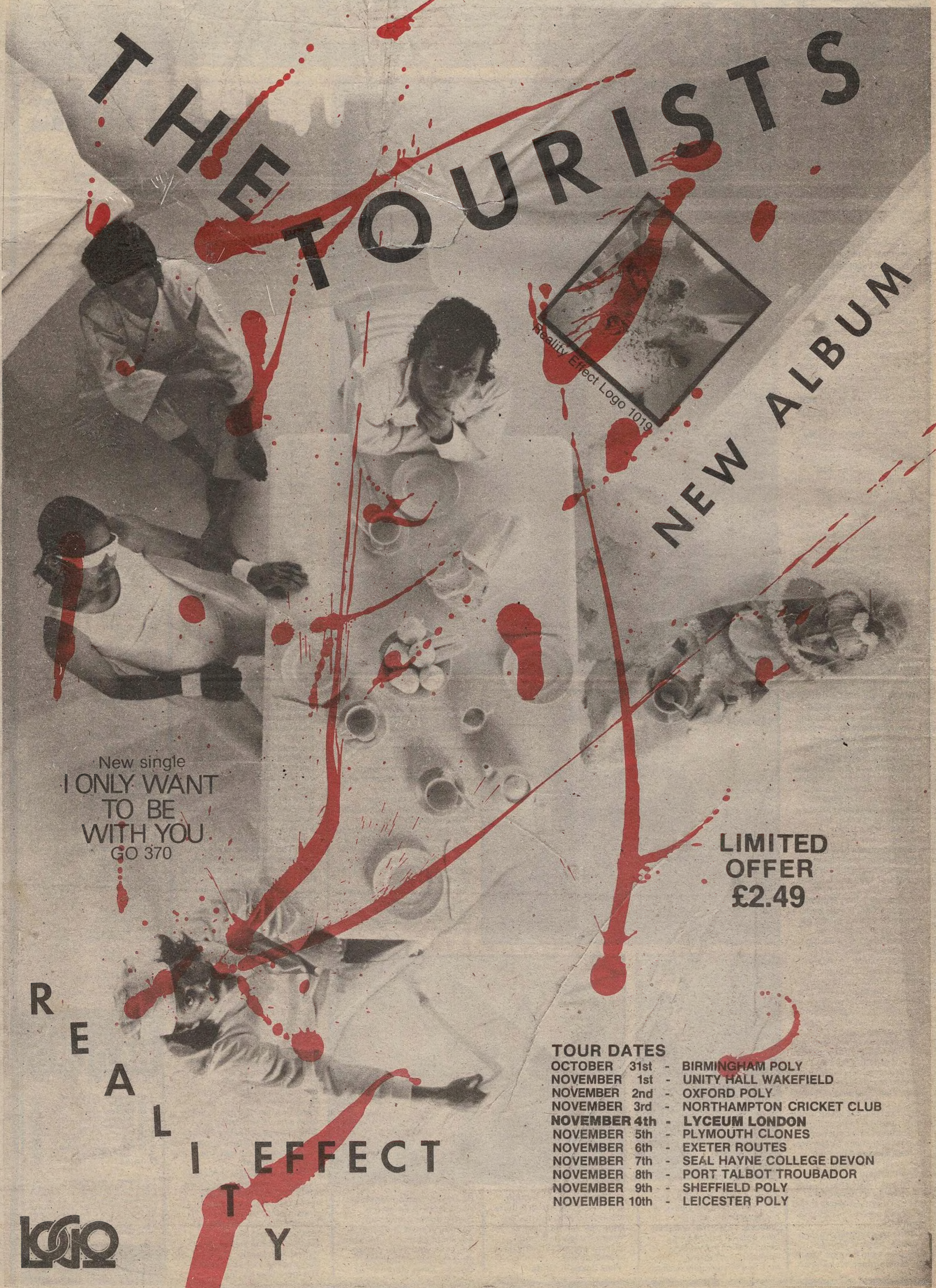

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NOVEMBER 5th - PLYMOUTH CLONES
NOVEMBER 6th - EXETER ROUTES
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